

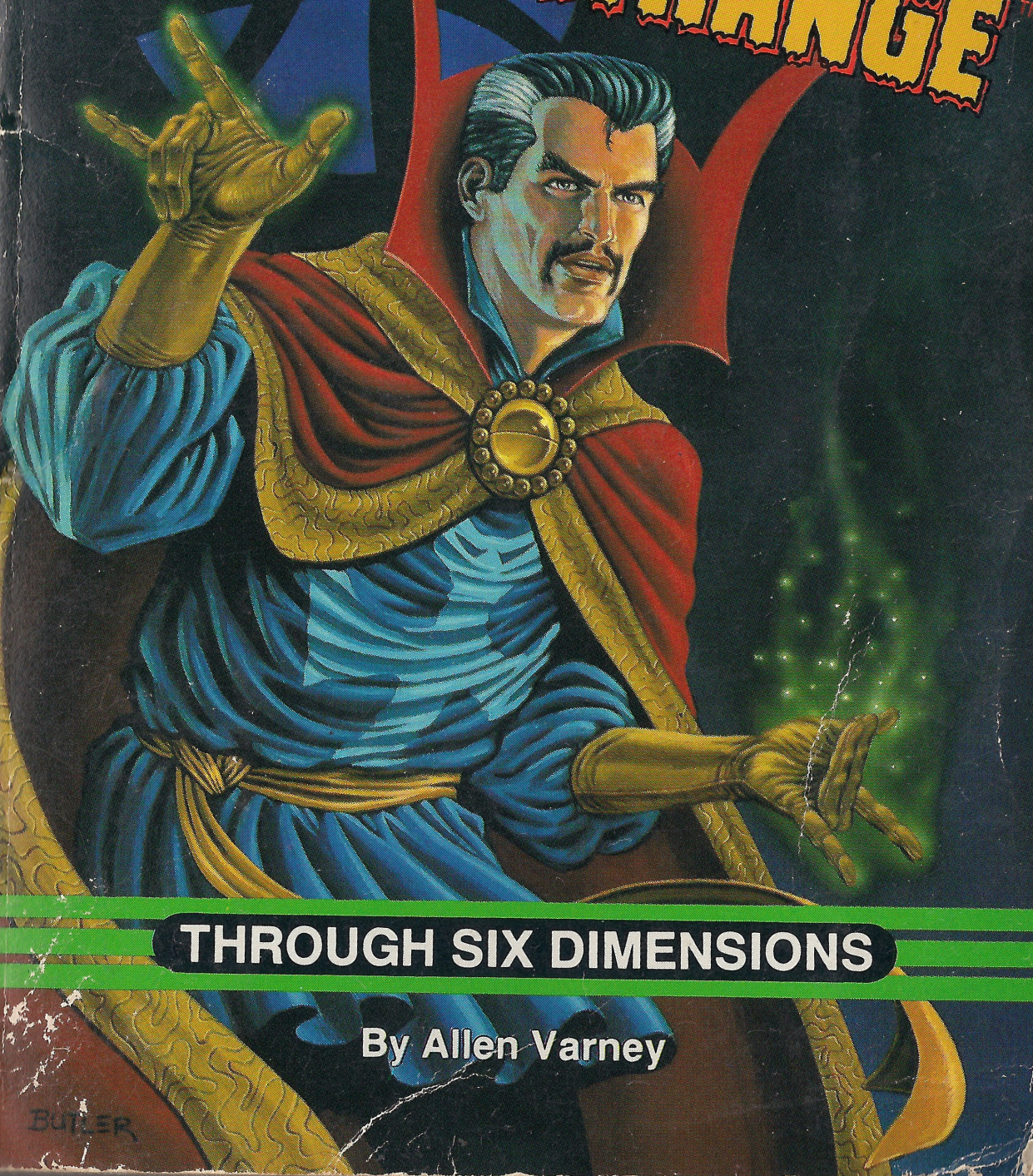
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MARVEL SUPER HEROES™

ADVENTURE GAMEBOOK #4

DOCTOR STRANGE™

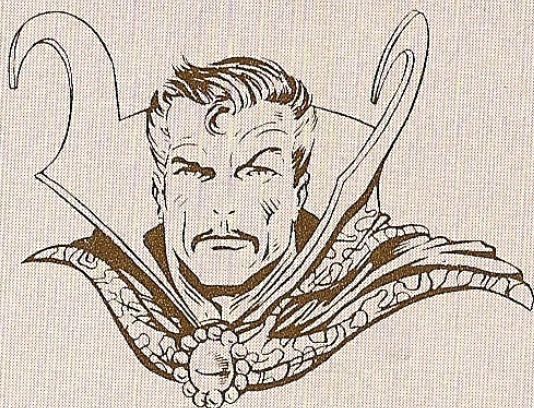


THROUGH SIX DIMENSIONS

By Allen Varney

BUTLER

MARVEL SUPER HEROES™
STATS CARD
THROUGH SIX DIMENSIONS



NAME: DOCTOR STRANGE™

SECRET IDENTITY: STEPHEN STRANGE

ABILITY POINTS:

Fighting:	6
Agility:	6
Strength:	4
Endurance:	8
Reason:	6
Intuition:	10
Psyche:	16
Magic:	16

KARMA POINTS: 12

HEALTH POINTS: 24

[illegible]

IN THE DEADLY GRIP OF AN EVIL SORCERER!

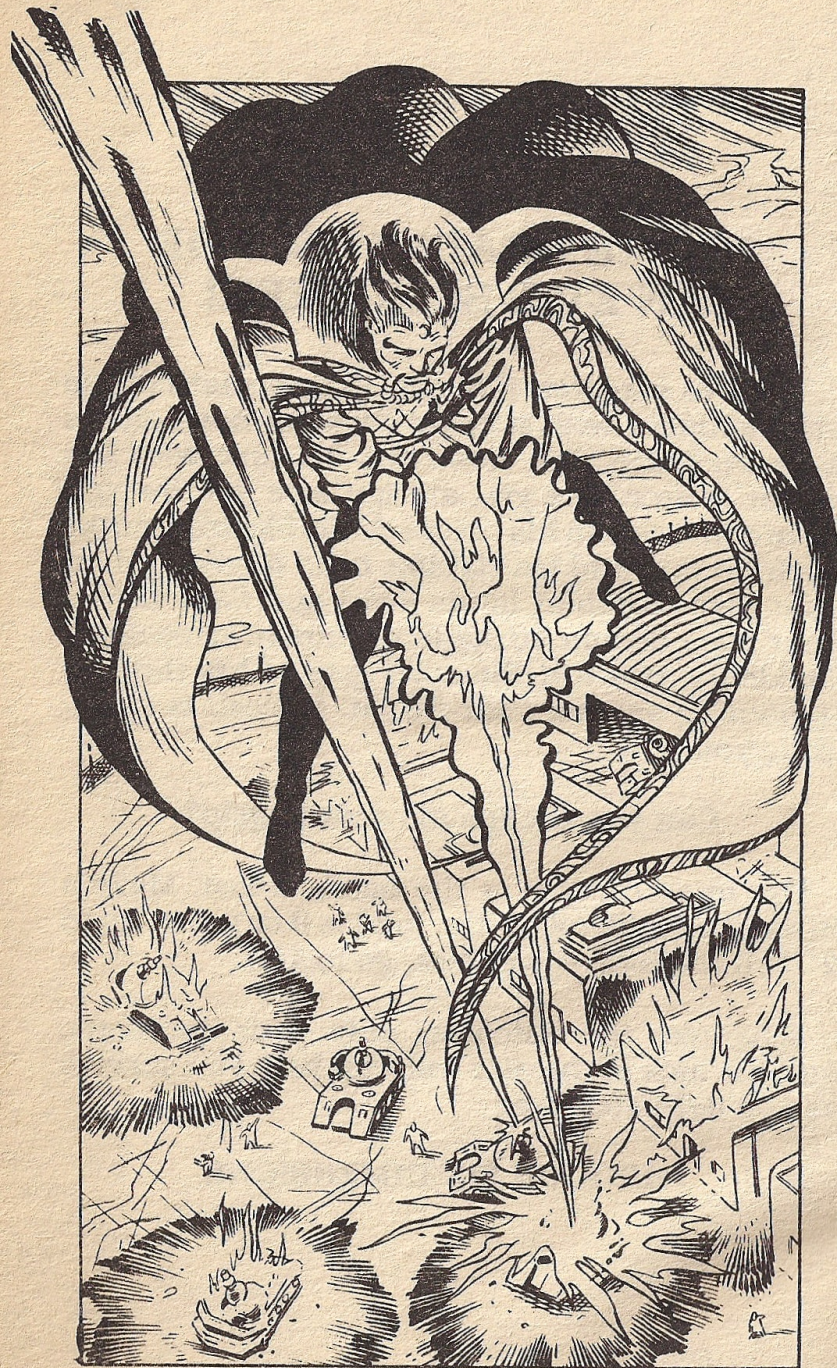
The evil sorcerer, Kallesh Ghann, shatters the brief stillness with a blood-curdling howl as his aura vanishes. You have cut his link with his power source. But you are not safe yet, for you have come within his reach! Arms like tree trunks encircle you, and his slablike head drives against your own. Brilliant lights swirl and flash before your eyes as you struggle to remain conscious. Suddenly, you feel the steel grip of his thumbs tightening against your throat. Kallesh is strangling you!

Can you escape his deadly grip?

You must escape, or the battle is lost. Make a Strength FEAT roll. If the total is 9 or more, go to 225. If the total is 8 or less, go to 104.

Whatever the outcome, only your decisions, and the luck of the dice roll, can help you survive as you fight your way

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BY ALLEN VARNEY

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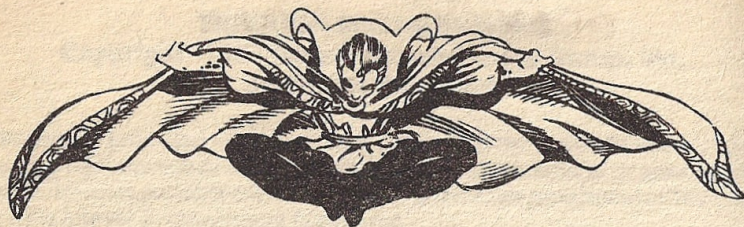
FACE FRONT, TRUE BELIEVERS!

In this exciting new role-playing gamebook, you are Doctor Strange, Master of the Mystic Arts, as he fights a dimension-spanning adventure against the forces of evil magic.

Based on the popular MARVEL SUPER HEROES™ Role-Playing Game from TSR, Inc., MARVEL SUPER HEROES Adventure Gamebooks require only a single standard, six-sided die; a pen or pencil; a moderate supply of luck; and, most of all, your own personal skill in making decisions as you play the game. If dice are unavailable, see page 12 for a simple alternative that requires only paper and pencil.

MARVEL SUPER HEROES Adventure Gamebooks have been designed to read easily, without complicated rules to slow down the story. Once you finish reading the rules that follow, you should seldom find it necessary to refer back to them. Your choices are clearly stated at each choice point, with occasional reminders of additional options available to you.

Your adventure reads like a book, plays like a game, and offers a thrill a minute—with YOU as your favorite MARVEL SUPER HERO!



YOUR CHARACTER

You are Stephen Strange, Sorcerer Supreme of the Earth dimension. Many years ago you were a brilliant but arrogant surgeon. After a tragic car accident damaged your hands and left you unable to operate, you fell into despair. Only the discovery of a new reality—the arts of sorcery—and the guidance of your wizened mentor, the Ancient One, allowed your recovery.

You became the Ancient One's favored disciple and grew great in magical lore and skill. When the Ancient One departed this existence, you became Sorcerer Supreme. Now you labor unceasingly to protect the Earth from the dark forces that would conquer it.

From your Sanctum Sanctorum, a stately townhouse in New York's Greenwich Village, you often venture forth on missions of protection. You are borne through the air by your mystic cloak of levitation. At your throat you always wear the matchlessly powerful amulet, the Eye of Agamotto. When you return from your various battles for rest and recovery, your reliable manservant, Wong, tends you. For it is exhausting work, defending Earth and its innocents from a host of mystic perils. But such is your duty, and you bear it humbly.

PLAYING THE GAME

This book is divided into numbered sections. Read section 1, then select the next section you'll read from the choices offered there. By making choices, you guide the story to its conclusion. Naturally, your objective is to bring about the best possible ending to your adventure. There are many endings, and you can play until you find them all!

The Marvel Super Heroes portrayed in this series of books have certain powerful abilities far beyond those of the average human being. As Doctor Strange, your special abilities, which allow you to attempt feats a normal person wouldn't even consider, are listed on the removable **MARVEL SUPER HEROES Stats Card** located at the front of this book. The Stats Card lists everything you need to keep track of in order to play the game in this book. At the same time, it doubles as a handy bookmark.

SCORING

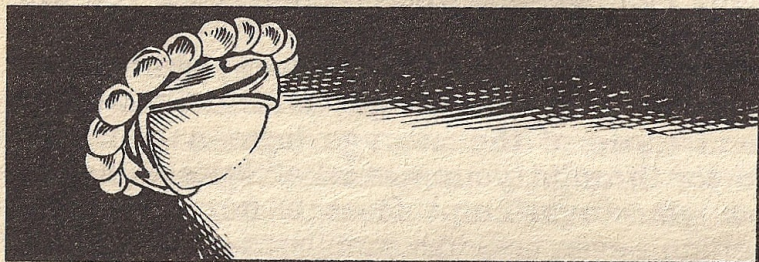
Playing the game requires that you keep track of three things—**Health points**, **Karma points**, and **Ability points**—on the Marvel Super Heroes Stats Card located at the front of the book. An explanation of each of these follows.

HEALTH POINTS

Health points represent your general health or life strength. If you are injured or become ill, you lose some of these points. If you lose all your Health points, you will fall unconscious and possibly even die. At any rate, if your Health points

drop to zero or less, your adventure is over. If you are hurt or sick, you may regain some or all of your Health points by spending Karma, which is explained in the following section. Always remember, however, that it's impossible to increase your Health points beyond your beginning total.

Doctor Strange begins this adventure with a total of 24 Health points.



KARMA POINTS

Karma points represent the effects your actions will have on your future. You earn Karma by doing heroic deeds, by making the right decisions, and in general by being a good person. Conversely, if you do things you shouldn't, you may lose Karma. There is no limit to the number of Karma points you can earn, but you will do better to "spend" your Karma than to hoard it.

You may spend Karma on any die roll you make to increase your chance of success. Rolling high numbers on the die is the way to succeed, and the Karma points you spend on a die-roll increase the number rolled on a one-for-one basis. Here's how it works:

You must make your decision to spend Karma before you roll the die.

Once you commit yourself to spending Karma on

a die roll, you must spend at least 2 Karma points. (This will increase the number rolled by 2.) You may add as many more Karma points as you need to make your die roll successful, providing you have enough Karma to spend. If you decide to spend Karma on your roll, but fail the roll because you didn't have enough Karma points to spend, or because you chose not to spend that much Karma, you still lose the original 2 Karma points.

Karma may also be spent to regain lost Health points whenever you reach a choice point in the story. For every Karma point you decide to spend in this manner, increase your total Health score by 1 point. Be sure to subtract the same number from your Karma total. The reverse is not true, however—Health points may *not* be converted to Karma points.

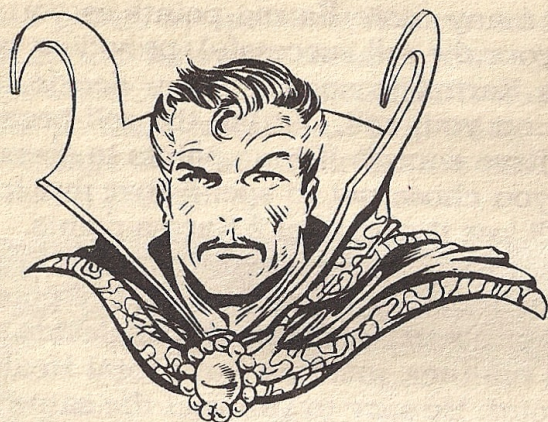
Doctor Strange begins this adventure with a total of 12 Karma points.

ABILITY POINTS

Ability points determine how easy or difficult it is for you to perform certain actions, called **FEATS**. Whenever you are asked to attempt a particular type of FEAT, consult the ability called for on your Stats Card, roll one die, and add the result of the die roll to your Ability score. The text will indicate what you should do next, according to the total.

The abilities used in this gamebook are described below.

FIGHTING determines how good you are in armed and unarmed combat. Your mystic training included extensive coaching in the martial arts, so you are able to defend yourself well.



AGILITY is a measure of your coordination. Casting spells often requires agility, especially in combat. Through long practice you have developed better-than-average agility.

STRENGTH determines how much damage you inflict when you hit something. It also tells how much weight you can lift. You have average human strength.

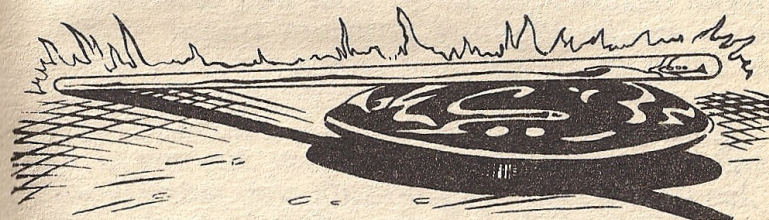
ENDURANCE measures how long you can exert yourself physically without resting or when injured. It also determines how well you can stand up to punishment. Your Endurance, built up by years of discipline, is far above average.

REASON reflects how well you can solve problems with your mind. Only clear thinking and an amazing memory have allowed you to possess an unrivaled mastery of magic. Your Reason is above average.

INTUITION gauges how well you observe with your senses and are able to act on that knowledge. Sensitized to mystic forces that other mortals are never aware of, you have a finely-honed sense of Intuition.

PSYCHE is based on your willpower and inner strength. A high Psyche is necessary for the arts of magic. As Sorcerer Supreme, you have the highest Psyche of any human being on Earth.

MAGIC is a special ability that is yours alone. Versed in the magical spells of this and many other dimensions, you can cast powerful spells without even straining your skill. This ability allows you to weave complex enchantments and cast spells in situations that would leave lesser magicians helpless.



PLAYING WITHOUT DICE

Should you ever wish to play this adventure when dice are unavailable, there is a simple substitute that requires only paper and pencil. Simply write the numbers 1 through 6 on separate slips of paper and mix them up in a container. When a FEAT roll is called for, draw one of the slips, note the number, and place it back in the container. Mix the numbers up before you draw again. Each draw represents one roll of a die.

You, as Doctor Strange, are now ready to face the dangers of a bizarre journey THROUGH SIX DIMENSIONS. Go to page 13 to begin your adventure. Good luck, and good choices!

Locked in deep concentration over an ancient and obscure text, you barely notice Wong's gentle knock which makes you aware of your surroundings: the dark, book-lined walls; the fireplace, carved with the likenesses of minor demons; censers; braziers; ointment jars, and amphorae of a dozen dead civilizations. You float above cushions from the Ramses dynasty, the mystic text suspended in the air before you.

You are in your study. Your Sanctum Sanctorum, in Greenwich Village, New York City. You breathe deeply and tell Wong to enter.

The Oriental servant inclines his head deferentially as he brings in a tray. "Your pardon, master," he says quietly. "You asked me to bring you breakfast."

"Yes, Wong, but I said I would not be taking dinner this evening. You needn't worry about breakfast until tomorrow morning."

"Master, it is morning. You have worked through the night again."

Startled, you look up at the circular skylight, where bright morning sunlight shines through the Greenwich smog. You float gently down to the cushions, laughing. When you smell the aroma of eggs Benedict, you realize you're famished.

As you eat, you discuss with Wong the affairs of the coming day. Finishing the excellent meal, you feel refreshed, as if you had slept the night through.

As you move to set down the breakfast tray, Wong utters a strange sound. You look up, and an oath on the hosts of Hoggoth escapes your lips. Wong's eyes have gone white. His bald head glows. He stands motionless as a statue, speaking in a voice not his own—a chorus of voices, spectral, other-worldly. "Doc—torrr Straaange," they call.

Your defensive spell is ready even as you leap to your feet. "Wong, what—What have you done to Wong? Who are you?" Your mind races, considering a hundred possible foes who could do this. But

no spell of evil intent could penetrate the protective enchantments around your townhouse without alerting you!

"We come in peace," the voices say through Wong's mouth. Even as the voices become clearer and firmer, images split off from the servant's head and float into the room. The floating heads throb eerily, stretching here, shrinking elsewhere, like reflections in a pool of oil. The new faces, like Wong's and yet unlike his—they resemble others you know. But who—?

"Do you not remember us, Doctor Strange?" asks one, his jowls swelling beneath his chin. Another, edged with prismatic flickers of light, says, "We are the Six Sorcerers, from the realm of Trofane." Now, indeed, there are six heads, moving in a slow circular pattern around you.

Yes . . . Trofane, a dimension very close to Earth's in the spectrum of infinite universes, and the Six, powerful guardians of order. You recognize their auras now; you have no need to fear. "I am honored by this . . . unexpected visit, revered ones," you say. "How may I help you?"

"Forgive our possession of your servant—"

"—but we lack the power to cross to your dimension in our true forms—"

"—for we have been drained by a full-scale attack, which has all but devastated our dimension!"

"An attack!" you cry. "By whom?"

"The forces of two other dimensions—"

"—the Twelve Dominions, that tyrannical empire—"

"—and its nemesis, Landark, the Dimension of Blindness!"

"But they have warred for centuries! What could bring them to cooperate in attacking your realm?"

The replies of the six come in rapid sequence.

"Not cooperation—"

"—a truce, of sorts."

"They have agreed not to pursue their long battle in their own realms."

"Both realms are nearly devastated, and they do not wish to risk further destruction."

"So they carry their struggle to other dimensions—neutral battlegrounds."

"Dimensions such as our own Trofane and nearby Caravanda, which are the only stepping stones to their dimensions."

The heads bob around you, much as questions crowd into your thoughts. "I survey the nearby dimensions regularly," you say. "I have seen the battles between the Dominions and Landark. But these new invasions you mention, of Trofane and Caravanda—"

"You have not detected them—"

"—for the Dominions ruler, Kallesh Ghann, has cast spells of concealment upon his forces' movements there—"

"—so that his enemies in the Dimension of Blindness may not discover their movements."

"Your pardon, honored masters. But I know Kallesh's power. He could not possibly cast a spell that would foil my observations."

"Your words ring true, Doctor—"

"—but your knowledge is old. Kallesh has increased his abilities of late."

"We ourselves did not learn how much, until his forces invaded Trofane."

"His mastery of magic now rivals your own. We know not how."

This is ill fortune. Kallesh Ghann's tyranny is well known. His nemesis, Bel Auric of Landark, has kept him in check for decades, but if Kallesh now matches you in power, the Dominions may soon conquer their lifelong enemy.

Unanswered questions still nag at you. "And yet you say they fight in other dimensions. If his power has increased, why should Kallesh not in-

vade Landark directly?"

"Look to the histories of these powers," one of the Six Sorcerers replies. "The Dominions and Landark were once a single dimension, politically divided over the issue of slavery. It is through an enchantment of amazing power that the slave-owners of the Dominions split their realm from that of their rivals."

A second guardian takes up the narrative. "In an act of spite, Kallesh used his most powerful sorceries to steal away the very light of Landark. Since then, the realm has languished in darkness and has become known as the Dimension of Blindness. Still, the forces of Landark fight on."

A third concludes: "With the interim dimensions of Caravanda and Trofane nearly leveled by war, the opponents must travel farther afield, beyond them, to one that adjoins them both. Your own dimension, Doctor Strange—Earth's!"

The news stuns you. After countless attempts by would-be conquerors to subjugate Earth's dimension, this new danger is unexpected—Earth itself may become neutral ground for a conflict between warring universes!

You stammer a question. "Wh-When?"

"You have days at most . . . perhaps hours."

Hours—until you face the combined might of two warring realms. Your power is great, but the task seems impossible. Still, you do not even consider surrender. "Thank you, honored ones, for this warning. Now I must prepare for the foe."

One of the sorcerers speaks. "Do not be hasty, young magician—"

"You cannot hope to protect your realm by force alone—even you, known through the dimensions for unrivaled skill."

"We must now depart. Good fortune to you, Doctor."

"We shall not meet again, we fear."

"The invaders even now fight a last battle on

our desolate terrain—"

"—before moving on to your own."

"May the Omnipotent Oshtur guide you—"

"—and the blessed Vishanti watch over—
aaah!"

The faces contort in pain, then vanish. You feel sorrow at what you know is the passing of these magi.

As the glow fades, Wong stumbles and regains consciousness. "Master—what—I felt such tremendous power . . ." He seems glad to see you're unharmed, and then sudden fear shows in his eyes. "Do I have my own body back?"

"You're all right now, Wong," you assure him, quietly examining him to make certain you're correct. He appears unaffected. You issue speedy instructions to cancel all appointments, then send him away. You have much studying to do and little time before the invaders arrive.

How little time, you quickly discover. Hardly minutes after Wong has left, he knocks urgently, then bursts into the study carrying a radio. "Master, I was in the kitchen cleaning the dishes—the radio—" He stops, and you both listen as a panic-stricken announcer speaks of "monsters" appearing at three different locations in New York City.



So—it has begun. And such was the power of the invaders' concealment that you did not feel their presence! At your mental command, the cloak of levitation and Eye of Agamotto float to you. Passing through the wall of the Sanctum, you float invisibly over the Village streets to meet the invading forces.

You can try to travel to Landark or the Twelve Dominions. But it is foolishness to enter either dimension before you have seen their forces. And your immediate duty is to protect the innocents of Manhattan from the invasion, which has already struck.

Rushing across Greenwich Village, borne aloft by your mystic cloak of levitation, you must choose one of three invasion points you heard mentioned over the radio. Will you go to the New York Stock Exchange (247), Farmingdale's Department Store on Fifth Avenue (188), or the Hudson River waterfront in the neighborhood known as Hell's Kitchen (89)? May the Eternal Vishanti guide your choice!

2 The ranting of Farmingdale's manager still loud in your ears, you vanish across the dimensional boundary. You pass through a ruined boundary dimension—Trofane, home of the Six Sorcerers who warned you of the invasion. Suppressing a shiver at its desolation, you continue to travel.

You arrive in blackness. This is obviously Landark, the Dimension of Blindness! You recall from past observations that the realm is filled with huge, drifting balls of ice, once oceans that teemed with life. Now, with the sun stolen by Kallish Ghann years ago, Landark's floating seas are virtually lifeless.

You float near one of the last enclaves of life in this realm, an ice-world with several settlements. Soon you reach a marketplace where throngs of natives—small, pale, skeleton-thin humanoids—buy food and clothing from shouting merchants. They feel their way through darkness with strange sensory devices, and they huddle for warmth around dim red spheres that dot the market area like dying stars in a night sky.

You land, hoping to learn more about this cold world. Suddenly a loud voice shouts at you in a

language you understand by means of a simple spell. "You! Don't recall sensing you around here before!" Up waddles a rotund native.

"Is there a problem?" you ask.

"Well, there just might be. I'm the supervisor at the marketplace, and we don't like undesirables around here. State your business or I'll call the authorities."

Do you want to talk to this person (108), mesmerize him (186), or leave the marketplace (69)?

Your search of Farmingdale's is intense, thorough, and completely futile. The cleanup has already removed whatever useful information you might have found here earlier. Go back to **32** and choose your next destination.

You call upon higher spirits to aid your cause. **4** Perhaps they favor you because of the grave emergency. Or perhaps you fight to defend a precious treasure indeed, the life of Landark's Sorcerer Supreme. Your Shields and counterspells are unbreakable. The troops are routed again, for a while.

You turn to Bel Auric. And you gasp.

She has climbed on top of the glowsphere mold. The spheres cluster around her, as people of this dimension cluster around the spheres for warmth. But now the warmth is fatally strong. Bel Auric is committing suicide—burning herself alive!

"Do not interfere, Doctor Strange! Only by my death can the invaders be defeated for good. I entreat you to find a new source of life for my people, for I can no longer sustain them."

You have only moments. Will you allow Bel Auric to die in the heat of the spheres (208), or stop her (215)?



In the dimension of the Twelve Dominions, **5** huge murky-green water globules, big as states, float in empty air. Patches of land float on each globe, bearing the people ruled by—and owned by—the tyrant Kallesh Ghann. You hover invisibly above a slave market.

Airboats, open gondolas held aloft by huge gasbags, pass you by. They carry goods and slaves to the marketplace below you. If you have been to the slave market before, go immediately to **250**. If this is your first time here, keep reading.

The enslaved aliens of this realm could just as well be human—a sickening thought, yet the market is not unlike the ones you've read about in histories of the Old South and ancient Persia. Crowds of stick-figure aliens gawk at near-naked specimens of their own kind. Rich merchants bid for these people as they would for cattle or property.

One noble is giving a lesson in discipline not far below. "Look!" he shouts to his slaves. "Look what comes of disobedience!"

He raises a thick rod over a child at his feet. "No, I dint mean t'be bad!" the child shouts.

The man raises the rod higher, brings it down—and falls prone at the strike of your Bolt of Bedevilment. You only hope no one at this market is magically sensitive. You must trust in your spell of concealment.

Other slaves cluster around the mistreated child, comforting him. You can land and help, too, though he looks all right from here so you can go on with a clear conscience. Will you land and help (**28**) or go elsewhere (**120**)?

"Sixtus," you tell the ogre guard. He halts, **6** squeezes his eyes together for about ten seconds, and finally says, "Yeah. That it. You okeydokey." He shuffles off. Turn to **115**.

7 In the Stock Exchange, sheets of orders tumble in the sudden breeze. Whirlwinds sweep up the splintered chairs and wadded paper. The shadow troops stop and wonder, even as the tank barrels down on them, at the increasing gusts. Soon they are clinging to one another, to the remaining chairs, and to the walls, trying to hang on in the howling hurricane.

Harder and still harder the wind blows, until at last even the tank rises aloft and tumbles ponderously. The Winds of Watomb sweep everything before them, hurling the two sides through their respective portals. At your thought, the winds die away. Meanwhile, you have prepared your next spell. Reciting it, you close both portals permanently. The Exchange is empty.

It's also completely wrecked. The Winds left nothing standing. All the order counters have been smashed into the ticker readouts. Chair legs have been driven straight through walls. Every light bulb in the place has exploded.

Matters cannot remain so. The world at large is not ready to know of the terrors that lie beyond conventional reality. Police sirens howl outside, and some stock buyers, braver than the rest, creep back to the quiet chamber. You must act quickly. Calling upon Hoggoth to bestow strength, you clear your mind and picture the Exchange, intact and unharmed. You close your eyes . . . speak the words . . . believe . . .

You open your eyes, and the Stock Exchange is whole, as though just built. You exhale and turn invisible as the crowd returns. Add 2 Karma points to your total and get ready to leave. Go to **95**.

8 With police and customers returning to the store, you dare not risk using the Eye of Agamotto in public. Fortunately, a simple mind can be dom-

inated by simple means. Impatient with banter, you gently touch the manager's temples with your forefingers. "My will is your will," you whisper.

His eyes glaze. "My will is your—I mean—uh, yeah, whatever you say." He is in your power. You command him to tell you what he knows of the invasion. He recounts much that you already know. Only one part of his tale seizes your attention.

"We were hiding in the furniture department, by the lamps. This little guy in black came rushing by us. He was holding some gadget and trying to stick another gadget to it. Finally he got them together, and whoosh! The whole contraption flew out of his hands like a rocket and zoomed around the store!"

"Did you see where the device went?"

"You! Freeze!"

Vipers of Valtorr! You have allowed your questioning to go on too long, and your guard to waver. A policeman has seen you interrogating the manager. His suspicions must have been aroused, for he holds you at gunpoint. You have no time to answer questions. Conjuring invisibility, you vanish from the astonished officer's sight and lift silently into the air.

If you wish, you may search the store (go to **60**, but ignore the first paragraph). Or you can leave and go to Wall Street's New York Stock Exchange (**247**), the Hell's Kitchen waterfront (**89**), or across the dimensional barriers to either the Twelve Dominions (**242**) or Landark, the Dimension of Blindness (**2**).

Kallesh has made a grave mistake. Your past is **9** no weakness. From those depths you have risen far, as a plant grows from rich soil. Your past reminds you of your failings and keeps you humble—and that is the source of your strength.

Kallesh is on his guard, yet he reels from the force of your counterattack. He has probed your mind yet still does not realize the force of your anger. He has no chance. Proceed to **225**.

10 Leaving the sailors to drown or survive as they may, you launch into pursuit of the aircraft.

You have broken your pledge to protect life and so lose all of your Karma! But your mission is grave, and soul-searching cannot be allowed to interfere now.

Down the river the missile-like craft flies. Its speed increases with every second—breaking, if not the laws of physics, at least every small-aircraft regulation in the New York Penal Code. Soon it has passed the speed of sound.

But you stay with the chase. Your cloak of levitation bears you easily in the wake of the aircraft. No wind, even at these supersonic speeds, ruffles your hair. You may catch up to the plane if you wish (**116**), follow at your current distance (**134**), or you can take on astral form, and in that invisible state penetrate the fuselage of the plane (**236**). Your cloak will carry your physical form along behind, “on automatic,” if you choose the last option.

11 Before the rebels can slice their throats, you surround the slaver captain and his guards with a glowing shield and draw them up to where you float overhead. “Lovers of freedom,” you cry, “freedom is not born by murder, but by mercy.”

“Mercy, mercy indeed, noble lord,” slobbers the captain, a disgusting worm of a person who smells of mingled brine and perfume. “Take me to safety and I will reward you richly, indeed I will.” You put him and the guards to sleep with the Mists of Morpheus.

The rebels are angry. “Give us his head!” some cry, while Rake says, “His kind has to be removed if we’re to make progress.”

“Indeed. But if you kill him, you are of his kind. You use force to settle your problems. And you will live in dread of those whom you oppress, as his kind does.” Your argument continues in this vein, and the slaves are too well acquainted with tyrants not to recognize the tyranny in themselves. At last you win them over. You bring the captives back down to the deck, and they are locked in irons in their own brig. Add 1 Karma point to your total for your skillful defusing of a violent situation.

The ship is seized in the name of the revolution, and Rake orders it taken to the next goal: the palace of Kallesh Ghann himself! Proceed to **193**.

Your fingers trace a pattern in the air. A circle **12** of light forms overhead and passes down over you, masking your mystic robes with an illusion. When it reaches the ground and disappears, you stand as a red-suited soldier, identical to those you see ahead.

The twelve invaders split up as they head into the cookware and greeting card sections. Following, you look for a chance to slip in among them unobserved.

Soon they regroup by the bedspreads, and you join them. With the loose marching order, the extra soldier goes unnoticed. After a while one soldier, evidently the leader, calls the others to a halt. By a spell of comprehension you understand his words: “Time to report. Take a break.”

As you all sit on the queen-size display mattresses, the leader produces a red crystal cut with many facets. After staring silently into it for a minute or more, he puts it away. “Continue the search,” he tells you all. “Wands set to kill. If we

get separated, report to the Armory back in the Dominions. New password is 'Sixtus.' "

"Sixtus." This must be a Dominions military code word. Make a note of it, as it may be useful later.

Just ahead, sprinting from cover in the furniture department, a lone figure is fleeing. You don't have time to get a close look at it, but it's wearing black. The leader is shouting orders, and the soldiers around you are drawing their white rods. You remember the words "Wands set to kill."

Make a decision quickly. Will you let these troops fire on the fleeing soldier (178), drop your disguise and attack the troops (201), or try to protect the fleeing soldier from harm without giving yourself away (48)?

13 You must act. Trusting to the fates, you cast the Crimson Bands around the sphere to your right. It will never expand beyond its current size as long as any magic endures in the cosmos.

But now the streams of time bear you back toward the present. Beneath the immense landscape of time and space, you see the result of your action stretching ahead to your own time. Catastrophe! By Oshtur, you must return, you must—

It is too late. There is no Doctor Strange left to return to the dawn of time. Since the dawn of time, there has never been an Earth dimension. It remains wrapped forevermore in red bands of force. Nothing, no one in the realm it has been your duty to protect has ever lived.

14 The Eye reveals the nature of this sorcerer's magical defenses—effective, but nothing you can't handle. However, you can't enter in astral form without getting hurt.

Dispelling the defenses safely will take some

time. If you want to do it right away, it will require a Magic FEAT roll. If the total is 22 or more, go to **195**. If the total is 21 or less, go to **224**.

But you need not be so abrupt. You can dispel the defenses with no test of your skill, if you take care and time (138). Or you can knock (42). If you don't want to wait, you can enter in astral form and risk whatever harm the defenses inflict (219).

In such a materialistic job, this man may **15** value possessions over all. "I would be willing to show my—appreciation, should you cooperate," you venture.

For once he shuts up, and then he looks at you with a new expression—greed. "Yeah?" he says, and the rest is unspoken: *I'm listening, tell me more.*

There is no time for guessing games. It violates your custom, but . . . Your glovetips suddenly brush across the manager's block-like forehead. "H-hey—what—?"

"Would you like a Cessna twin-engine airplane with leather interior and a German-made dual cassette deck?"

He brightens. "Jeez, that's just what I've—hey, how did you—?"

"It will be waiting for you at JFK International Airport, hangar 12, berth 19, at noon the day after tomorrow," you say, improvising a lie. The manager is speechless, perhaps intimidated. "Now tell me what you know of the soldiers who came through here."

"They ripped stuff up big-time," he begins. "We were hiding in the furniture department, by the lamps. This little guy in black came rushing by us. He was holding some gadget and trying to stick another gadget to it. Finally he got them together, and whoosh! The whole contraption flew

out of his hands like a rocket and zoomed around the store! I thought I'd lose my breakfast right there."

"Where did the device go?"

"I'm getting to that. He watched it fly away, then ran away himself. We just stayed put. After a while the thing came whizzing back, fizzled out, and rolled under a cupboard in the next display over. I went and fetched it." He seems uncertain. "You did say a *twin-engine* plane?"

"Give me the device." You hold out your hand commandingly. He hesitates a moment longer, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small barbell-shaped item with pointed ends. Made of something like blue porcelain with a dull finish, it hardly looks valuable. But you take it, reflecting that the Dominions sent an entire infantry squad, perhaps one of many sent to many places, to retrieve this item.

A small black disk is attached to the central shaft. This may be the propulsive device that the soldier used to send it away, to a destination not even he would know. You pull the device away—and gasp. It must have concealed the item's mystic aura. But you can feel that aura vividly now, an air of evil. This item is not powerful in itself, but it is associated with a larger device of colossal power.

Though disquieted by it, you take the item. A few brief questions show that the manager knows nothing more of use. You depart, feeling a gnawing disappointment in yourself for having to lie to obtain your goal. Deduct 1 Karma point from your total. Why do corrupt people inevitably produce corruption in those they deal with?

Time to leave. Will you go to Wall Street's New York Stock Exchange (247), the Hell's Kitchen waterfront (89), or will you cross the dimensional barriers to either the Twelve Dominions (242) or Landark, the Dimension of Blindness (2)?

The waterfront continues its foul traffic in **16** lives. It has done so for a long time, and your own Earth dimension will be its next source of livestock, unless you can succeed in your mission. Though you long to topple this system, you can do nothing immediately useful here. Go to **49**.

Up and down and through right-angle bends **17** the weird missile-craft puts the cloak to the test. But nothing the pilot can do will throw you off.

Your close pursuit causes panic in the pilot, and in trying to escape, he veers the craft toward downtown Manhattan. Here skyscrapers loom directly in the aircraft's flight path. The pilot is so intent on you that he doesn't notice impending disaster. By Oshtur! You must act quickly!

Chanting urgent words in speech unheard for thousands of years, you stop the plane dead. Despite instant deceleration from a velocity beyond the speed of sound, the plane rests unharmed in a sphere of light. You prepare to set it on a helipad atop a nearby skyscraper.

Much to your surprise, from within the brilliant sphere, the plane vanishes in a burst of even brighter light. Your spell reveals a rift in space where it disappeared. You might have had a chance to follow, but your own spell works against you; before you can dismiss the sphere, the gateway seals and vanishes. Go to **124**.

You return with the weaponry—peculiar **18** body harnesses covered with tiny domes and many holsters—battle armor! And the holsters are loaded with white magical wands.

The rebels, dozens of brave men and women, wear this armor as you all float down to the target of their initial strike—the primary port receiving slaves from conquered Dominions territories, not

far away from the slave market.

Your gondola has hardly docked when the rebels storm out. Below, traders and dockworkers flee before them. Shouting "Freedom from bondage!" and other slogans, they lunge for the nearest slave ship. The guards there, used to facing starved and unarmed slaves, cannot withstand the assault. In moments, the guards and captain himself are held captive.

"How does it feel?" the rebels shout, brandishing the wands at their hostages' throats. "Kill them!" shout a few among them. The mood is one of blood-thirst, and you must act quickly to prevent deaths. But you're uncertain of the best way to handle the situation. Perhaps a cautionary warning will prevent the rebels from making this mistake (133). Or you can risk whatever bad feelings may result and simply rescue the captives by brute magic (11).

19 You fall back as the red troops trot toward the portal. Then you dodge behind a shattered jewelry case, unnoticed. The squad passes through the portal into hazy obscurity, and after a moment it vanishes as quickly as it appeared. You are left crouching next to a tray of seventeen-jewel Swiss watches. Turn to **252**.

20 Will you face a Sorcerer Supreme with a handful of fungus? Will you pull the ancient sword from its scabbard? Whichever you try, it is a vain hope.

Kallesh laughs. He takes advantage of the time you wasted pulling out your item, time in which you neglected your defenses. A searing bolt strikes through. You dodge the worst of it, but even so, you must subtract 1 from your current Health total. Go back to **112**.

In a dimension of blackness is a narrow **21** chamber of light and warmth. Glowing red spheres hang in bunches from the high ceiling, like grapes in a vineyard.

Standing in their midst, over a cauldron-like mold, is a native woman of mature years. Though undoubtedly tall and stately among her race, by human standards she is short, slender, even cute. Her green eyes meet yours, and you sense the burden of age. The burden of what else—exhaustion? You recognize her at once. None but Bel Auric could have such eyes.

"Welcome, Doctor Strange," she says in a rich, resonant voice. "This is no surprise. I sensed your entry into Landark and have looked forward to your visit here."

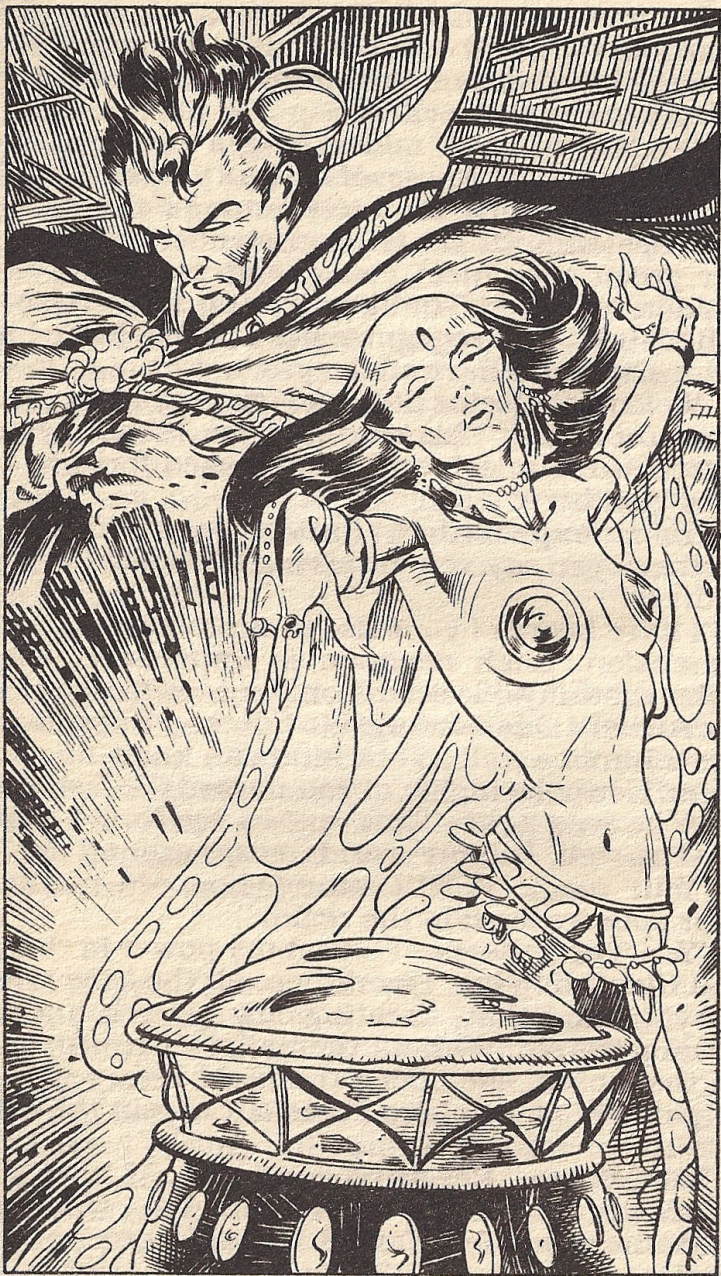
"Your expectation flatters me, honored mother," you say, remembering the polite form of address.

"I have heard of your rise to supremacy in your dimension. Such devotion is impressive." She sighs wistfully. "It seems only a season ago that the Ancient One ascended to Sorcerer Supreme. I knew him, as well as our kind can know one another. He spoke highly of you toward the last, and then he was gone. Time rushes by. Now I grow tired as well, and my world freezes around me."

"Your magic is still strong, honored mother. Your spheres sustain the realm."

"Yes. The spheres—I invest my power in them, and they bring life. I work here all the time now, did you know that? Creating new spheres, and renewing the old. Without them, the ice triumphs." At the words, she opens the mold before her. A bright new glowsphere floats out to join the others.

"But of late," Bel Auric continues, "I have felt the power weakening. I am drained . . . while, at the same time, I feel Kallesh Ghann's forces at the borders of the realm. Their energy increases as



mine fails. Soon, they will have enough power to cross into this dimension, and overwhelm us. Yet I can do little but make spheres, every waking moment." For a moment she seems on the verge of collapse, but she recovers her poise, no doubt by force of will.

"Kallesh has indeed increased his power greatly," you say.

"Oh, yes. But that is not the invaders' source of power. Kallesh cannot exert his strength this far across the dimensions, not yet. I have not found their source of power, and now I am never likely to know it. Know this, though, they will spend much of it before they conquer this realm!"

Her resignation to defeat and resolve to die fighting touch your heart. Perhaps you can help. "The Eye of Agamotto is entrusted to me, honored mother. It may help you locate the source."

Her eyes shine. "The Eye! Yes. There is nothing to rival it. Would you be so kind, Doctor?" Her question is an invitation, and you will the amulet open. You gaze through it and—

Explosions! The palace trembles, and shouts of soldiers are heard below. "The invasion!" Bel Auric cries. "It has begun, here at the palace itself. Fly, Doctor! Leave this dimension at once. You have your own home to protect. I will safeguard your passage, and you may be sure the invaders will pay dearly before I fall."

Her words are noble, yet you hardly hear them. Through the Eye you see lines of force, magical energy, woven in an intricate web. And at the center of that web—no! You are drawn deeper, into an ever-finer lattice, an ancient structure of magical power, of lights, of harmonious thoughts. The thoughts of—

"You," you whisper. "Their source of power, honored mother, is the greatest concentration of magic in this dimension. You! Bel Auric, Sorcerer Supreme!" More explosions. Alien voices are

moving closer.

In your search for the source, the Eye's light has fixed itself on her. The all-seeing gaze reveals the truth to her as well as you. "It is so," she says, as if recalling a long-lost memory. "Somehow the Dominions invaders have tapped my very life energies." Nearby, shouts and the sounds of fireballs.

"The more I exert myself to defend this land, the more I shall strengthen them," Bel Auric continues, horrified. "Yet if I do nothing, all is lost!"

Surrounded by sounds of battle, you carry the dilemma a step further in your thoughts: if the source is eliminated—if Bel Auric dies—the invasion will lose its power and might fail. But then the realm would be left without its only source of heat and light!

Bel Auric seems torn by inner conflict. "No use," she shouts at last, over the rising noise of battle, "I cannot break the enchantment. Can you try, Doctor?" You bathe her once more in the Eye's all-discerning light, but only verify your first thought—the spell is woven through Bel Auric's inner being, like a cancer. You cannot remove it without (the phrase springs to mind from your past) killing the patient.

Invaders in red Dominions uniforms crouch behind the doorway now, aiming white wands. "Back!" cries Bel Auric. "You shall not enter!" Waves of force sweep from her, repelling the troops. Yet they appear almost to swell in size and power from the waves, and quickly return to the doorway.

These invasion forces have gotten so far partly because you have not been around to fight them elsewhere. By coming to the Dimension of Blindness, you have in effect left the path unguarded! So you are responsible, in a sense, for the invasion. And you must act to repulse it.

Yet the situation seems hopeless. You could not fend off an entire invasion in your own dimen-

sion; you certainly can't do it here! Bel Auric is the problem. Though you flinch from it, the thought inevitably comes—Bel Auric must be the solution, as well.

She continues to fight the troops, but the defense is doomed. You watch her through your own eyes, and through the Eye. The flashing patterns of thoughts, the net of magical energy. With just a touch, there—the simplest spell—you could dissolve that net, destroy the source of the invaders' energy, and make Landark free. Free to freeze without its noble protector.

Yet Bel Auric will die anyway. No, she will be taken and imprisoned, to be leached of energy slowly, like a vampire's victim.

Bel Auric is not attending to you. She trusts you, it seems—to *do the right thing!* An ironic thought. Will you destroy the energy link, foil the invasion, and kill Bel Auric (257)? Or will you defend Bel Auric from the invaders and hope for a better solution (57)?

By ending this battle quickly, you can prevent further damage to the Stock Exchange. The cloak of levitation brings you swooping down over the fleeing troops. Seen closely, their skeletal black forms remind you of Javanese *wayang* shadow-puppets, which you saw while studying with Indonesian animist-magicians years ago.

But these infantry troops are three-dimensional, despite their sticklike thinness, and they shout in panic as you approach. They must be sensitive to magic, able to penetrate your spell of concealment.

The power of your thought flows through the all-seeing Eye of Agamotto, and the golden amulet opens. In its piercing arc of light, the shadowy troops are revealed as pale things with large bald heads, their eyes shut tight beneath their masks.

The troops are loaded with gear, not unlike Earth soldiers, but everything is a magical equivalent of a prosaic military counterpart—canteens that never need filling, lightning grenades, automatic-fire wands. Odd sensory devices, impressed with runes, are inlaid into each soldier's skull.

There is something odd about these troops, something you can't quite place. Make an Intuition FEAT roll. Roll one die and add the number rolled to your Intuition score. If the total is 14 or more, turn immediately to **107**. If it's 13 or less, keep reading.

What spell will you cast on these troops?

Bolts of Bedevilment (**175**)?

Rings of Raggador (**130**)?

Winds of Watoomb (**7**)?

Or you can return to **247** and select another option.

23 You float in darkness. This is Landark, the Dimension of Blindness, where the sun was stolen in years past. Now the few remaining inhabitants cling to one icy sphere. One nearby spot in the vast darkness holds a few dim red lights. It seems to be a waterfront of some kind, though perhaps "ice-front" is a better word. Weird streamlined iceriggers, sailing ships mounted on rusting pontoon blades, long-deserted wharves dripping icicles—the place is quiet, eerie, dead.

One source of life is a low building not far behind the wharves, built on a rocky outcropping thrusting above the ice. Music drifts out of here, exotic alien sounds something like the Oriental melodies you heard during your time in the monasteries of Tibetan lamas.

Mingled with the music are many voices and the welcome sounds of laughter. It seems to be the Landarkian equivalent of a waterfront bar. Will

you go in (**53**)? Will you investigate the only other source of light around—a marketplace (**243**)? Or would you prefer to leave Landark (**167**)?

Your crossing-spell has taken you, in an eye-blink, to an alien realm—not Earth's, nor the Twelve Dominions, but the boundary between. The odd light and bizarre, "folded" terrain mark this place as Caravanda.

You are in a deep rounded gully that's big enough to hold the Taj Mahal. Noises from beyond the opposite edge attract your attention. You float up and see buildings, fences, guard towers, many red-clad soldiers, and a virtual armor company of low black "tanks." This is a full-scale military supply compound. Landark could hardly have such resources at this point in the war. The base must belong to the Twelve Dominions.

At the far end of the compound are three glowing circles. Through them you can see views of New York City. Portals! They must be this invading force's door to Earth. Perhaps you should try to destroy them.

If you like, you can attack the magical portals (**163**). On the other hand, you may think it wiser to try to destroy the tanks and supplies (**205**), or disguise yourself and infiltrate (**143**). If you want to go to the Twelve Dominions, you may continue there by turning to **5**. If you want to go to Earth, you may do so by going to **247**, or if your destination is Trofane, the other boundary dimension, you may turn to **37**. If you want to look around this dimension, go to **74**.

This creature can be handled easily. You **25** summon the Mists of Morpheus to surround the ogre in pink vapor. He starts in surprise, tries to run, and falls. But his brutish constitution is

tougher than you imagined. With his last strength he endures the Mists, pulling a hammer from his belt and sounding an alarm gong hanging nearby.

As footsteps sound outside, you blink into invisibility and fly above the tall racks of weapons. Whatever you hoped to gain here, you have little time left; the room will be swarming with soldiers very quickly, and they'll eventually detect your spell of concealment.

Looking rapidly around the room, you note a powerful magical aura toward one end, centered around two adjacent wall cases. You have no time to locate the aura more precisely. Each of the cases contains a special device, as revealed in the Eye's penetrating light. One is a silver armlet without ornament, while the other is a coppery sphere set with patterns of turquoise stones.

You have no time to determine further information about them, except that they are both protected by powerful defenses. If you want to take a weapon, you have time to choose only one or the other, not both, before you must leave. Will you choose the silver armlet (179) or the copper sphere (156), or will you leave them both and go (92)?



26 With a few covert gestures and a murmured spell, you cause the running figure to multiply into a dozen identical images.

The red soldiers hesitate, bewildered, then fire freely. Countless small fireballs emerge from the wand-tips, fly through the air, and pierce the illu-

sions. Where the fiery spheres hit, the target becomes a swirl of vapor. But soon all the figures are vapors, and no body is to be seen. The actual quarry has escaped. Gain 2 Karma points and go to **144**.

Murmuring a prayer, you call upon every **27** power of good you know. Strength flows into you, and you chant the unfamiliar words of Kevit's spell of time travel. You have embarked on the most hazardous journey any sorcerer may attempt.

A moment of blackness and silence. Then your senses return. You float beneath, or perhaps "outside," a flat surface of incomparable vastness. You see the whole time-space continuum as a sheet spread out behind you—the past! It could be some brightly colored mountain landscape, stretching away into infinity.

But this is not a place. This is all places, in all times, everything that has ever been or ever will be. If you were able to slice deeply into that mountain landscape above you, the cross-section would be the entire cosmos at one instant of time.

Above you, the space-timeline around your own little neighborhood of existence—a few dimensions, several planets. How small amid this grandeur! You pick out short, brightly lit offshoots of your own life path. The mountain landscape is covered with them, as with grass blades.

You see some of the alternative fates that awaited you in the recent past: leading a slave rebellion to fruition, basking in a sudden flare of sunlight, perishing on a lonely shore.

You suddenly realize the many directions your life could have gone, could still go, from the decisions that you have made and could make through your whole life. You have come to this moment down a long road of a thousand million

branches.

And what of the future? You try to look ahead across the mountain landscape, but it is shrouded in mist. The road continues, and you have the freedom to choose from an infinity of possible destinations.

But right now—if “now” has meaning here—you must travel into the past. Kevit’s spell allows you to choose one of three possible times in the history of the two warring dimensions. These mystical nexus-points glow like fires on the landscape overhead.

The further back you go in time, the more effect your actions will have, for good or ill, on developing history. However, the further back you go, the more difficult the resistance becomes, and the more likely the spell will fail. You will need great skill to reach an early point.

By the spell’s magic, you understand the significance of each glowing nexus. The nearest one to you, in the relatively recent past, shows Kallesh stealing the sun from Landark. You can reach it without trouble.

Further back, across a long expanse, is a time when the two dimensions were separating from one another. You will need skill to reach this point.

In the very hazy far distance, where the mountain landscape seems to bunch up, by a trick of perspective, to a single point, a third glowing nexus awaits. This is the unimaginable moment of the creation of all dimensions, everywhere! You hardly know what you could accomplish there, but it would certainly bring tremendous changes throughout the time-scape. You will need superb skill, good fortune, and the blessing of all of the great powers to reach this unreachable origin.

And now you must choose one, and only one, destination. To which point will you go?

Kallesh stealing Landark’s sun (164)?

The division of the Dominions from Landark? If

you choose this point, make a Magic FEAT roll. If the total is 20 or more, proceed to **200**. If it’s 19 or less, turn to **232**.

The creation of all dimensions, at the dawn of time? If you choose this point, make a Magic FEAT roll. If the total is 24 or more, go to **31**. If it’s 23 or less, go to **232**. Note that you cannot succeed in this FEAT without spending Karma!

It will take only moments to verify the child’s **28** state. You descend invisibly and land behind a cart of clay jars. Taking on the disguise of a nobleman, you approach the gathering of slaves. “Step aside, please,” you say gently, but they leap away as though burned. Their fear is dreadful.

As you suspected, the child is not severely injured—a bruise on his collarbone, nothing more. But add 1 to your Karma total just the same, for your spirit of assistance.

You start to leave, intending to resume your mission. But one of the adult slaves brushes by you. A hurried whisper in your ear: “I saw you descend, O Magician. At the closing of the market, go to the statue. Say the words ‘Tyranny falls.’ ” And then the slave passes by, to rejoin the others.

You have no idea when the market closes. Will you wait around to follow this enigmatic instruction (**80**) or leave (**120**)? (If you have already received such an instruction in this adventure, ignore it this time and go directly to (**120**).

You leave your body floating in lotus position **29** and penetrate the walls of the dwelling. But the noise! More than a roar, louder than thunderclaps, the noise deafens your spirit like the explosion of suns! YOU’RE DISSOLVING INTO MIST IN A SOUND BEYOND HEARING, LIKE THE CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE—

Make an Endurance FEAT roll. If the total is 12 or less, the sorcerer's defenses inflict 8 points of psychic damage (subtract it from your Health score). If the total is 13 or more, you endure the enchantment with only minor spiritual damage. Subtract only 2 from your Health point total.

In either case, you are driven back from the building to lie gasping in your body. The distress call is still sounding. You may knock (42) or probe with the Eye of Agamotto (14).

30 With the battle over, you only now note that the Stock Exchange is in a shambles. Of course it must be repaired.

Calling upon deep reservoirs of strength, and beseeching Hoggoth to fortify your belief, you chant words from a dead language. With each gesture of your hands, other-worldly forces sweep across the chamber.

The smoldering ruins of the tanks are borne aloft and carried through the portal of their origin. The bodies of the shadow troops float solemnly through their own portal. Scorch-marks vanish. Papers fly up, flatten out, and stack themselves neatly. Piles of splinters jump up and adhere to each other, becoming chairs again. The Stock Exchange is healed, as though newly built. Add 2 points to your Karma total.

Clustering at the doorways like youngsters spying on grownups, investors watch all this with bulging eyes.

The Eye of Agamotto emerges from your amulet and centers on your forehead. In its brilliant light the memories of all these people lie spread out like file cards. You remove the recollections of this morning's battle and your presence. As they look at each other, bewildered, you turn invisible and leave the Stock Exchange. Time to get out, before the news crews show up. Go to **95**.

Straining your skill to the utmost, you fight **31** the resistance of time's current to penetrate to the very origin of all. You have nothing but your own strength and inner resolve because here there are no great spirits to aid you.

You plunge into the bright nexus, and light surrounds you. Were it not for the protective shell you prudently cast around yourself, you would be incinerated in this holocaust of energy. You have been brought back to the dawn of time in previous adventures, but this is more dangerous, for it is just *after* that moment of creation! Titanic energies build. The forces of science and magic alike are unified in one great superforce. Space and time themselves are merging.

Scanning with the Eye of Agamotto, you discover essences of primordial dimensions, flying away like particles from an atom-smasher. The scope of what you see threatens to overwhelm you. But the memory of your mission becomes your focus, your anchor to your own reality.

You sense two emergent dimensions that have familiar auras. You have traveled in these realms. Both carry an aura of life and hope. You stand between these two spheres, knowing that in at least one, hope will be betrayed and life oppressed.

But you have no way of identifying them more conclusively. They are the only ones you have access to, here at the dawn of time. Amazing—these simple spheres contain all that will exist in these universes!

An awesome idea occurs. You may trap one or the other of these realms in the unbreakable Crimson Bands of Cytorrak, preventing it from expanding. You lack the strength to confine both. Then, another idea, even more terrifying. You might actually merge the two dimensions into one! What would it do? You suspect it might combine their resources, making both greater than before. But you cannot know.

Never have you faced such an awesome decision. Will you confine the sphere to your left (**45**), or the one to your right (**13**)? It is staggering to think that your mission should come down to such a chance. Perhaps you will try merging them instead. If so, make a Magic FEAT roll. If the total is 22 or more, turn to **258**. If the total is 21 or less, go to **232**.

In this situation, you may feel you've gotten in over your head. If you would rather do nothing and return to your own time, go to **75**.

32 Farmingdale's Department Store was a mess when you left, and it's a mess when you return. Flickering into invisibility, you enter the store and find a massive cleanup in progress. Clerks and bystanders are gradually creeping back into the store, despite police warnings.

If you would like to search the store, go to **3**. Otherwise, it's time to leave. Will you go to Wall Street's New York Stock Exchange (**247**), the Hell's Kitchen waterfront (**89**), or across the dimensional barriers to either the Twelve Dominions (**242**) or Landark, the Dimension of Blindness (**2**)?

33 Where will you go next? If you are en route to Landark, you may continue there (**174**). If you are headed back to Earth, you may reach it at **247**. You can also shift over to Caravanda, the other boundary dimension, between Earth and the Twelve Dominions (**24**).

34 A simple mind can be dominated by simple means. Your hand steals out and brushes the ogre's narrow forehead. "You are mine to command," you say. The ogre is speechless. "Return

to your post and pay no attention to me."

He nods, turns to go—and from a far door a red-suited soldier enters. "Hey, Nog," he cries, then sees you. Before you can act, he's shouted an alarm to other soldiers outside. There are too many to fight. Flickering into invisibility, you pass through the wall of the room.

You are floating outside a stone citadel, on a barren stone island, on a huge spherical ocean, in the void of the Twelve Dominions. Flying away from the armory building with the speed of thought, you realize you cannot return here. Go to **92**.

Pretending the speed is too much, you command your cloak to fall back from the speeding plane. You've made a fortunate choice, because the aircraft is heading directly for the skyscrapers of New York's financial district! The pilot veers away and resumes his course over the river. And then, without warning, the aircraft vanishes.

You hear a distant grinding noise and see a flash of light. No trace of the craft remains when the light fades, but your mystically attuned senses reveal a rift in space, a gateway that took the plane to another dimension. As you watch, it starts to close. You can let it close and go elsewhere (**124**), but if you want to keep chasing the plane, wherever it has gone, you must exert all possible speed to reach the rift immediately.

Make an Agility FEAT roll. Roll the die and add the number you roll to your Agility score. If the total is 10 or more, go immediately to **173**. If the total is 9 or less, you fail to reach the portal before it closes, and must go to **124** after all.

Your fury distracts you, as Kallesh intended. **36** He finds a weak point in your defenses and stuns you with a calculated attack. Roll the die twice

and add the numbers together. Subtract that total from your current Health points. If you have run out of Health points, Kallesh has succeeded, and Earth is in peril. Your adventure ends abruptly.

If you have any Health left, you are stunned by the attack. Kallesh straddles your body in triumph. "Now, the trophy of my conquest!" you hear him say. "The fabled cloak of levitation!" He jerks your cloak from you.

Your head clears, and you see a means of escape. The cloak is no mere garment; it is bound to your thoughts, as surely as your own fingers. With a command you bind the astonished Kallesh, distracting him. He stumbles, the cloak returns to your shoulders, and you flee for your life. Turn to **246**.

37 You have traveled from one cosmos to another. Now you are in the realm of Trofane, an interval dimension that is a stepping stone between Earth and Landark, the Dimension of Blindness. The land is ruined.

This dimension's inhabitants live on bizarre spiraling world-bands that coil through the void like DNA molecules. Drifting spheres, larger than cities, radiate heat and many-colored lights. The laws of physics seldom apply here.

So your memories go, formed during occasional earlier visits. But the dimension has been ravaged. The coiling strips—bands a thousand miles wide—are broken in pieces, leaving jagged, blackened stumps. No wonder the two warring dimensions need a new battleground for their conflict!

You are on an especially large island of terrain, many miles on a side. It has a desert landscape and some anvil-shaped hills. You may explore the desert (**167**) or the hills (**249**), or investigate a lingering aura of magic not far away (**100**). If you would rather leave Trofane, go to **33**.

Your mind fills with questions as the cloak of **38** levitation carries you elsewhere in Farmingdale's—above the men's fashion section, shoes, sunglasses, candy, toiletries, and case upon case of cosmetics. You ascend the escalator without seeing anything unusual.

The second floor houses an extravaganza of consumer items. Briefly you wonder what these items gave to you, back when you owned so many. Your thoughts are interrupted as you sense a mystic aura close by. At this range, no spell of concealment could hide it.

Almost instinctively, you let invisibility drape itself about you like a shroud. Approaching the aura, you see a black-clad figure crouching behind a cash register. The figure is stick-thin, like the red soldiers below, and wears the equipment and insignia of a trooper. But this one is pale where the others were greenish. This one is frightened, where the others were assured. This is obviously the squad's quarry.

You might ignore him and fly away—yet this single soldier must be the key to this entire situation at Farmingdale's. You suspect this soldier may provide the key to resolving the invasion of this store.

Will you attack the lone trooper (**230**), immobilize him with the Crimson Bands of Cytorrak (**172**), or approach him as a friend and ally (**118**)?

Against a Sorcerer Supreme, who is **39** strengthened by an ancient artifact, you have nothing but your own skill and courage. But you fight fiercely. His every bolt blocked, his every enchantment countered, Kallesh strikes with fury that grows by the second. And yet you survive.

And you think. If his power comes from the Battery, Kallesh must have some link to it. At the

thought, you swoop close in sudden attack, willing the Eye of Agamotto open. In its light Kallesh freezes for an instant, and you feel his will fighting yours. But in a moment he frees himself and shouts in triumph. "Hah! The Eye fails! My power is truly the stronger!"

You expected this, but your ploy succeeded. Kallesh mistook the Eye's light for an attack, when you actually looked through his aura to scan his appearance. He is horribly disfigured, but more importantly, he wears a large silver band around one thick limb. The band, curling like a thing alive, is the source of the aura!

You defend yourself skillfully, waiting for the chance . . . There! Kallesh drops his guard to prepare a new attack, and on that instant you lunge. Penetrating the aura, you feel infernal heat for an instant, but your fingers find their goal. With one motion, you rip the band free of Kallesh's arm!

The sorcerer howls as his aura vanishes. You have cut his link with the Battery, and his power has dropped to its former levels. But you are not safe yet, for you have come within his reach. Arms like tree-trunks encircle you, and a slablike head drives against your own. Lights flash behind your eyes. You struggle to remain conscious. Suddenly you feel strong thumbs pressing against your throat. Kallesh is strangling you!

You must break his grip, or the battle is lost. Make a Strength FEAT roll. If the total is 9 or more, turn to **225**. If the total is 8 or less, turn to **104**.

40 Once more you send the Eye journeying through the aisles of this large room. You stand motionless, seeing in your mind what it sees. Wait . . . that unusual aura—within that locked case, hidden in a wall recess.

Peering through the case, the Eye reveals a

plain silver armlet. Outwardly it hardly appears powerful, but the Eye sees its true nature: it is imbued with unusual and mighty defenses. Its case is protected with several alarm and warning spells. But if you wish, the Eye can foil them easily and fetch the armlet for you.

If you decide to take the armlet, make a note of it on your Stats Card.

Whether or not you take the armlet, you have no time for further sightseeing. You hear muffled cries and grunts and then a burst of cruel laughter. Rushing to the rebel slaves, you find them smiling over the body of a guard. "We found him sleeping on guard," says one rebel. "The first casualty of the revolution."

You check the guard, but it's too late. You feel sick at heart. Already the rebellion has brought bloodshed. Deduct 3 karma from your total. The raiders have found the weapons they need, and you all leave the way you entered. Turn to **63**.

You curse your lack of compassion for hav- **41**
ing let so many sailors go to no better rest than the filthy waters of the Hudson. Resolving to do penance if you survive this mission, you fly down to search for survivors of the battle.

But you are too late. The sailors have not merely drowned—their forms are actually dissolving in the polluted water! Amid a cloud of foul-smelling vapor, you hover in both disbelief and mourning. Your only consolation lies in the fact that you attempted to make restitution for an evil act, and so perhaps do not bear the karmic debt you might have.

You can still try to catch up to the fleeing aircraft . . . No, that hope is dashed, for even as you consider whether you might be able to catch up to it using the cloak, the plane vanishes in a flash of light. Time to go elsewhere. Turn to **124**.

42 A recess in the sorcerer's pyramid holds a tall narrow door. No knob or keyhole is visible, but you expected none. Hoping that a knock will be interpreted as a request for entry, you rap sharply on the door.

Time passes. Nothing. Suddenly you hear a sharp cry of distress inside. Will you probe with the Eye (84) or enter the building in astral form (219)?

43 In this realm, the Twelve Dominions, you float in an immensity of empty space. Only in the distance above and below, and on every side, do you see huge green globes of water that drift ponderously, like so many ocean-covered planets with hardly a trace of land. The nearest such globe is a short flight away with the cloak of levitation. You arrive above a rocky island, the only patch of solid ground on one of the largest of the liquid globes.

On the island stands a large stone building. Its majestic face shines in the light of this dimension's distant suns, as though on display to intimidate any would-be attackers. If you have been to this building before, go immediately to **202**. If this is your first time here, keep reading.

Curious, you turn invisible and fly closer. The Eye of Agamotto reveals many powerful defensive enchantments surrounding the building, but careful magic creates a hole in them. You pass through the wall into a huge room filled with racks of exotic magical weaponry—wands, spheres, cloaks, orbs. The power of the items is routine, nothing you can't exceed on your own—but the quantities! The Dominions' stockpile of weaponry is fearsome indeed. What dimensions may next fall to this power?

"You!" says a deep voice behind you. The speaker is a large ogreish humanoid with a lan-

tern jaw, wearing a brown tunic over a paunchy body and a raccoon-like furpiece on his conical head. He barrels down on you like a juggernaut. "How you pass here and no tell? Give password!"

The ogre has asked for a password. If you know one, drop the last three letters of the word and go to the indicated section. If you don't, you can try to talk to the ogre anyway (51), attack him (25), mesmerize him (34), or escape (79).

You must prepare to cast a spell at the on-coming tank. **44**

What spell will you cast?

Bolts of Bedevilment (238)?

Crimson Bands of Cytorrak (141)?

Winds of Watoomb (7)?

Flames of the Faltine (62)?

Something must be done. You trust to the fates, casting the unbreakable Bands around the sphere to your left. It will never expand beyond its current size as long as any magic endures in the cosmos. **45**

But now the streams of time bear you back toward the present. Beneath the immense landscape of time and space, you see the result of your action stretching ahead to your own time. When you return to this era, you instantly realize what has happened.

You appear in your own dimension, on Earth. You cannot have arrived anywhere else—because the dimensions of Landark and the Dominions do not exist. Have never existed. Will never exist. You have annihilated the potential of the original realm that spawned two dimensions. Yes, you have protected Earth. But what a dreadful "solution."

This is awful to contemplate. You must return home, shaken, to dwell on what has happened. Your adventure is over.

46 Rapidly you speak a spell, but too late. The ogre perishes in a hail of fireballs from the rebels' wands. They grunt in satisfaction, and you turn away from the hatred their eyes reveal. Subtract 3 Karma points for failing to prevent this death. Securing the weapons you sought, you all leave the armory as silently as you entered. Proceed to **18**.

47 Where will you go now?

The Twelve Dominions (**77**)?

Trofane, the other boundary dimension (**167**)? Earth (**89**)?

48 This calls for one of your oldest and most successful illusions, but to cast it calls for superb skill. Make a Magic FEAT roll. Roll one die and add the number you roll to your Magic score. If the total is 19 or less, you have failed to cast the spell. Turn to **201**. If the total is 20 or more, turn to **26**.

49 Where will you go? In the wide realm of the Dominions, only a few spots seem interesting: a slave market (**5**), and a large stone citadel far away (**43**). If you'd prefer to leave the Dominions for some other dimension, turn to **113**.

50 Light and noise suddenly surround you! But both fade abruptly, and the plane is gone. Vanished. You float in astral form next to a tear in space, a dimensional portal. You might have fol-

lowed, had you been in a physical body—but it would be suicide to pursue the plane in your astral form. Racing back to your floating body, you rejoin it just in time to watch the gate close. Go to **124**.

"I've forgotten the password," you say, "but **51** I've been ordered to inspect the equipment in this area."

"Spec-tion? Who order?" the ogre shoots back.

"Who do you think?"

The ogre thinks deeply for about twenty seconds. "Commander?" he finally ventures. You nod, and the guard smiles craftily. "Hoo-hoo. You in deep trouble now, come here and got no password. I could sound alarm, you be in guard-house." But the ogre doesn't sound the alarm; he looks at you expectantly. You realize he expects a bribe not to turn you in.

Will you bribe the ogre (**254**), attack him (**25**), mesmerize him (**34**), or escape (**79**)?

"Please believe that my business here is **52** quite important. The welfare of many people—of your customers—is at stake."

"Izzat so?" His manner changes. "Well, gee, you know I can hardly stand in the way of your business, if it involves the welfare of many people. In fact, money is probably no object if you're seeking help in protecting the welfare of all those people. Or am I wrong?"

This man is hinting at bribery. Such conduct is abhorrent to you, but the mission is vital. Still, can this man know anything of importance? You might be wasting time. You can mesmerize him (**8**), leave him and search the store (**60**), or bribe him (**15**). Or you may leave, going to any of the locations given in section **252**.

53 The tavern is dim, crowded, bad-smelling, and faintly sleazy. Grizzled stick-thin natives crouch at a long, frost-covered bar or over cold tables. Many huddle for warmth around glowing red spheres that are scattered about. All the natives wear peculiar sensory devices on their heads, a substitute for their atrophied vision.

Before entering, you take on the disguise of a native sailor. As you pass through the insulated door, a large native veers toward you. He speaks a slurred insult, which you understand—more or less—by a spell of comprehension. “Ih, ihn’t tha’ righ? Hah?”

Apparently you’ve come in on the middle of a conversation, and the drunken sailor is asking agreement. “Right,” you say, pushing him away.

“Righ? Righ? You say righ? C’mere, you gorp’in’ slaver—” He staggers toward you threateningly. “Right” must have been the wrong answer. He plows into you, and you catch his eye. “I’m your friend. Introduce me,” you say. The sailor looks at you blearily, then nods. “Yeah. Hey, gorps! Thizz here, my buddy!” he shouts to the entire room, then falls over in a dead faint. Other “buddies” pick him up and take him into a back room.

You’re heading toward the bar when a hissed invitation comes from a shadowy wall booth. “Saw your little trick there,” says a hunched native in tattered alien garb. “Wizard, ain’t ya?” He smiles, and your denial means nothing. “Got something a wizard needs with me, I do. A familiar.”

Reaching into his shapeless coat, he pulls out—a living thing! It’s a small, shivering, big-eyed creature much like a capuchin monkey. “Huggy-monkey,” says the sailor. “Cute little thing, ain’t she?”

“Indeed. But why should I need this creature?”

“Wal. Many’s the strong attacker who’s been put off by the cuteness o’ these darlin’s. Ain’t they? Just a hunnerd algiks, you can find out for y’self.”

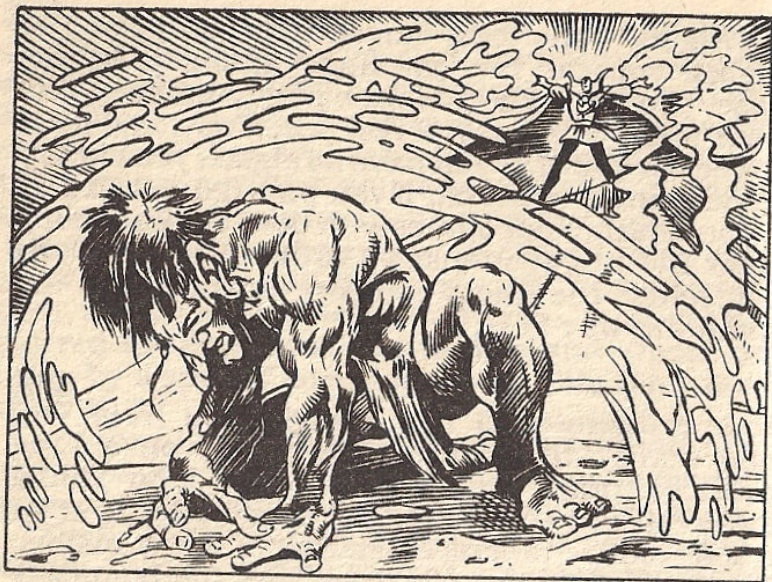
“Algiks”—the local currency. If you have 100 algiks, you can buy the huggy-monkey. In this case, you tuck the cute little huggy-monkey into your sash, where it will rest peacefully, and head to the bar (**220**). If you have no algiks, you can try to raise some in the bar if you wish (go to **131**). Or if you’d rather not bother with that, you can easily steal the huggy-monkey (**159**). Of course, you can refuse the huggy-monkey but talk with the sailor anyway (**117**).

Your crossing-spell has brought you from **54** one reality to another. You stand on a long rounded ridge, with rocky desert land falling away on either side of it. The countryside is lit by a soft, diffuse radiance like that of many moons. The beautiful light of Caravanda, the boundary dimension that allows passage between Earth and the Twelve Dominions, is treasured by dimensional travelers everywhere.

Beside you is a sculpture of a sailing ship. No, not quite a ship, and not quite a sculpture. The monument is a permanent illusion commemorating a battle. You look at the inscription on the phantom pedestal: “The Blue Armada/Creators of the Twelve Dominions/Noble Conquerors of Many Realms/Shining Example to Our Forces of Liberation.”

The Blue Armada . . . ? The name is not familiar, but the odd word “creators” implies that this force had some role in the secession of the Twelve Dominions from the dimension of Landark, ages ago. The sailing ship points down the ridge, toward a long gaping furrow in the landscape. It seems about to set sail into this ruined land.

If you’re going to the Twelve Dominions, you may continue (**43**). If you’re headed to Earth, you may keep going (**188**). If you’d like to shift over to the other boundary dimension, Trofane, go to **37**. But if you want to explore this dimension, turn to **74**.



55 Speaking and gesturing rapidly, you barely manage to erect the Shield of the Seraphim around the ogre guard before the fatal fireballs strike. The rebels turn, astonished at this seeming betrayal. Some even point their wands at you.

"No killing," you say simply. "It would make you no better than the enemies you fight. Here is a better way." You chant over the astonished ogre, and the Shield fills from within with a reddish vapor. "The Mists of Morpheus will send him into the realm of sleep, and he will not remember us when he wakes." You look at your allies closely, and see that they begin to understand this lesson. Securing the special weapons you sought, you all leave the armory as silently as you entered. Go to 18.

56 In the piercing yellow light of the Eye, the soldiers squirm like landed trout. This is odd—they should be stock-still, utterly helpless. You ex-

ert your will more strongly (*Stand still! My thoughts are yours!*), and the soldiers cry out. But their resistance, whatever its cause, is broken. They stop moving.

"Speak," you say, using a simple spell to communicate across the language barrier. "How did you resist my amulet?"

The leader speaks. "Our leader, Kallesh Ghann, enchanted us, making us immune to control."

Astounding! Kallesh was never capable of such wizardry in the past. You didn't realize such a thing was even possible. "What is the source of his power?"

"I don't know."

With further questions, you find that this Dominions squad was sent to locate a spy for Landark, the Dimension of Blindness. The spy was to be killed before he could communicate with anyone. No one in the squad knows why the spy was being sought.

With a spell of reversion you send the entire squad back to the Dominions. As a parting gesture, you utterly destroy the enchantment that resisted the Eye of Agamotto. After the soldiers vanish, you are alone. Add 2 Karma to your total for defeating the invaders.

Will you search the store (217), or go elsewhere? Perhaps you are ready to cross the dimensions to the Twelve Dominions (54) or the Dimension of Blindness (37). Or there may be work yet to complete on Earth—at Wall Street's New York Stock Exchange (247), or the Hell's Kitchen waterfront (89).

No! How could you consider such a deed! You **57** spring to aid Bel Auric's heroic defense against the Dominions invaders. Unlike her own attacks, yours do not empower the enemy troops. The Winds of Watoomb sweep them like tenpins be-

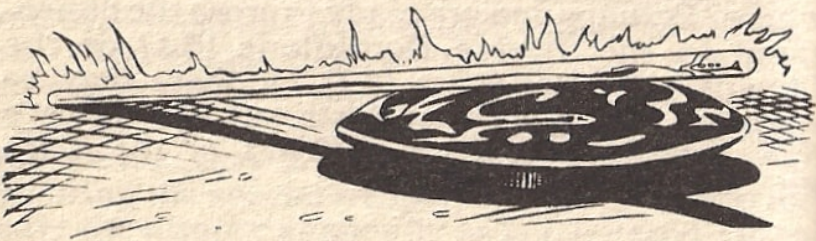
fore you. "I'm afraid the attack will resume shortly, honored mother."

Bel Auric does not answer. She appears to be—of all things—meditating. Outside, you hear screams. Battles rage elsewhere in the palace. But you are reluctant to leave. It is senseless to sway individual battles when the war will be won or lost here, you reason. Or are you rationalizing? Perhaps you are simply unwilling to leave this majestic magician in her final moments.

At last Bel Auric opens her eyes. "Do you believe other sources of heat and light may be found for my people, Doctor?"

You dread to think what is behind that question. "It is possible, honored mother, given much time."

"You shall have time," she says. Her eyes are alert, her expression serene. Suddenly the Dominions troops make another attack, with deadly darts and sheets of colored flame. Your attention is diverted. They have become stronger since the last attack! Here in this last stronghold of the palace, you must marshal all your skill against the combined forces of the conquerors. Make a Magic FEAT roll. If the total is 19 or more, go to **4**. If the total is 18 or less, go to **137**.



58 Dividing your attention between levitating the survivors and maintaining your Shield, you start toward shore. But the strain is tremendous! Your limbs tremble despite your iron control.

Drops of perspiration fall into the Hudson. Red lights dance behind your eyelids.

No! You cannot lose consciousness! These sailors are depending on you. That thought alone strengthens your grasp on awareness. With a heroic effort, you carry them all to the closest wharf, your Shield warding away the aircraft's strafing attacks.

No sooner are you safe, however, than you fall. While the surviving sailors climb beneath the planking for cover, a well-placed bolt of energy from the aircraft's nose strikes you hard. Subtract 6 from your Health point total. If you have no Health points left, your adventure ends here.

Seeing that it cannot defeat its original prey, the plane veers away. Climbing to your feet, you face another choice: try to catch the plane (**93**), or talk to the surviving sailors (**139**).

Crossing the dimensions with the wounded **59** soldier, you pass through the ruined lands of Trofane, home of the Six Sorcerers, before finally arriving in the darkened realm of Landark, the Dimension of Blindness. You float in empty space, but the soldier seems to know exactly where you are. "Down there—the marketplace," he says.

You come upon dim red spheres—"glowspheres," says the soldier—that provide light and heat to the few survivors of this darkened universe. Indeed, it is a marketplace, loud with the shouts of merchants and exotic music of entertainers. But the atmosphere is grim and chilling. The natives, thin humanoids like the soldier, huddle around the glowspheres for warmth. "Without them, we would certainly perish," the soldier says. "Bel Auric alone can create and renew them."

You have no time to investigate the market, for the soldier asks you to fly him to Bel Auric's pal-

ace. "It is my duty to bring so powerful a sorcerer to the attention of my leader." Soon you land before a massive, ice-covered stone palace, where columns of rock stand alongside great shafts of ice. Wind whistles among the pillars, creating a fluting wail.

There follow brief meetings with the soldier's commander, and the commander's commander, and so on. With remarkable speed you are escorted into the chamber of Bel Auric. The soldier, weak with loss of fluid, is carried away amid commendations from all his supervising officers, and you are left alone. Go to **21**.

60 Leaving the officious manager in mid-sentence, you float into the air with the cloak of levitation. You almost hope it will shut him up, but you have no such good fortune. "Hey!" he shouts. "Don't fly away while I'm trying to talk to you! I hope you've got insurance, buddy!"

You venture through the still-empty store, finding no trace of a mystic aura. No aliens. No arcane devices, apart from the Ouija boards in the toy department. Go back to **252** and select another destination.

61 A distress call! A magician somewhere in this dimension is sounding a cry for help. Guided by the call, you pass over enormous folds and hollows in the buckled terrain of Caravanda and soon arrive at the source of the call: a pyramidal building, saturated with an aura of magic. Obviously a sorcerer's dwelling. If you have been to this building before, go immediately to **68**. If this is your first time here, keep reading.

Though surrounded by the devastation you have seen all through Caravanda, the building itself is apparently unharmed. You sense no air of

evil or menace, but the building is no doubt guarded by protective enchantments.

It is astonishing that any sorcerer could survive the warfare that has raged through this realm. You must, of course, answer his cry of distress.

How will you do this? Go up and knock at what seems to be the door (**42**), probe gently with the all-powerful Eye of Agamotto to determine the building's defenses (**14**), or enter in astral form (**29**)?

You almost hesitate to use such drastic measures, but the black tank appears undefeatable. Speaking in a clear, resonant voice, you utter the incantation: "*Flames of the Faltine, attend me now, you whose age is past all ken; let fires born ere stars were formed consume the enemies of men!*" **62**

As always, your limbs tremble at the summoning of such dreadful forces. In an instant, a holocaust of pure white flame, a relic of the energies that created the universe, engulfs the tank. You feel no heat, and the carpet and surroundings are unharmed. Only the spell's target is burned. It glows red, yellow, then white—and inside, you hear screams! With an effort of will you extinguish the Flames.

But too late. The tank is ruined. Looking inside in astral form, you find the remains of two pilots. How could you not have considered the possible loss of life? You have a great debt to account for. You lose *all* of your Karma points!

If the shadow troops are still alive and awake, you can talk to them, if you wish (**149**). Otherwise, go to **30**.

After your triumphant return with the weapons, the night—or what passes for night, in this dimension—is spent planning the initial strike. **63**

The target is the primary port receiving slaves from conquered Dominions territories, not far away from the slave market.

The waterfront is much like those of pre-industrial Earth, with its wooden wharves, low buildings near the shore, and the familiar lapping of waves against the pilings. But this waterfront also has tall mooring spikes for the airboats and high landings with staircases where slaves are herded off the filthy gondolas.

When you and the rebels sweep down in your own airboat, the waterfront is crowded. Slaves, traders, and dockworkers mill around. So do several dozen figures shrouded in mysterious robes. You want to ask Rake who they might be, but he's busy with last-minute details. Men and women are wearing the captured weapons—peculiar harnesses studded with tiny domes and with holsters that carry wands. Battle armor!

The landing. The mooring at the spike. Then, the attack! Leaping from the gondola to the landing, the rebels rush for the nearest slave ship. But the robed figures throw off their concealment and attack. They're Dominions infantry! They must have been alerted by the missing weapons and the death of the ogre guard.

Unless you act quickly, the revolt will end here. So many soldiers . . . What to do? While the rebel forces are still above, on the staircase, you begin a lengthy spell. Many spirits must heed your call, if you are to succeed in this enchantment. Once more, fortune enlightens your path. Below, every person on the wharf is surrounded by red bands that grow and twist like bamboo in a strong wind. In an instant, all are wrapped in Cytorrak's unbreakable bands.

You have only a moment to offer thanks, for a commotion has already started aboard the nearest slave gondola. The rebels have found the traders that own it and are exacting their revenge.

Before you can do anything but gasp in horror, they have slaughtered every slave owner aboard. Their howls of triumph echo like banshee wails over the crowd. "Hear us, people!" one rebel shouts. "Today we rise! Today we seize—"

"Stop!" you cry, reaching the slave boat at last. "Condemn the oppressors, and you will all be likewise condemned." The rebels look at you with surprise, and even suspicion. Things are out of control. You lose 4 Karma for following a course of action that has led to so much bloodshed.

Now Rake prepares to fly the seized airboat to the royal palace of Kallesh Ghann, to complete the coup. You will have time to counsel him and the others before their next raid, if you go with them (234). Or if you've had enough of revolution, you may choose to stop these bloodthirsty men and women from causing further violence (213). Or you may leave them to their fate and go elsewhere (120).

Murmuring too quietly for the troops to hear, **64** you summon the Rings of Raggador to immobilize them. The ghostly circles of energy drop gently over the astonished soldiers, pinning their arms to their waists. They are helpless. For an instant you feel a kind of psychic feedback, almost as if a protective enchantment were used. But it has no effect on the invulnerable Rings.

They cry out in an odd language. Once you've made sure no one is coming to their aid, you must decide what to do with them. Will you question them with the irresistible Eye (56), or dispose of them without questioning (81)?

These fearsome animals appear well fed for **65** dwelling in such a desolate hunting-ground. All have something like blood around their jaws. It's

probably animal blood. But one of the larger shark-things is limping and seems to be bleeding from a puncture wound.

You may wish to investigate the wound more closely (197). If not, you can simply follow the predators (240), or explore this dimension (100), or leave (33).

66 Though Kallesh is evil, you will not stoop to evil means to defeat him. You continue to help him support the palace structure. Soon, it is mended, and Kallesh lets his spells drop. You stare at each other. Kallesh's aura glows a bright blood red.

Finally he speaks in a low but furious guttural voice. "Your bones will rot, stormbirds will peck at your eyes, you will die a hundred deaths, Doctor Strange. Or so I hope. But none will be from me this day.

"The Fates have placed me in your debt, hatefully in your debt, for your help in saving my palace. I will not be indebted to you, magician! Name your penalty, that I may be free of it!"

His fury is awesome to behold. For all his evil, Kallesh lives by his own odd code of honor. You have seen similar codes in others of evil, such as Dormammu of the Dark Dimension. "Swear an oath that you will leave Earth and its dimension unharmed. No war with Landark must trouble my realm."

"Earth? The new battleground? So be it. I care nothing for this realm you prize so highly. The troops will be withdrawn for twenty great cycles of the seas, a very long time. And then I am done with you, Doctor Strange, and my wrath will be terrible."

"I will face it then, Kallesh, as I faced it today." You fly from the palace without further word, to cross the dimensions to your own Sanctum Sanctorum.

Your efforts today have been superhuman. Though you did not defeat Kallesh or dispel the evils of his deeds, you have protected Earth once more.

You rise into the air, light plays about you, **67** and the teachings of many years spring to your tongue. Surely the spirits are aiding you! "A government born in violence must enlist violence in its defense," you tell the crazed rebels. "If this destruction proceeds, you will bring destruction upon your people and on yourselves . . . not through vengeance from the slave owners, but by your own brutish habits."

You tell them this and much more. At last, they appear to heed your words. The beauty of this place, for all its sinister atmosphere, aids your call for rational behavior. They stop the destruction. Add 5 Karma to your total for taking the time out to persuade the rebels.

Suddenly winds of green vapor sweep through the palace grounds. The rebels and guards around you fall into deep slumber. Only your own defenses render you immune. The winds give way to an explosion of sulfurous gas, and from the smoke strides the ruler of the Twelve Dominions, the Sorcerer Supreme Kallesh Ghann. You face him alone.

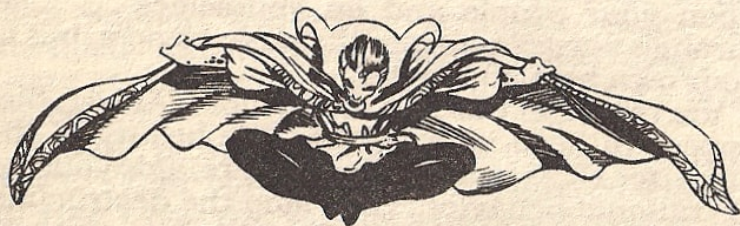
Turn to **99**.

Kevit's sanctum has been burned to the **68** ground. Not by fire, either, for such is impossible. You detect the telltale odor of evil sorcery. Who would have—but you need not ask. Kallesh Ghann alone has the power and will to have done this evil deed. He must have found out about Kevit's research.

Nothing is left to be found or salvaged. The distress call continues mindlessly, automatically.

You leave without dispelling it. Kallesh will pay.
Go to **47**.

69 In the desolate realm of Landark, you need not go far to find most of the survivors. In the distance you sense a curious igloo (**174**), while elsewhere is an even more peculiar “waterfront” (**23**). If you wish, you can leave the Dimension of Blindness and go back to Earth or to some other dimension (**37**).



70 The welfare of Earth rides on your survival. You cannot allow this single battle to jeopardize your mission. Encasing yourself in a powerful Shield, you float between the wounded soldier and his red-clad attackers, hoping to prevent slaughter.

But neither side wishes this. Both the infantry squad and their quarry lunge to one side, firing at each other. The intensity of feeling between these warring forces is almost physical. Before you can stop either side, the black-clad soldier brings down two of his opponents, while the large numbers of red infantrymen virtually coat the small figure in fire.

Too late, your hastily summoned Rings of Ragador float down to paralyze the red-clad soldiers in an emerald embrace. The black figure is down, dead. Subtract 5 Karma from your total for permitting this death. The other soldiers await your justice.

Proceed to **56** to continue your efforts to protect

Earth, but do not select the option that allows you to explore Farmingdale's further.

Your journey across the icy sea is not fast, **71** but before long you reach a complex of stone buildings, looming dark red in the dim light of a few glowing spheres. You approach a huge stone palace covered with ice, as though built by frost giants to rule an Ice Age.

Through a small side entrance the merchant escorts you to a physician—odd, how familiar the doctor's office looks—where you gently refuse treatment and assure the merchant of your good health. He grins broadly and apologizes once more for the bother . . . but you notice he doesn't offer your money back.

You elect to remain at the palace, attracted by a strong aura of pure magic. Investigating, you walk through the palace until you find a magnificent chamber. Turn to **21**.

He's lying. Suspicious, you interrogate the **72** wounded soldier with the Eye of Agamotto. He gasps as the Eye affixes itself to your forehead, then he freezes in its brilliant light.

“What is your real story?” you ask.

“It is as I said. But I myself am Sixtus, the Crown Prince.”

Jackpot. With a moment's thought, you decide the best course would be to return him to his father, Kallesh Ghann. The ruler may be willing to ransom his son with protection for Earth.

You read the details of the journey from the young man's mind, then pick him up and commence a crossing-spell. In a moment you stand in the ruined dimension of Caravanda, but there is no time to stop. You continue to the Twelve Dominions, where huge globular oceans float in the



air-filled void. With the prince's directions, you pick out Kallesh's palace, on an island floating on the largest of the oceans. You enter the palace openly. Go to **85**.

Clearly both of these warring enemies are **73** threats to Earth. Until you rescue the Stock Exchange from further damage, other concerns can wait. You note the portals at opposite ends of the room, and the tank battling the infantry between them—and a spell springs to your lips. Go to **7**.

You are in Caravanda, the boundary realm **74** that links your home dimension and the Twelve Dominions. The terrain is something like a crumpled bedsheet. The ground rises and falls at amazing angles, and huge stretches of land loom hundreds of miles up from the "horizon." Some gravity-like force holds you to the contours of the land.

The realm glows in a diffuse aura like bright moonlight. What that light reveals is shocking. You have traveled through here in years past, but how the countryside has changed! The ruin of war is everywhere—craters, debris, long, open gashes in the ground that reveal the fiery radiation from beneath the ground. No one could live in that radiation. No wonder the warring dimensions need a new battleground!

In this ruined world you see several points of potential interest: a military base of some kind high up in the north face of the land (**24**), a sculpture of sorts standing atop a bulging ridge near the military base (**54**), and an especially large gash in the land to the south (**113**). Or you can leave this dimension by turning to **47**.

If this is the first time you have come to this section, keep reading. Otherwise, select your next destination from the options listed above.

Something tugs at your awareness, a faint irritation—what? You try to identify it. Make a Psyche FEAT roll. If the total is 22 or more, go immediately to **61**. If the total is 21 or less, the sensation is too faint to identify. Doubt nags at you, but your mission is pressing. Choose your next destination from the choices listed above.

75 Your lack of resolve has rendered the spell useless. You cannot use it again. Subtract 3 Karma points from your total and go to **232**.

76 The effort to levitate the ship's surviving sailors while at the same time erecting the Shield of the Seraphim against the plane's attack is heavy indeed. Your concentration is split, and the plane's rays of energy lance painfully into your Shield. The crisis tests your skill to the limit.

If you want to drop the survivors back into the water to avoid excessive strain, go to **103**. Otherwise, make a Magic FEAT roll. Roll the die and add the number you roll to your Magic score. If the total is 22 or more, go to **109**. If the total is 21 or less, go to **58**.

77 The oceans of the Twelve Dominions, huge globes of water, drift through emptiness free from any shore. The light of distant suns shines greenly through them. You float above one such sphere. Islands speckle it, and on one large landmass, a waterfront of sorts has been built. Here airboats, lifted by gasbags, carry their dreadful cargo down to high wharves with tall mooring-posts. For this is the chief port of the infamous Dominions slave trade. If you have been to the waterfront before in this adventure, go immediately to **16**. If this is your first time here, keep reading.

You fly closer under a spell of concealment. Suddenly one small slave trips on a staircase and tumbles down many steps to the landing. The guard there shows no sympathy. Instead he shouts, "Clumsy! Here's to teach you to stay on your feet!"

He raises the whip . . . then falls himself, stunned by your Bolt of Bedevilment. You only hope none here can detect your magic, now that you've brought attention to yourself so dramatically. You must trust in your spell of concealment.

Other slaves cluster around the fallen one, comforting him. You can land and help, too, but he looks all right from here, so you can go on with a clear conscience. Will you land and help (**97**), or go elsewhere (**49**)?

Speeding through a dozen furnished rooms, **78** you search through the dwelling for the source of the call. This place appears to be a sanctum sanctorum, much like your own. And in its study, you find Kevit, the Sorcerer Supreme of Caravanda, one of your many teachers during your apprenticeship.

He has not been dead long. You must have heard his dying cry. This noble magician, once so robust, is hardly more than a skeleton now. In his bony hand he clutches a scroll written in an ancient language of power. Move on to **90**.

You have hardly arrived, but already the situation looks bad. You cannot hope to accomplish more here, so you shimmer into invisibility. The ogre guard is startled by your vanishing, and sounds an alarm. As you escape through the walls of the room, you realize that other guards will be alerted from now on. You cannot come back here again, and you lose 1 Karma point for **79**

being forced to escape.

You float outside the large stone fortress. It sits on a rocky island on one of the spherical oceans of the Twelve Dominions. You fly toward the other oceans in the sky. Turn to **92**.

80 Intriguing, this whispered request. You consider it as you look upon the foul slave market. You sit some distance away, on the shore of the spherical ocean, watching the market and the unearthly sky.

The rest is welcome. If you have lost any Health points so far, restore 1 point to your total. Remember that you cannot raise your Health score beyond the initial number.

After several hours the market closes. You take on your nobleman illusion once more and head for a large copper-colored statue at the far end of the market. The sculpture is of an airboat like the ones lifting away from the market. A plaque reads "THE BLUE ARMADA—HEROES OF HISTORY."

No one is around. You speak the words "Tyranny falls." The statue's plaque slides away, and a figure gestures you inside! The figure—the slave who whispered to you before—escorts you down to a small room filled with people. A single candle casts its light upon a dozen hungry faces, and in particular upon one face with a series of broad, parallel scars slashed across it.

"This is the wizard?" he asks without greeting. "I'm Rake. I don't much like wizards."

Silently you ready a defensive spell. "May I ask why?"

Rake answers the question with another question. "How do you regard our ruler, Kallesh Ghann?"

You're pretty sure of the right answer to this. "I oppose his tyranny and the institution of slavery." All present sigh in relief.

"We're getting rid of that tyranny and that institution. I hear you may be persuaded to help us. Kallesh has been draining his slaves to build his own magic. That's why I don't like him, but if your magic fights it, we'll die for you—if you swear to die for us, if necessary."

Rake clearly likes to get right to the point. You ask a few questions about the revolt and find it has possibilities to succeed, if you're willing to support it. If Kallesh has actually been acting as Rake claims, this explains his recent increase in power. It arises from a profoundly evil act and must be stopped.

Will you aid the revolution (**111**) or simply give your blessings and leave to continue your efforts to protect Earth (**86**)?

A routine spell of reversion sends the soldiers back to their location of origin, wherever it may be. The troops vanish in a flash of light and you are alone. Add 1 point to your Karma total and turn to **252**.

Kallesh's mental assault is too strong to foil. **82** In a moment you realize what he has learned: Your whole life has passed before his eyes. "Hah! Doctor Strange!" he shouts. Somehow the very speaking of your name is charged with evil significance.

"A healer! A man of medicine! And what is he now? Unable to hold a knife without shaking like an old slave!" His taunts stab at you, causing you to recall painful memories of the accident that crippled your hands.

Now Kallesh has thrown open the gates of your mind, and he picks out memories within at his choosing—your haughty manner with a grateful patient, your greed in asking higher fees after

each brilliant success, your neurotic pride that kept you from rebuilding your life after the accident, and the crash itself—the wheel spinning beneath your hands, the sickening lurch as you started to roll, hands flung before your face, windshield glass piercing them.

Anger rises hot in you. Though you came to terms with your jaded past many years ago, this evil tyrant's unearthing of past pain is infuriating. A part of your mind warns that you are succumbing to passion. Can you master these feelings? Make a Reason FEAT roll. If the total is 11 or more, go to **9**. If the total is 10 or less, turn to **36**.

83 As you watch, the tank wipes out the last of the shadow troops. The gruesome sight gives you no pleasure, despite the fact that these soldiers invaded your dimension. Subtract all your Karma for failing to prevent this pointless loss of life.

The black tank pauses, as though breathing deeply before another effort. Its dome rotates. Ponderously the machine turns to face you. When you see new energy crackling about the dome, you realize you must fight it after all. Go to **44**.

84 Urged to speed by the desperate cry inside, you command the Eye of Agamotto to show the defenses surrounding the building. Your mind sees them standing within the walls like glowing bars. You can't enter in astral form without injury, but you can dispel the defenses using the Eye.

Ordinarily it would be routine work, though slow-moving. Now, no time can be wasted. Using every skill at your disposal, you attempt to quickly fling aside the building's defensive spells.

Make a Magic FEAT roll. If the total is 20 or more, go to **195**. If the total is 19 or less, go to **224**.

Kallesh's palace is opulent beyond comprehension. In his lavish mansion, the royal hall is almost lost; yet when you arrive, you are impressed at its awesome size. On a high throne in the center of the hall sits Kallesh Ghann. **85**

He is hideous to behold, a twelve-foot humanoid monster surrounded by a green crackling aura that masks his appearance. In the air around him sounds a faint chorus of screams.

"I bring your son, Kallesh Ghann," you say simply as you fly into the hall. You set Sixtus down gently at the base of the steps leading down from the throne. Startled speechless for long moments, Kallesh descends to view his son—and the green aura briefly flickers yellow. Relief? Pleasure?

At last he speaks gutturally. "I recognize you, Doctor Strange, and bear you no love. But I am reluctantly in your debt. As a token of gratitude, I will not kill you, though I am now fully able to do so. For I have found Sighald's Battery, that legendary artifact."

Sighald's Battery! You have read of this device in ancient scrolls. It supposedly can drain life energy from many helpless victims and funnel the mystic force to its owner. This explains Kallesh's increase in power—and also the chorus of screaming spirits that are trapped around him. What a tremendously evil thing!

"I am disposed to favor you somewhat, to abolish this hated debt," the sorcerer continues. "I will grant one single favor, if it is not excessive."

You may wish to ask nothing of this tyrant but instead attack immediately. If so, deduct 1 Karma point from your current total and go to **112**. But this is a chance to accomplish some good, if you are careful in your request. What will you ask for?

That Kallesh stop the war with Landark (**154**)?

That he liberate the Dominions' slaves (**245**)?

That he leave Earth's dimension alone (**190**)?

86 "Though I support any fight for freedom, my first duty is to protect my own realm," you tell Rake and the revolutionaries. "May the Vishanti smile upon you." You make your farewells and turn to go.

The slaves are angered at your refusal, however, and some move to block your exit. Muttering a word or two, you levitate them aside, unharmed. The slaves gasp.

"Very well," says Rake. "We wish you'd said yes, but we can't keep you from leaving. Will you swear not to betray us?"

You almost smile. Rake realizes you have power enough to conquer them all. Yet here he requires an oath from you! With such courage behind it, this revolution may yet succeed.

"I shall not betray you. The word of Doctor Strange is good in all dimensions." The slave who ushered you in now escorts you out from the headquarters, to a neutral area. Turn to **120**.

87 Just as you feel the soldier will trust you, a noise downstairs shatters the mood. The red-suited infantry are moving this way! Convinced you have decoyed him into a trap, the black soldier attacks with a spray of tiny fireballs. The noise alerts the infantry below.

You are beset from all sides. Red-clad troops race up the escalator, booted feet hammering on metal steps. The black-suited soldier wavers as he senses the fireballs smashing against your hastily conjured Shield of the Seraphim. He twists back and forth between you and the enemy troops, wondering who to attack.

The red soldiers suffer from no such indecisiveness. They launch a host of fireballs and explosive spheres at both of you.

You must decide how to defend from this split attack. You can only safely protect either yourself

(**70**) or the black figure (**239**) from the enemy fire. To protect yourself and the soldier will sorely try even your mastery of magic. If you choose to try this risky maneuver, you must make a Magic FEAT roll. Roll the die and add the number you roll to your Magic score. If the total is 20 or more, go to **191**. If the total is 19 or less, go to **121**.

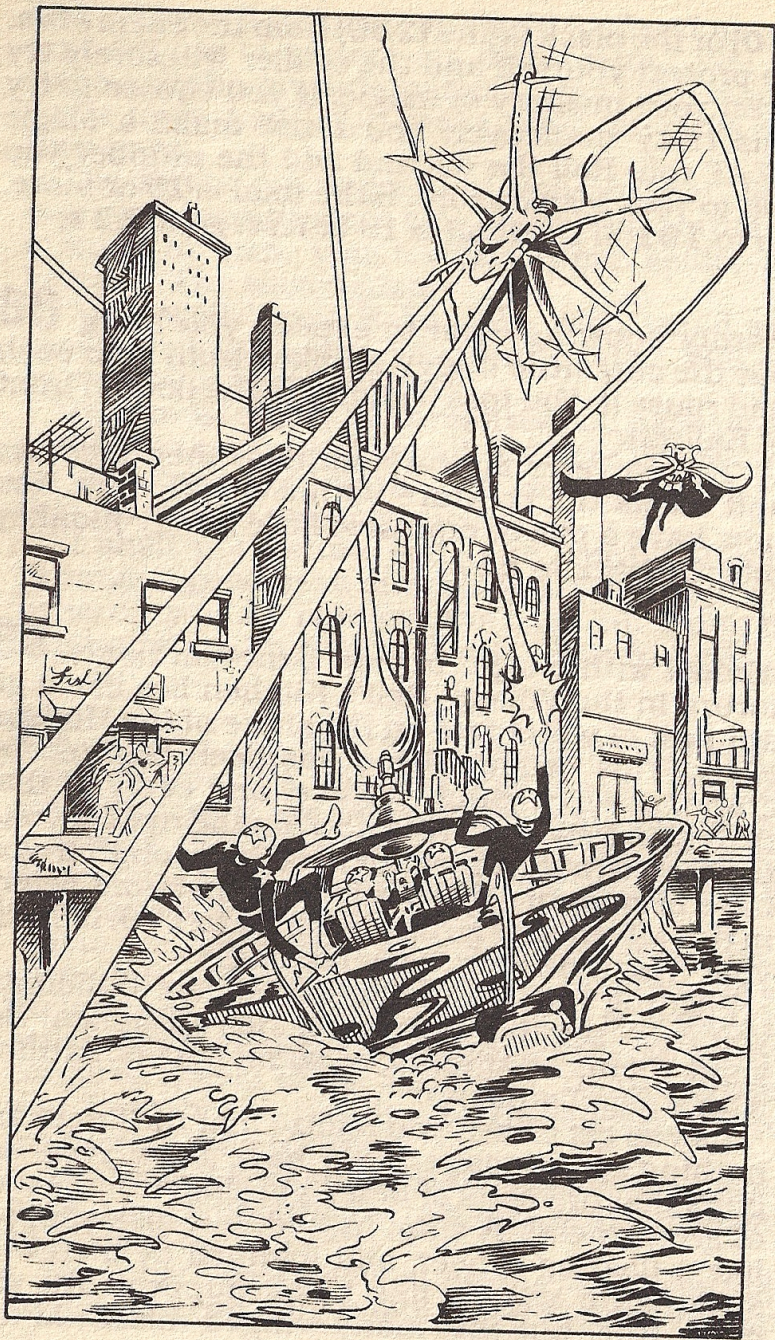
Hardly knowing what to expect, you bring **88** out the cute little huggy-monkey from your sash and rouse it. You toss it gently to the floor in front of Kallesh.

The sorcerer appears startled, then recovers and blasts the creature with a mystic bolt. You now have a pile of repulsive little huggy-monkey bits. Go back to **112**.

Almost within sight of your Sanctum Sanctorum in the Village, Hell's Kitchen lies like a giant nest of water rats on the shore of the Hudson River. This neighborhood has been blighted by crime, poverty, gang violence, and every ill that thrives in New York. And now, on the river beyond the waterfront, a new menace has come. If you have been to the Hell's Kitchen waterfront before in this adventure, go immediately to **170**. If this is your first time here, keep reading.

Floating just above the low square buildings, you soon see the wharves of Hell's Kitchen. Beyond them, an aircraft of some sort is battling with a small gunship.

As you get closer, you realize that the forces are nothing so mundane. They have guns, yes—but guns that fire bolts of blue lightning, from blades of green metal. A ship, indeed, but disk-shaped, like a floating saucer, and manned by a crew of stick-figure shapes like black puppets. An aircraft, true, but this many-winged missile is not



held aloft by the laws of physics. Magic is at work here.

You notice, looking down in your journey, that people are fleeing the area. Good. Fewer innocents are in danger. Only a few gawking spectators remain on the wharves as you reach the river. Praise Oshtur, you have reached them in time!

You chant an incantation. All those who stand in your path are gathered into the white glow that springs from your hands. Your levitation spell carries the onlookers several blocks away. When they land safely, no desire to return will haunt their minds.

The rescue comes none too soon, for the blue lightning bolts are missing their airborne target and striking along the waterfront! Screeching missiles from "plane" and "boat" alike are flying wildly through the air. Already war threatens to ravage this neutral battleground, unless you can protect it.

Your well-placed Shields of the Seraphim block the early volleys of missiles, which explode harmlessly overhead. Another enchantment produces thick, swirling mists on both shores of the river—the Vapors of Valtorr. These will protect the world at large from exposure to matters that it cannot yet comprehend.

Though the immediate peril is under control, you must act quickly, either to stop the battle or protect the buildings, or the waterfront will be destroyed. Will you fight the gunboat and protect the aircraft (155), attack the aircraft and protect the boat (228), attack both of them (192), or stay on the shore to protect the buildings and wait for the battle to end (128)?

You take the necessary steps for respectful **90** disposal of Kevit's body. If only there were time for proper eulogies! You will return to the grave, if

you survive your mission.

For now, you examine the scroll. It contains an odd time-travel spell—of all sorceries, the most difficult. No wonder Kevit had no strength to use it. This spell, a hasty and highly restricted effect, seems to apply only in the past of the two warring dimensions, and it only works once. You gather that it would allow the caster to alter history.

You stare into the distance. It is a frightening temptation.

Perhaps you could journey into the past, prevent the war, and protect Earth. But do you have enough information to use such a spell properly? The consequences of time travel can be disastrous beyond imagining. Hardly knowing your own will, you read the scroll carefully. The complexities of this powerful magic would paralyze most minds. But your discipline brings it within your grasp.

You now know this time-travel spell. You can cast it now or later—once—at any time, except during combat. Whenever you feel ready to cast the spell, go to **27** (make a note of that number now). Meanwhile, it's time to leave. Proceed to **47**.

91 With these slaves maddened by blood-rage, you might as well attempt to stop the tides themselves. Yet you make a last attempt to guide this revolt onto the paths of sanity. You recognize that if you can't stem the urge to violence now, the cause is hopeless.

Make a Reason FEAT roll to convince the rebels not to wreck the palace. If the total is 13 or more, go to **67**. If the total is 12 or less, go to **125**. Note that you cannot reach a total of 13 without spending Karma!

92 Among the many floating seas of the Twelve

Dominions, only two other locations appear interesting: a slave market (**5**) and a crowded waterfront (**77**). If you would prefer to leave the Dominions and travel to another dimension, turn now to **54**.

Leaving the bedraggled sailors on the wharf, **93** you rise above the Vapors of Valtorr and pursue the plane.

It is faster than sound itself. But your cloak brings you closer with every second. Any moment now—

But the plane vanishes in a burst of light. You see a dimensional rift at the point of disappearance—the aircraft has crossed over to another dimension. The rift gapes, a white slit in space, and then begins to close. But there may be a chance to follow the plane through the rift, if you move swiftly.

If you want to follow the plane through the rift, make an Agility FEAT roll. Roll the die and add the number you roll to your Agility score. If the total is 10 or more, go immediately to **173**. If the total is 9 or less, you have failed to reach the portal before it closes. Go to **139** to interrogate the sailors.

When you decide to help the Blue Armada, **94** the battle is as good as lost for the red fleet. They have no defense against the unseen, unexpected, unbeatably powerful sorcerer who wreaks havoc in their midst. Gondolas shatter, gasbags burst, disaster befalls, though sailors are amazed when they are carried to rescue aboard surviving ships. In minutes, the blue fleet has carried the battle, and the red ships retire in disarray.

Suddenly you are swept forward to the present. Beneath the immense landscape of time and space, you see the result of your action stretching

ahead to your own time. When you return to this era, you immediately learn what has changed.

You inadvertently aided the founders of the Twelve Dominions. With their increased resources, the tyrants of that realm eventually conquered Landark. Now, as Dormammu's Dark Dimension once was, they are a constant threat to Earth. You have temporarily stopped the invasion, only to install a new and greater threat. As Sorcerer Supreme, you must redouble your lonely vigil against the forces of darkness.

95 Where would you like to go?

Farmingdale's Department Store on Fifth Avenue (188)?

The Hell's Kitchen waterfront (89)?

Across the dimensions to visit the Twelve Dominions (24) or Landark, the Dimension of Blindness (37)?

96 "Hold it, soldier, can't come in here." The military police stop you at the entrance to the senior officers' headquarters. Briefly you consider mesmerizing the guards—no, foolish. Instead, you retreat to a warehouse, hide carefully, and leave your body. Your astral form need not concern itself with rank.

Passing through the walls of the HQ, you look around a series of offices. Much time spent searching reveals little, except that plans are underway for a full-scale invasion of Earth. But this is only a stepping stone before conquering Landark, the Dimension of Blindness.

You end up in the empty office of the base's senior officer. Your eyes fall on a curious map that shows the bizarre dimension of Trofane, the interval realm between Earth and Landark. Many ar-

rows indicate an area you have seen in past explorations, the Anvil Hills. All the pointers converge on one map coordinate: 119. What could the Dominions want there? It doesn't seem to be important right now, but nevertheless instinct tells you to make a note of that number, 119.

A noise outside alerts you that the officer is returning to his office. Using the spiritual form of your Eye, you shine a penetrating light through the wall to confirm his approach. Indeed, the commander you spotted earlier is coming back, and in the light of the Eye, he pauses, startled. "Who's shining that light?" he cries.

Moons of Munnopor! You quench the light immediately. The commander is mystically adept. He may see your astral form! Rather than risk discovery, you quickly exit the office and fly back to your body.

You are still disguised. You may eavesdrop on passing troops and look around the base (153). Or you may retreat from the base, drop the illusion, and gather your strength to attack either the mystic portals to Earth (163) or the supplies and weaponry (205). Or you can leave the base and go elsewhere (74).

It won't take long to ensure that the slave is **97** all right. You land behind an equipment shed and emerge in the disguise of a guard. "Move aside," you tell the slaves, and they leap back in such fear that your heart is sickened.

The slave is indeed unhurt, except for bruises. Even so, you may add 1 Karma point to your total for being willing to help him. The slave is malnourished and has been scarred by past beatings, but so are all these victims.

You start to leave, intending to resume your mission, but a dock slave brushes by you. A hurried whisper in your ear: "I saw you descend, man

of magic. Go to the market, not far away. When it closes, go to the statue. Say the words "Tyranny falls." And then the slave passes by.

You have seen the market in your travels, and can find it with no problem. If you haven't received this mysterious instruction before in this adventure, you can obey it by flying invisibly to the market area (80). Or you may leave the waterfront and select your destination from the choices given in 49.

98 Flying silently above the red-clad soldiers with the cloak of levitation, you will your enchanted amulet open and drench the entire squad with brilliant light. No one escapes. "My will is your will," you begin. "Tell me of—"

The soldiers look up, startled, and pull out the white rods from their holsters. With shouts and gestures they point the wands at you! The Eye—the indomitable Eye of Agamotto, the most powerful sorcerous force in the cosmos—has no effect!

Sheer reflex alone pulls you aside from a volley of small but lethal fireballs. Sheer astonishment crowds every thought from your mind.

But you have no time to speculate on this stunning reversal. You've been caught off guard and now must use the cloak and your own agility to dodge the next barrage of fireballs.

Make an Agility FEAT roll. Roll the die and add the number you roll to your Agility score. If the total is 11 or more, you twist aside and avoid any damage. If the total is 10 or less, you have been hit by one of the small fires even as you dodged the rest, and you must deduct 3 from your current Health point total.

With the Eye of Agamotto apparently useless, your situation is desperate. Will you attack with other spells (64), or flee to another part of the store (38)?

Kallesh Ghann is twelve feet tall, a hideous **99** parody of the humanoids of this realm. Where their limbs are thin, his are huge. His appearance is completely lost behind a crackling haze of energy that surrounds him in a green glow. A chorus of constant screams, barely audible, accompanies him everywhere.

Looking at you, Kallesh scowls with glowing red eyes. "Do you hope to defeat me, little magician?" he asks haughtily. Filaments of red flicker through the green haze—a rising anger? "My power has grown to exceed yours, Doctor Strange. Even your notorious Eye of Agamotto is nothing against my new discovery—my transfiguring glory—Sighald's Battery!"

You start at the news. Sighald's Battery—a device of ancient legends, lost for eons, if it ever existed. Vampire-like, it could leech life energy from hundreds of victims at once and funnel that mystic force into its user. Yes, this is the reason for Kallesh's increase in power, and for the screams that surround him. This is a colossally evil thing!

Yet you will not initiate violence. Though it seems vain, you try to reason with him. "Kallesh, the Battery is an evil device. Corrupt your own spirit as you will, but do not involve your subjects, or my own dimension, in your folly. Perhaps we may negotiate—"

As you feared, Kallesh laughs. "Negotiate? With a weakling? With a child?" Without warning, his green aura shifts to a pure angry crimson, and he looses a bolt of fiery energy. The battle is joined. Go to **112**.

It was from Trofane that the Six Sorcerers **100** warned you of invasion, and in Trofane you find their remains. Their auras linger strong. There is no structure, no Sanctum Sanctorum. The six magicians needed no shelter but their own fellow-

ship. Together they have fallen, but their fellowship continues in death.

You do not dwell on the gruesome details. You only give them the respectful burial they deserve. With no time for eulogy, you hope you may return to pay proper respects some time later.

Meanwhile, your mission continues. Where will you go next? You may explore Trofane's desert (167) or hills (249). Or you can leave this dimension (33).

101 After the red troops are caught in the Rings of Raggador and sent to sleep in the pale red Mists of Morpheus, the black-clad soldier speaks. "In this dimension, only Doctor Strange could wield such power," he says, and you incline your head graciously. "Bel Auric, our ruler and Sorcerer Supreme, has spoken highly of you, sir. Do you work for the defeat of the tyrant Kallesh Ghann?"

"I work for the protection of Earth and this dimension. But I have no love for Kallesh. If you will swear to speak openly and not to escape, I will free you." Receiving his oath upon the freedom of Landark, you dissolve the Bands into a cloud of ruby vapor.

"I would learn your story," you say. "Will you allow me to scan you with my amulet?"

After a brief hesitation, he agrees. "I have learned that your Eye will not work on those troops over there," he says, indicating the red soldiers. "Kallesh Ghann has enchanted them with an immunity."

"We shall see," you say. You may scan your new ally's memory (148), or you may use the Eye to question the red soldiers (56). Make a note of both section numbers now; you may question both sides by going to each section in turn, but neither section will indicate the other choice.

The violence against the ogre must be **102** stopped. With a simple flash spell you surprise the rebels, temporarily halting their assault. "Violence only begets violence," you caution. "Are you to become as barbaric as the slave owners themselves? Here is a better way." You chant a brief incantation.

"Let the Mists of Morpheus descend and bless this guardian with forgetfulness." Pink mists wrap themselves around the ogre's head, and he falls into snoring slumber. "When he wakes, he will have no memory of what has happened," you tell the rebels. They look at you with respect, and some appreciate the lesson. You gain 1 Karma point for your skillful handling of this situation.

They have gotten the weapons they wanted. You leave as quietly as you entered, and soon are journeying safely through the void. Turn to **18**.

What is it that spurs you to attack? Anger, **103** or a need for vengeance? Always you have been a passionate man; this is part of your strength as a sorcerer. Now, though, your emotion has led you astray. When you drop the surviving sailors into the polluted Hudson, their slender forms dissolve as though dropped in acid! In shock, you see that the sailors perish not by drowning, but by dissolution. And you are to blame. Your spirit will have to work off a considerable debt, later. You lose all your Karma!

But the plane has reached you, and this is no time for turbulent thoughts. You strive to clear your mind, as the plane's rays of energy strike the water ahead. You clear your mind, and let the full strength of the Winds of Watoomb focus in you. You release them—watch the plane bobble like a kite in the sudden hurricane—feel the cold spray of the waves, hear the howl of the wind—think of revenge.

Damaged, the aircraft strikes the water with a tremendous splash. Before you can move toward it, a noise like the rending of sheet metal fills the air. The plane vanishes in a flash of light. You can see it has been drawn through a portal, a rent in the fabric of space leading . . . you cannot tell where. It hangs there briefly, after the plane is gone. Will you follow the plane through the dimensional rift (173), or will you go somewhere else (124)?

104 You verge on unconsciousness. Subtract 6 from your current Health point total. If you have no Health left, your adventure ends here. If you have 1 or more Health points remaining, you cling to your resolve and try a last-ditch effort. You release the Eye of Agamotto once more, distracting Kallesh just long enough for you to break free.

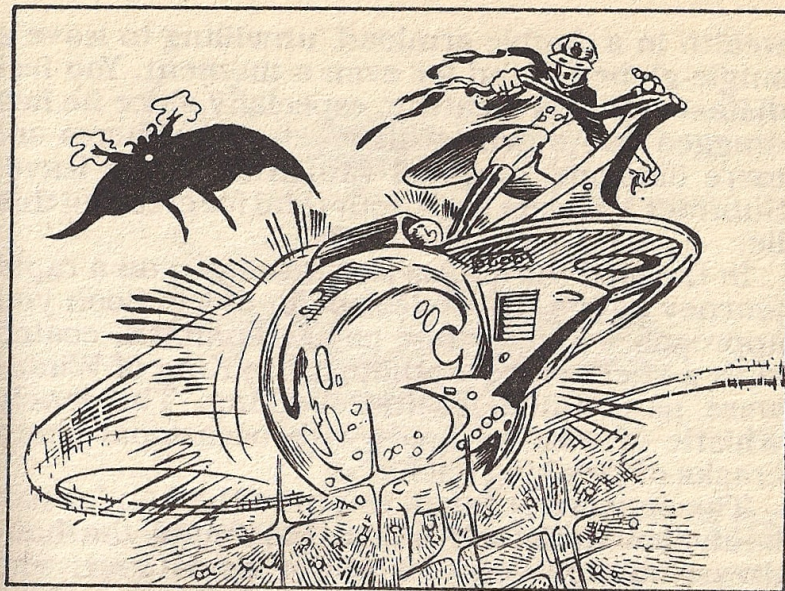
But this is defeat. You must cast your strongest Shield and escape the palace. Flying through the nearest window, you speed away while Kallesh's taunting laughter rings in your ears.

Go to **246**.

105 Even this stunted spirit may provide help. "I admire and share your concern, sir. I believe I can help your establishment, but I ask your cooperation. If you could keep the police and onlookers occupied while I search the store—"

"Yeah, I'll bet!" he interrupts. "Got a lot of pockets in that crazy opera cape, don't you? Still a lot of stuff here you haven't shoplifted yet!"

His attitude grows tiresome. Will you continue talking with him (52), transfix him with a simple mesmerizing spell (8), leave him and search the store (60), or try to bribe him into cooperation (15)? Or you may leave and go to one of the other locations indicated in section **252**.



Though bribery is repellent behavior, it **106** seems the path of least resistance. "Please let me persuade you of my good intentions," you say. With a touch of your glovetip to the supervisor's narrow forehead, you peer deeply into the crabbed recesses of his desires. He closes his eyes in shock—

—And when he opens them again, he stands by a pile of the dimly glowing spheres. "Amazing!" he says. Greed gleams in his eyes, but he also shows new respect to you. "You're a sorcerer, aren't you? Don't try to deny it. My family is close with sorcerers. Yes, really. My aunt's hairdresser's aunt is the personal liaison to Bel Auric. How about that?"

"Really? Can you get me in to see Bel Auric?"

"Well, I wouldn't do that for just anybody." He looks again at the pile of spheres. "But for you—sure." He leads you to a sleek sled, powered by one of the glowing spheres. He carries all of his new

wealth in a double armload, unwilling to leave a single globe behind for even a moment. You feel distaste for this creature, especially since he has dragged you down to his level—the spheres are mere illusions, and will vanish after you leave. Subtract 1 Karma from your total for creating this lie.

In the sled the supervisor takes you on a rapid journey over a featureless plain of ice. Soon you approach a huge stone palace complex, coated with a sheet of ice as though the King of Winter were personified in this dwelling. The lonely whistle of wind mingles with occasional sharp cracks of breaking icicles.

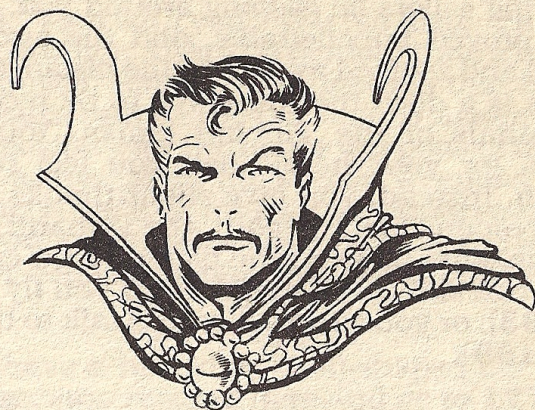
The supervisor takes you in to the Landarkian equivalent of a hair salon. His friend the hairdresser brings you to a minor bureaucrat, who takes you to another bureaucrat, and after a chain of meetings you are conducted into a magnificent chamber.

Turn to **21**.

107 You look at the running shadow troops—their high foreheads, that panicky manner. With a start you realize these fearsome warriors are hardly more than children! Recalling that the war between the Dimension of Blindness and the Twelve Dominions has been going on for generations, you conclude that the population has been devastated to the point that the army is forced to draft extremely young fighters.

You know that these troops cannot be dangerous to a magician of your abilities, and they don't appear to be the real threat here. They are clearly from the Dimension of Blindness, as revealed by their sensory devices that substitute for sight. The tank, then, is of the Twelve Dominions and is about to slaughter these youngsters.

Go to **44**.



"I am a visitor to this land," you tell the supervisor. "I hope to learn of your commerce, your citizens, and of your honored ruler." **108**

"Well, that sounds like as nice a summary of an enemy spy mission as I've ever heard," the fat native says gruffly. "Perhaps I'll just turn you over to the police. They can handle you." But despite these words, the supervisor does nothing. He seems to be waiting. In a flash of intuition, you realize he's expecting a bribe.

Will you bribe him (**106**), mesmerize him (**186**), or leave the marketplace (**69**)?

Mustering every reserve and calling on **109** half a dozen entities for aid, you split your attention between the protective Shield of the Seraphim and the surviving sailors.

So much to keep track of! Shutting your eyes in concentration, you keep all your spells going. Like a juggler—a virtuoso musician—how much farther to the shore?—like an Olympic gymnast in a series of cartwheels—Demons of Denak, those missiles strain your defenses severely—almost there—

Did you black out? You awaken, head splitting, on

a wharf surrounded by the Vapors of Valtorr. The surviving sailors lie gasping around you. Your defense proved impenetrable, and the aircraft has turned and zoomed away into the distance.

This is a deed that deserves to be recorded in the annals of the Tibetan lamas. You gain 5 Karma for your heroic act. You feel no pride, though. Instead, you give silent thanks to those truly responsible: Hoggoth, the Vishanti, Oshtur, and the other powers who blessed your endeavor.

You can still catch the plane, if you fly fast and true (93); or you can let it go and talk to the survivors (139).

110 The wounded soldier sags in exhaustion and lowers his wand. He wants to trust you, whatever may happen. You gain 2 Karma points for befriending him. "Death to Kallesh Ghann," he says, trying to sound passionate. But his speech is slurred, weak.

"May the forces of light defeat his tyranny," you say, and then you move to catch the fainting man. Finding a first-aid kit near a cash register, you revive the man and tend his wound. "I was hit while leaving the Twelve Dominions," the soldier explains. "I was chased from my rendezvous point in Caravanda, and have come far out of my way. Unless I reach Landark and speak with Bel Auric immediately, the war will go ill for us."

"Why would the Twelve Dominions have sent an elite squad of infantry to kill you?" you ask. But the soldier is silent. He does not trust you that much.

You may send the soldier safely on to his own dimension, in which case, with the speaking of a reversion spell and a flash of light, he will be gone, and you may continue to 252. Or you may wish to question this soldier further using the Eye of Agamotto; go to 148.

In a fight for freedom, you cannot refuse **111** your aid. "I am with you," you tell Rake. They hail you as a brother. After you demonstrate a fraction of your power, Rake is so impressed that he asks you to lead a raid on the Dominions Armory. This is the repository for the major weapons of the conquering army. "With the special weapons we retrieve there, we'll be invincible," Rake says.

Will you agree to lead the raid on the armory (203), or counsel against such a raid (221)?

Do you have a blue dumbbell-shaped device? If so, stop reading here and go to **112** 127.

Do you have a plain silver armlet? If so, stop reading here and go to **157**.

If you have anything from the marketplace in the Dimension of Blindness, you may try to use it (20). If you have a cute little huggy-monkey, you can bring it out to face Kallesh (88). Or if you have nothing or don't wish to use any of these things, turn to **39**.

You are a universe away from Earth, at the **113** bizarre boundary that links Earth's dimension and the Twelve Dominions: Caravanda. You are always amazed by the uneven landscape and the silvery light with no source.

Just beyond you, however, the light is red, and its source is clear—a gaping rent in the land, revealing an unutterable inferno beneath. For the land of Caravanda is a sheet that separates the livable realm above from the deadly radiation below. This slash across the land—and others that you can see here and there—have made this once idyllic realm unlivable. Easy to see now why the Dominions and Landark seek a new battleground. This could be Earth, a year hence, unless your will is strong.

If you are going to the Twelve Dominions, continue to **77**. If you're headed for Earth, pass through at **89**. You can also go to the other boundary dimension, Trofane (**167**). Or you can look around this dimension further (**74**).

114 You cannot afford to wait. Lashing out with many mystic bolts, you break the disciples' concentration. The portal wobbles, like a paper disk set on water. It flares larger, and the students are swept into it, away into oblivion. You hear their dying shrieks, sounds that will haunt you always. Then the gate begins to shrink rapidly. The drain of solar matter slows.

Kallesh was too far away to be caught in the portal. He looks up in surprise, sees you, and roars. "Strange! You will shrivel in my torture rooms for this! Do you think this shall stop me? You cannot be here always, just as Bel Auric was decoyed away this time. Eventually this sun will die!" Before you can respond or attack, he vanishes.

The portal is quite small now, and the runoff into it nearly halted. But what's this? An object, falling toward the portal! A large stone block, carved with runes, topped with ornate handholds. You seize it with a spell of traction. But almost instantly you let it go. Its aura is pure evil!

The block falls away into the portal and is gone for all eternity. The portal closes. Thinking on it, you remember a description from ancient lore of the artifact known as Sighald's Battery. This powerful device might have fallen to Kallesh, had you not been there to stop it. That could account for his great increase in power.

But now the streams of time bear you back toward the present. Beneath the immense landscape of time and space, you see the result of your action stretching ahead to your own time. When you return to this era, you are immediately aware

of what has happened.

Without the Battery, Kallesh remains a minor sorcerer. The war with Landark continues, as it has for centuries. Kallesh does eventually steal the sun, but the forces are more evenly matched. Though warfare still rages, you have kept Earth out of the struggle.

If only the cost had not been so great! With the disciples' dying screams echoing in your ears, you return to your Sanctum Sanctorum to commence a period of penance and fasting. Such must be the lot, sometimes, of the Sorcerer Supreme.

Wandering among the shelves of the ar- **115**
mory, you are attracted to one particularly strong aura on the far wall. There you locate a locked cabinet, enchanted with powerful defenses. Probing through the barriers with the all-seeing Eye, you discover a silver arm-band, completely without ornament. It hardly seems a powerful item, but its aura does not lie.

You may carefully thread through the defenses surrounding the case and take the arm-band, if you wish. If you do, add 1 Karma to your total. Whether or not you take the arm-band, you must leave the armory and proceed to **92**.

No vehicle is a match for the cloak of levita- **116**
tion. You draw parallel to the fleeing aircraft, thinking it wise to stay hidden behind its many fins. Its form is so bizarre! You peer over a harmless-looking protrusion and find you're staring directly at the pilot of the craft!

Seeing you, the pilot starts in surprise. He moves his slender hands in mystic motions before the "console" of the plane. The craft veers into a series of evasive maneuvers—loops, tight bends,

wingovers, barrel rolls.

Of course, it is child's play to stay with the plane—if that's what you want to do. Perhaps, with the pilot alerted, you have less chance of finding anything useful. But perhaps you aren't interested in anything but downing the plane.

You can attack the craft (180), stay with it and observe (17), fall back and pretend it's lost you (35), or fall back and take on your astral form, in order to investigate the plane's cabin invisibly (236). If you choose the last option, your cloak will carry your physical body along behind the plane, "on automatic."

117 "I haven't yet found use for a huggy-monkey," you tell the sailor. "But tell me about how you got it and what it does."

"No money, no talk," he answers flatly, clamming up. You can't get anything out of him for free. If you can buy the monkey (the price is still 100 algiks) and want to, do so and go to the bar (220). Otherwise, decide whether you would prefer to steal it (159), raise some money (131), or go on to the bar without the huggy-monkey (220).

118 Injured, pursued by enemy forces—no wonder this black-uniformed soldier looks panicky. His eyes are wide, but his blank stare shows he sees nothing. You speak in soothing tones, hoping to calm him. Make a Reason FEAT roll. Roll the die and add the number you roll to your Reason score. If the total is 10 or more, go to 110. If the total is 9 or less, go to 87.

119 You enter the box canyon in the Anvil Hills. Signs of combat are all around: bodies of soldiers and animals, the aura of battle magic.



Curious, you cast a difficult and powerful spell to find out what happened. In your mind you see the canyon as it was before the battle. A squad of red Dominions soldiers had stopped here to rest and were set upon by savage predators. The beasts looked like four-legged sharks and traveled in a large pack. Though they died by dozens, they killed all the soldiers as well.

No—not quite. In your vision you see that one soldier ran away, leaving his fellows to die. In the confusion of battle he made his way out of the canyon. Your spell is not powerful enough to tell you where he fled.

But you have other methods. The light of the Eye of Agamotto picks out a lingering aura. It hangs like a vapor trail, leading away into the maze of paths. It looks many days old. The soldier is almost certainly dead, and you're in a hurry. Do you want to follow the trail (177) or leave (33)?

120 Will you remain in the Twelve Dominions? If so, you can visit the armory (43) or the waterfront that forms the leading import point for slaves (77). If you would rather cross the dimensional barrier back to Earth or some other dimension, go to 74.

121 The noise distracts you, the fireballs shoot within inches of your ear, the spheres thrown at you explode in a glaring burst of sound and light—all this, and you are trying to protect an enemy who must be handled gently, even as he tries to kill you. . . . It is too much. There are challenges that are beyond even your skill.

Your shield wavers. A fireball pierces it with surgical accuracy, and you see the black-suited soldier fall, an instant before you are swallowed by blackness. Your Health points drop to 1. Turn to 196.

As you dodge the tank's mystic bolts, the shadow troops stop their panic-stricken flight, turn, and, at a shouted command, turn their weapons on the tank! They are helping you, trying to distract its fire! **122**

Praising the Vishanti, who hold all knowledge precious, you give thanks for learning whose side you're on. You renew your attack on the tank with redoubled strength. If the tank has been immobilized, you can take astral form and, in that ghostly state, penetrate the tank's interior (223). If it is still mobile, you cannot afford to risk this; you must cast a spell instead. Which one?

Bolts of Bedevilment (238)?

Crimson Bands of Cytorrak (141)?

Winds of Watoomb (7)?

Flames of the Faltine (62)?

Trade the Eye of Agamotto for fungus? Don't be ridiculous. Go back to 161 and choose again. **123**

Matters have been resolved here. The Vapors will vanish shortly. You may search the waterfront to make sure there is no further trouble that has escaped your notice (212), or you may go elsewhere. **124**

Where will you go? Wall Street's New York Stock Exchange (247), or Farmingdale's Department Store on Fifth Avenue (188)? Or are you prepared to leave New York and Earth altogether and cross the dimensional boundary to the Twelve Dominions (113) or Landark, the Dimension of Blindness (167)?

The rebels' vengeance is unrestrained. **125**

They slash the expensive tapestries, shatter the porcelain vases, smash the exotic musical instruments. Shouts of triumph mingle with screams of anguish. The palace is rank with the odor of smoke. No window goes unbroken and no carpet unburned. The ceilings and walls are sprayed with water, discoloring them permanently. The ruin is complete.

Meanwhile, you fly through the halls, hoping to discourage violence against the living. In your flight, you sense the presence of strong magic. Almost as though drawn, you veer into a room of many display cases. The cases hold vats, cauldrons, urns, and other containers, all inscribed with arcane symbols or the faces of demons. The aura of evil is oppressive.

A rebel prepares to throw an upholstered chair at one of the cases. "No!" you shout, but it is too late. Suddenly the room is filled with laughter! The spirits in the jars have escaped, filling the room, the palace, the whole area with noxious vapors!

Spreading faster than mere physical vapors, the miasma overcomes rebels and guards alike. They drop unconscious. Worse may follow, unless you can conjure the Winds of Watoomb. You open your mouth to speak, but the gas strikes you! Doubling over, you put up defenses against it. Can you resist the effects of the vapor you've already inhaled? Make an Endurance FEAT roll. If the total is 13 or more, you successfully resist its effects, but if the total is 12 or less, subtract 4 from your Health point total.

The Winds of Watoomb spring up at your behest, and the palace is soon clear. Suddenly, there is an explosion behind you, and a scent of brimstone. You turn, and there in a dissipating cloud stands the Sorcerer Supreme and ruler of the Twelve Dominions, Kallesh Ghann. You must face him alone. Go to **140**.

Duplicating your invisibility spell, you **126** bend the light around the huddling clerks and render them invisible. Gain 1 Karma point for your care. But you were forced to mutter a brief incantation, under your breath. And that was enough to alert the soldier. He whirls, looks around, and looks up—straight at you! Raising the wand, and weaving slightly as if dizzy, he prepares to fire.

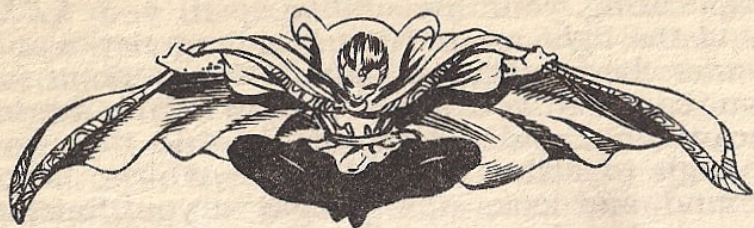
Invisibility is no protection against him, it seems. That, if nothing else, argues that he comes from the Dimension of Blindness. But there is no time to speculate. Will you attack the wounded soldier (**233**), immobilize him with the Crimson Bands of Cytorrak (**183**), or simply defend yourself and try to communicate with him (**168**)?

The aura flickering around Kallesh—the **127** aura of the Battery—resembles that of the blue porcelain dumbbell you located earlier. You bring it out, and your suspicion is confirmed—the two items are linked. The same obscure sources that wrote of Sighald's Battery also mentioned Sighald's Key, which controls the Battery!

Kallesh sees the dumbbell and his aura goes dead white. "Where did you get that?" he asks urgently, while firing off ever-more-powerful bolts. Dodging the attacks, you bathe the Key in the all-seeing light of the Eye. A glowing trail in the air shows the links between the devices. The Eye gives you the knowledge to harness them, twist the key in the lock—

Kallesh screams. The faint echoes of other screams cease. His aura vanishes, and you are faced with the mere magician you long ago surpassed. You could now use the energy of the Battery yourself, but you are not tempted. It would be inhuman. Your magic surpasses Kallesh . . .

Turn to **225**.



128 Without more information about the combatants, you hesitate to help one side or the other. Your clearest duty is to protect the structures along the Hell's Kitchen waterfront. To that end, you call for strength. Marshaling your ability, you cast one of the largest Shields of the Seraphim you have yet attempted. All along the waterfront it stretches, an invisible curtain to stop stray missiles and bolts.

The strain grows as the battle goes on. None but a Sorcerer Supreme could maintain this enormous bulwark for so long. Every breeze pushes at the Shield—at you! Every explosion against the wall of force is a jab of pain in your mind. Trying to ignore the stress, you watch the battle through the Vapors of Valtorr, with the clear penetrating sight of wizards.

The aircraft zooms in irregular figure-eights above the boat. Below, the boat's crew tries frantically to direct the blue lightning against its attacker. But the plane releases a shower of explosive spheres that break the boat in half a dozen places. In ten seconds it is gone.

You drop your Shield with relief. Only then do you see the sailors, stick-men with pale white faces and dressed in black uniforms. They're still alive, but floundering, drowning quickly in the brackish waters of the Hudson. Mysterious tendrils of vapor curl up from the water around them. In moments they will be dead. Subtract 2 Karma from your total for allowing the conflict to con-

tinue until lives were jeopardized.

The aircraft soars away over the sea. Will you follow it (10), search the river for survivors from the sunken gunboat (41), or go elsewhere (124)?

The blinking light was a signal of imminent transfer. In a blinding flash you are transported, plane and all, to its destination—Caravanda, the boundary realm between Earth's dimension and the Twelve Dominions. **129**

A clamor surrounds you—shouts and military alerts. In seconds, the plane is surrounded by soldiers in red suits. They are outfitted as the sorcerous equivalents of modern infantrymen, with white wands, explosive spheres, and equipment belts. Their weapons are all trained on you.

Make a Magic FEAT roll. If the total is 22 or more, go to **231**. If the total is 21 or less, go to **199**.

"From higher realms beyond our ken, above the need for war, I call great rings to bind these men—the Rings of Raggador!" **130**

Your incantation brings a chain of energy rings, glowing a pure emerald green, to surround and entrap the fleeing shadow troops. They stand helpless before you—and before the oncoming tank.

Seeing you, they shout desperate words in a strange language. The simplest of spells lets you understand them: "Save us!" say some. "We are not your enemies!" shout others. From the pitch of their voices, and the panic in them, you know these warriors can hardly be older than children.

The black tank shows no sign of stopping merely because its prey has already been trapped. If you don't act quickly, it will lumber over the entire group.

You may release the shadow troops so they can attempt to save themselves (165), whether or not you also intend to fight the tank; you may keep the troops prisoner, but still attack the tank (44); or you can do nothing and let the tank destroy the troops (198).

131 You need money, it seems, to make your way in this dimension. After a little thought, you call a challenge to the bar. "I'll bet any sailor here that I can do a double backflip onto that bar."

A brief silence, then a frantic rush to lay square paper algiks on the bar. "Go to it, then!" they call out, and "Hah, I'll take your money, stranger!"

Somersaulting casually onto the bar, you scoop up your winnings amid another more ominous silence. "Thank you, gentlemen," you say. "Now, bartender, a round for everyone in the house, if you will." The announcement jars them awake. As you climb off the bar you're surrounded by cheers, applause, and a barrage of backslaps.

After buying the drinks, you have 300 algiks left. You can now purchase the cute little huggy-monkey for 100, if you wish. If so, you put it into a deep, peaceful slumber and tuck it safely into your sash. Go to **220**.

132 Hordes of red-suited troops gather around you, their wands pointed up at you like so many reeds on a pond. Floating overhead, you cast the Shield of the Seraphim and try to parley.

"Soldiers of the Dominions!" you call. "I am Doctor Strange, sworn protector of this dimension." Jeers and shouts. Soldiers continue to swarm across the gateway. "If you will bring out your leader, I will hear your terms of surrender."

"Not us, demon—you!" says a red soldier. You have been stalling for time to cast a powerful en-

chantment, but now soldiers part to reveal a huge block, made of something like stone, carved with runic symbols and topped with ornate handholds. Your eyes widen.

This object matches the description of an artifact you know of only through rumors—Sighald's Battery, a dangerous device said to store mystic power. Quickly speaking your most powerful wards, you wonder if this could be the source of Kallesh Ghann's increased power. But soon you wonder no more. A soldier grasps the handholds, speaks strange words, and your Shield is suddenly dispersed! In that instant you are pelted with fireballs. Pain lances through you in a dozen directions, and you see no more. Reduce your Health score to 1 point, and go to **196**.

With these rebels in a killing mood, you **133** must exert all your powers of reason to prevent loss of life. "Friends!" you cry. "Is this how you fight for freedom? By killing those who stand in your way? Freedom for yourselves, to kill others—you would make good slave owners."

The slaver captain is a short whitish man with skinny limbs and a fat torso like a potato. He's groveling, snivelling, and praying for rescue. And yet, if you cannot believe in mercy for the unjust as well as the downtrodden, you are not fit to be Sorcerer Supreme. If the rebels cannot believe it, the rebellion is useless. And so your pleading continues.

Make a Reason FEAT roll. If the total is 12 or more, proceed to **166**. If the total is 11 or less, turn to **227**.

You hang back in chasing the plane, not **134** wishing to alert its pilot to your pursuit. It roars ahead, ever faster, then vanishes, in mid-air, in a

flash of light! Swearing an oath on the Twelve Moons of Munnopor, you race forward in time to detect the dimensional portal that received the plane. You have a moment to follow the craft before the rift vanishes (173), or you can let it go and move elsewhere (124).

135 The sword merchant, whose name is Heironymus, is a muscular native with an easygoing manner. "Not from these parts, eh?" he asks. "Didn't know there were any other parts left. Thought this was the last of us here. Good news."

He offers you dinner knives and ice-cutters, then brings out an aged scabbard holding a long, handsome blade. "I wouldn't offer this to just anyone, but I sense you're a man of some power, am I right? This blade came to me from a noble seller. It's a quality blade. Are you interested?"

If you want to buy the sword (and you have Landarkian currency), you can haggle Heironymus down to a price of 100 algiks. Mark that price off your total and go to **229**. If you don't want to buy the sword, or have no money, you can go talk to the fungus merchant (161) or leave (69).

136 Distracted by the figure, you don't fly away in time to dodge the soldier's blow. You bring up an arm to block it, and launch a martial kick, as you were trained to do by Oriental *sensei* during long hours of physical discipline. The kick lands, the soldier doubles over, but the wand comes down. Your shoulder burns as though hit with a branding iron. Deduct 5 Health points from your current score!

Now mental discipline comes into play, as you block out the agony and command the cloak to lift you away. More fireballs streak past you, but the cloak flies with the speed of thought. Soon you are

a safe distance away and have a moment to conjure the Rings of Raggador. The wide green circles appear around the soldiers, trapping them.

Free to draw a breath safely at last, you grapple with the pain of the blow. You recall your instructions: *Reach inward . . . shape the pain and absorb it . . . nothing may injure the house of the spirit.*

Breathe deeply. You have mastered the injury. Your medical training indicates rest and burn treatment, but there is no time. The red soldiers are no threat anymore. If you wish to pursue the fleeing figure yourself, you must go now (217)—you can come back and deal with these captives later. Or you may remain here and question the soldiers with the Eye of Agamotto (56), or dispose of them without questioning (81). If you decide to follow the running figure, make a note of these two sections now so you can choose them later.

The Dominions troops have been **137** strengthened by their recent assault on Bel Auric! They are mighty here, so close to their source of power. Your Shield breaks into shards—too many attackers—

Abruptly you gain strength. Your defense is fortified. Driving the soldiers back with new counter-spells, you wonder who has aided you. "I helped you, Doctor Strange," says Bel Auric behind you, "though I know it will only strengthen the enemy. I shall not let so valiant a sorcerer perish."

You turn to thank her, and are stunned with surprise. Bel Auric has surrounded herself with glowspheres. The concentration of heat is deadly, and already her garments are beginning to curl at the edges. Tendrils of smoke rise from her. "Do not stop me, Doctor! We both know this is the only way to drive away the invaders. Will you try to find a new heat source for my realm, so that my people may live?"

138 The operation is delicate, but with the Eye's help you are soon smoothly dispelling the sorcerer's protections. But in the midst of dissecting them, you hear another sharp cry from inside! Matters are urgent—yet you cannot break off the spell without killing yourself and destroying the building as well.

You must finish the time-consuming ritual at its own pace. Once finished, you spring through the doorway. Turn to **78**.

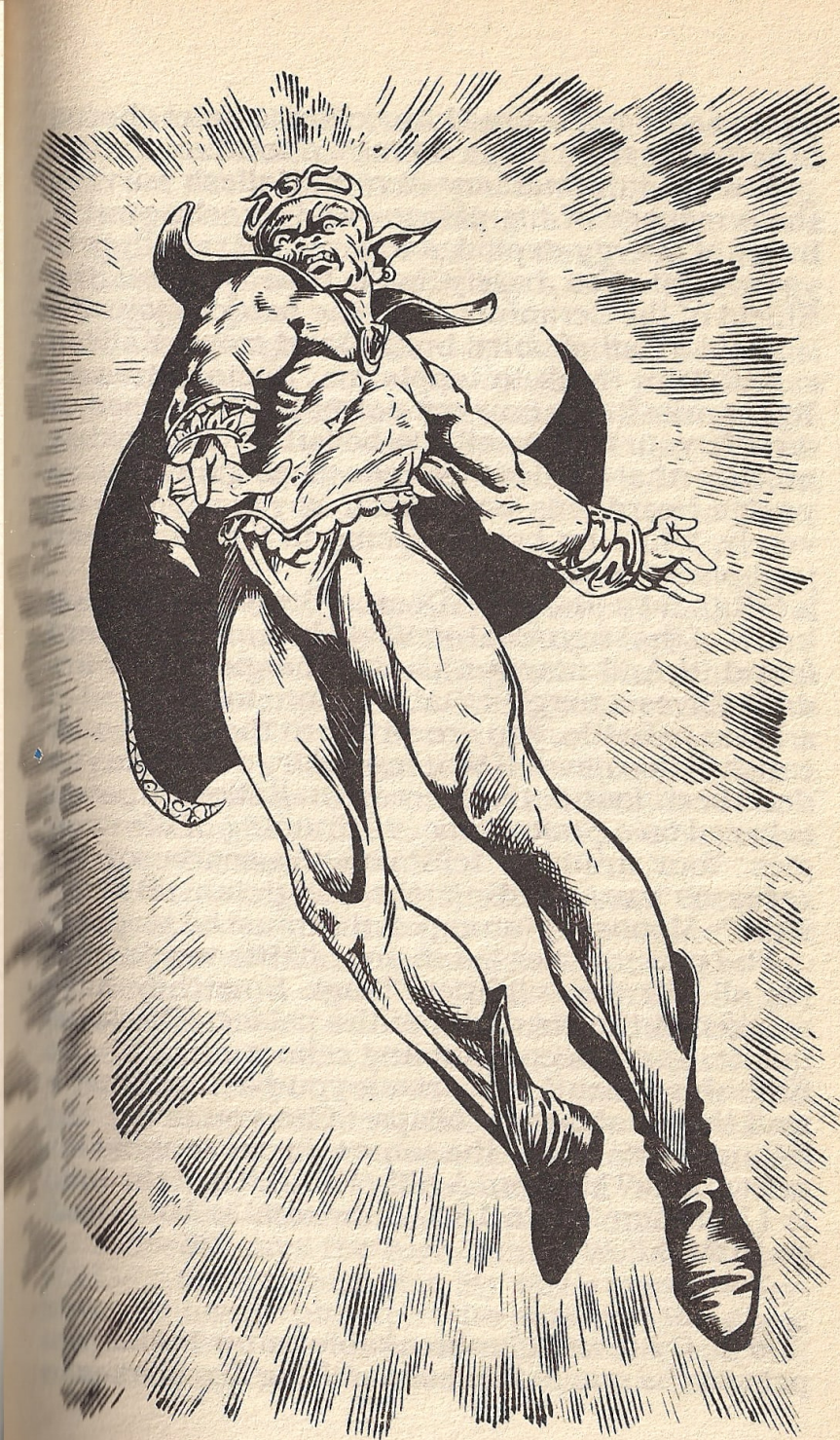
139 Addressing the surviving sailors on the wharf, you are surprised at their age. All of them are wizened, wrinkled, and quite sullen. You have saved their lives, but they clearly feel that you had a part in sinking their ship in the first place.

You speak respectfully to these aged sailors. They reply only to identify themselves as loyal soldiers of Bel Auric, ruler of Landark, the Dimension of Blindness.

Tragic to think that the war has lasted so long that Landark has resorted to drafting these venerable ones! Despite your sympathy, you gain no useful information from them. You cast a spell of reversion. In a flash of light, the sailors are returned unharmed to their dimension of origin.

Time to leave. Go to **124**.

140 Kallesh Ghann looks like an evil deity of this dimension—humanoid like its natives but huge, transfigured. He stands twelve feet tall, with limbs not sticklike but swollen and massive, his clothing and features lost in a crackling red



aura of energy. Around him echoes a quiet chorus of screams, from some unknown source.

With an inhuman cry of rage, Kallesh surveys the wreckage of his palace—and attacks you! A burst of energy explodes to your left, another to your right. You barely have time to erect the Shield of the Seraphim. And the battle is joined.

Amid a hail of bolts, bursts, and traps, Kallesh rages. “You think to topple me, Doctor Strange! You cannot know how my power has increased. It dwarfs yours!” For all his boasting, you realize quickly that Kallesh is indeed as powerful as you’ve heard. His bolts weaken your Shield severely, while he hardly seems to feel your own well-placed attacks.

“Sighald’s Battery, Doctor Strange! Do you know of that mythical artifact? It is no myth, for I found it! And now it taps the energies of a hundred slaves, energies that flow into me!”

Even in battle, you are struck at the evil significance of this news. If that legendary device has indeed been found, the increase in Kallesh’s power is based on a profoundly evil draining of life energies. Your intuition tells you the source of the screams surrounding the magician. By the Twelve Moons of Munnopor, this must be stopped!

The powers released in your battle would cripple all but the mightiest magi. Now they have weakened the structure of the palace. The walls quake, and a deep rumbling echoes everywhere. Kallesh’s assault has driven you back against a wall that is about to collapse! Can you dodge the falling debris and at the same time try to avoid his next attack? Make an Agility FEAT roll. If the total is 11 or more, go to **184**. If the total is 10 or less, go to **235**.

141 Cytorrak’s unbreakable ruby bands appear in the magic-filled air, arching like snakes to

surround the black tank. Soon it is wrapped tight and immobilized. But through a gap in the Bands you see the tank’s hemispherical turret turning, strange energies crackling around it. Even trapped, the tank is still dangerous—as it promptly proves, by firing a bolt of energy straight at you!

You are caught off guard by the attack and must now command your cloak to whisk you aside to safety. Are your reflexes fast enough? Make an Agility FEAT roll. Roll one die and add the number rolled to your Agility score. If the total is 10 or more, go immediately to **206**. If it’s 9 or less, go to **253**.

Calling on years of discipline, you put the **142** fungus to your nostrils and inhale deeply.

By the Hoary Hosts of Hoggoth! The sensation is beyond description. Coughing and retching in a manner unbefitting a Sorcerer Supreme, you sink to your knees. The sinusoidal feedback inflicts 1 point of damage to your current Health total. If you have no Health left, your adventure has come to an embarrassing end.

The merchant is astonished. “Friend!” he cries, running around from behind the ice slab. “What has happened? Can you breathe? Let me take you to the healer at once!” He pulls you through the marketplace by a seldom-traveled route—bad for business to create a scene, you think vaguely.

By the time you recover a portion of your composure, the merchant is riding with you on a sled. A red glowing sphere provides the fuel. “I am not of your land,” you finally sputter. “Evidently this fine material does not work on my kind.”

“Indeed!” says the merchant. “Well, I will see that you are well cared for. My wife’s cousin’s physician is highly placed in the palace of Bel Auric and will tend to you personally. I hope you will consider my careful concern for your welfare be-

fore making a perhaps hasty report to the Magistrate of Health."

You are feeling decidedly better, but you may still want him to take you to the palace (71). Or you can return to the market to talk with the sword merchant (135). Or you can leave (69).

143 Invisible, you fly over the compound fence. An illusion transforms you into a red-suited soldier like those you see on the base.

You emerge from behind a warehouse and walk among the soldiers on wide paths between stacks of supplies.

Quickly you determine the relative ranks, indicated by jagged stripes across the fronts and backs of the uniforms. Your own rank is low, to avoid notice. Ahead you spot a very high-ranking soldier leaving a building that must be the administrative headquarters.

A spell of comprehension allows you to understand the Dominions language spoken by the troops. Will you wander around and eavesdrop on passing troops (153), investigate the headquarters building (96), or drop your disguise and leave the compound (74)?

144 "All right, we have the okay to move out," says the red leader, pocketing his crystal. The soldiers greet the news with enthusiasm. You all move toward the store entrance. There, a hazy flickering circle appears in mid-air.

"Move it!" the leader calls, breaking into a dog-trot. The flickering disk expands by the second into a whirling vortex. Soon it becomes a mystic portal, edged with the radiance of the nothingness between dimensions. Beyond the portal, you can see only vague humanoid outlines.

The soldiers are trotting toward the portal. You

have perhaps five seconds to decide whether to stop them (210), go with them through the portal (218), or let them go, but remain here yourself (19)?

You reason with Rake and the other rebels. **145**
"It is barbaric to destroy such beauty, whatever its source, whatever its sinister aspect. Do you want a free nation founded on barbarism? Where can that lead but to barbaric destruction?"

You speak many words of wisdom, and the rebels heed your counsel. Trusting you, they stop the destruction. You gain 2 Karma for proffering this noble advice.

Suddenly winds of green vapor sweep through the palace grounds. The rebels and guards around you fall into deep slumber. Only your own defenses render you immune. The winds give way to an explosion of sulfurous gas, and from the smoke strides the ruler of the Twelve Dominions, the Sorcerer Supreme Kalleesh Ghann. You face him alone. Turn to 99.

You resolve to follow the plane and abandon the gunboat's survivors. As you race away, you notice vapors curling from the small stick figures below. **146**

They appear to be dissolving in the polluted water. They have died in part by your hand. You have broken a lifelong pledge to take no life with your power, and you have a heavy debt to atone for. You lose all of your Karma points!

Perhaps the fleeing plane can bring you aid or information that will help erase your karmic burden.

Your cloak of levitation takes you in pursuit of the bizarre aircraft. The aircraft speeds up, and with constant, supernatural acceleration, it soon

breaks Mach 1. You follow easily.

You may catch up to it, if you wish (116); continue to follow it at the same distance (134); or you can leave your physical body, commanding your cloak to carry it along "on automatic," while you enter the plane in ectoplasmic astral form (236). This might let you scout out the enemy without arousing suspicion—but it could be risky.

147 You place Kallesh in a state of mystic suspension and banish him to the infinity between dimensions. The Battery you will transport to your Sanctum for further study before you destroy it. For now, you are in command of the Twelve Dominions. Your first order, of course, is to stop the war with Landark and the invasion of Earth.

You have reason to believe that Sixtus, the Crown Prince, is less disposed toward tyranny than his father. After scanning him with the Eye of Agomotto, you determine that he is, in fact, well qualified to rule. "I leave this realm to you for now," you tell him, "but I shall return shortly. We will find a better way to govern your subjects. If the old ways do not cease, you too shall meet the fate of your father. Do you understand?"

"I am sick of the old ways. I joined the army to escape my father, and I will not carry on his legacy." The answer satisfies you for now, and you can return home to Greenwich Village for a well-deserved rest. Once more you have protected Earth.

148 "I am a spy infiltrating the royal palace of Kallesh Ghann, ruler of the Twelve Dominions," the soldier says in the probing light of the Eye. "I serve Bel Auric and the people of Landark. I have been trying to find a way to reverse Kallesh's spell and return the sun to our realm.

"Instead, I found a horrible secret. Kallesh has

come into possession of an ancient artifact known as Sighald's Battery. I do not know its function, but it increases his power tremendously."

Sighald's Battery . . . a familiar name somehow, but from where?

"Kallesh also owns a device that is said to neutralize the Battery. I stole that device. The Battery functions without it, but I hoped Bel Auric could use the device to defeat Kallesh."

"Where is this neutralizing device?"

"I do not know. I was pursued to this alien place by enemy troops and forced to attach a randomizer to it. The randomizer carried it somewhere in this structure, but even I do not know where. The enemy cannot extort its location from me."

"I can locate it by its aura."

"No. The randomizer conceals the aura."

You ask further questions, but learn nothing useful. Your decision now: Do you accompany the spy to his destination, the Dimension of Blindness, guarding him from further attacks? If so, cast your crossing-spell and go to 59. Or do you send the spy to his destination in the Dimension of Blindness alone, hoping he can reach Bel Auric safely, while you stay here and investigate on your own? If so, send him away with a flash of light and go to 252.

The shadow soldiers are awestruck by **149** your mystic might. Casting a spell to converse in their language, you approach them, asking, "Who are you and who sent you?" They cower like whipped dogs. "Speak!" you say. "I shall not hurt you. Have you heard nothing in your realm of Doctor Strange?"

One, braver than the rest and apparently the squad's leader, says, "We hear that he is a powerful sorcerer and fighter for good, and—uh—"

"Well? Out with it!"

"—and a passionate man, sir."

Tense after the strain of battle, you cannot help laughing at the unexpected comment. "My reputation precedes me," you say. "Please, allow me to learn of your work here, young soldiers."

Summoning the Eye of Agamotto from your amulet, you let it float to your forehead. In its light you investigate the memories of these soldiers. They are indeed youths, boys and girls barely into their teens. Yet they have been hardened by lifelong war, and by the deaths of many of their friends and elders.

The war against the Dominions has been going badly in recent months, since Kallesh Ghann somehow increased his power tremendously. Yet these courageous youngsters are willing to defend their realm to the last. They regret, some of them, fighting in this neutral realm, but it's better than seeing their own homes destroyed.

Little of their knowledge is immediately useful to you, but the leader does know that Landark's ships are now fighting the Dominions' airborne craft on the Hudson River. Gesturing, you send the still-motionless forms of the troops back through their portal. They will awaken unharmed. Add 1 Karma to your total for the information you've learned, and go to **30**.

150 Your crossing spell transports you in a flash. The familiar odor of polluted air lets you know you aren't far from Manhattan. You float above water of the Hudson River. In the distance is the waterfront and Hell's Kitchen. You head toward it. Go to **89**.

151 It cannot hurt, you think, to let these rebels release some of their tension by rendering the ogre guard unconscious. It may clear their

minds for the escape. But the ferocity of their assault surprises you! Before you can stop him, one slave snatches the ogre's wand and points it directly at him, to deliver a lethal barrage of fireballs.

Can you stop this murder? Make a Magic FEAT roll. If the total is 20 or more, proceed to **55**. If it's 19 or less, go to **46**.

When the soldier brings down the wand to **152** strike, you reflexively launch a block-and-kick maneuver that sends the attacker sprawling. The others hesitate for an instant, surprised. And that is all the time you need to lift out of their clutches with the cloak of levitation.

Skillfully dodging away from a hail of fireballs, you speak the incantation to summon the Rings of Raggador. As though clutched by giant fists, the red soldiers's arms are pressed to their sides, and translucent green rings of light trap them.

These men are no threat anymore. If you wish to pursue the fleeing figure yourself, you must go now (**217**)—you can come back and deal with these captives later. Or you may remain here and question the soldiers with the Eye of Agamotto (**56**), or dispose of them without questioning (**81**). If you decide to go after the running figure, make a note of those two sections now, so you can choose them later.

"Another tank inspection tomorrow! The **153** top jags work us so hard we might as well be slaves." The speaker is a young soldier with light green skin and narrow eyes. You hide behind the tank he's servicing and listen to his companion.

"When's Golog due back from that operation in Interval?"

"Treasure Hunt? Not for a while, 'less they find the guy."

"They aren't gonna find him. He's been gone a week! Guess Kallesh wants him bad enough to keep wasting everyone's time."

"Ssshh! Don't say things like that aloud!"

After the whispered warning, they say no more. You move on through the base, watching the Dominions military machine in full swing. The strength in evidence is frightening. Against such powerful magic, Earth's own armies would be helpless.

You consider your options. You can attack the supply stores (205), investigate the administrative headquarters (96), or drop your disguise and leave (74).

154 Kallesh laughs mirthlessly. "My son is important to me, but not so important as that!" he says. "Your request is so ridiculous that I no longer feel any obligation to you. I dismiss you. Go at once."

You may attack Kallesh (112) or leave (246).

155 You resolve to bring this insane combat to an end. The gunboat seems the easier target. Rising aloft, you float through the Vapors. You emerge into the open gulf of air above the foul waters of the Hudson.

In the time it takes to think the command, the cloak carries you over the gunboat. The aircraft shrieks like a harpy, twisting back across its own path every hundred feet. Lightning, fired from the boat below, burns the air along its way. Your mind is clear, your defenses up. You gather the lightning to yourself.

Blue fire crackles as you intone the words: "*Let sea and sky become as one, to drive invaders from this shore. Let Hoggoth's strength become my own, and banish them forevermore!*" At the last

word the lightning leaps down, strikes the boat dead center, and punches through to the river beneath. Immediately the boat begins to sink.

The plane appears unsatisfied with your aid. Or perhaps you are nothing but another enemy. It swoops down, spinning on its axis, and releases a barrage of white spheres. They strike near you and the sinking boat. The concussion strikes you like a fist!

Make an Endurance FEAT roll. Roll the die and add the number you roll to your Endurance score. If the total is 12 or more, you resist taking damage from the explosion. If the total is 11 or less, you are caught too close to the shockwave and must subtract 3 from your current Health point total.

Before you can collect yourself, the boat has sunk and the plane is flying away fast. Your urge is to follow it, either to bring it down or to find where it's going. But looking down in the brown water of the Hudson, you see struggling black figures. No other ship is near enough to rescue them. If you leave, they will certainly drown.

Will you break off pursuit of the aircraft and try to rescue the boat's crew (162) or follow the aircraft (146).

Skillfully piercing the cabinet's defenses, **156** you touch the copper sphere—and you instantly realize your mistake. The aura does not come from this object. In fact, the sphere has been placed under such heavy defenses because it is dangerous! Only long years of conditioning allow you to pull away before perishing instantly.

A tremendous psychic charge lashes you. Subtract 6 Health points from your current total. If you have exactly 1 Health point left, you fall unconscious and are taken prisoner. Go to 196. If you have more than 1 point left, you manage to pull yourself together and pass through the wall

of the room, just ahead of the guards. But they will now be on the alert for a long time. You may not come back here again.

You drift slowly away from the stone citadel that houses the armory, across a rocky island, and over a weird spherical ocean. You must choose your next destination at **92**.

157 Globes of mystic fire flash at your fingertips and around Kallesh's clublike hands. His assault strikes hard, hard enough to penetrate your shield. But as the energy washes over you, the silver armlet glows briefly and dispels it! The armlet is somehow immune to the energies of the Battery!

"That band! Where did you get it?" Kallesh cries, his aura glowing deeper red. The fury in his voice tells you that you have a powerful defense. No wonder it was guarded so carefully in the Dominions Armory!

Kallesh is not weakened by the band, but you are impervious to much of his power now. The monstrous magician breaks off the attack. Will he call a truce? Suddenly you feel his new attack, as psychic probes batter at your mind. He seeks to read your thoughts! Can you resist? Make a Psyche FEAT roll. If the total is 22 or more, go to **169**. If the total is 21 or less, go to **82**.

158 You race inward, through a series of elaborately decorated rooms, to the source of the call. In a chamber similar to your own study in your Sanctum Sanctorum, you find the Sorcerer Supreme of this dimension, Kevit, a noble mage you knew well in the past, during your training. Kevit was not so aged as many others of his caliber, you recall—not as youthful as you, but robust and vigorous. Yet here he is, virtually a skeleton, skin

stretched tight over his cheekbones and joints. His filmy eyes pick out yours. "Strange," he gasps. "I almost called to you and the other magi a hundred times. Sheer pride—" He twists in agony. "—pride prevented me. I wished to dispatch the invaders alone. And now they have destroyed everything, and I have dispatched myself."

He is not human as such, but even so, your medical skills tell you he hasn't long to live. "What has happened to you, master?"

"I am not your master any longer, if ever I was. This spell—I discovered it." He slowly lifts one bony hand, holding a new-looking scroll. "—Only to discover that it is beyond my power. And yet pride forced me to—try anyway. It may be—within yours. Go back to—ahh!—the beginning. Bring..."

He gasps several times. "Bring them to—"

He manages to shut his eyes before he departs. Turn to **90**.

If what the sailor says is true, this huggy-monkey may prove useful in your mission. You can't let a little obstacle like a lack of algiks stand in your way. Holding up your hand, you cause lights to dance on your fingertips. Both the sailor and the monkey are transfixed. "Sleep," you whisper, and both fall deeply asleep. You tuck the cute little huggy-monkey into your sash, where it will rest peacefully, and head toward the bar. Subtract 1 Karma point from your current total for stealing, and go to **220**.

You would ordinarily be able to deal with any number of mortal soldiers. But the close quarters, the speed of the attack, and their magical weaponry make matters difficult. Floating up and conjuring the Shield of the Seraphim, you ready a

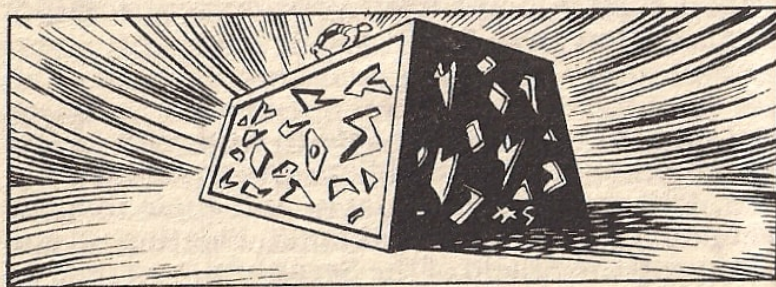
series of spells—but what's this?

In the stream of troops from the portal comes a heavily armed squad of infantrymen, a heavy weapons team of sorts. They carry a battery of awesome magical equipment: staves of the dark Satannish himself, Pincers of Power, gems of night crystal. The soldiers—how small and fragile they are to carry these weapons that dwarf the might of entire bands of wizards! Yet they fire explosive bursts of darkness, pure Faltinian flames from the dawn of creation, and sonic shrieks composed of every sound ever uttered within these walls.

Instantly you focus your attention on these powerful talismans, and sweep them away with the Winds of Watoomb. But too late. The department store, like any mortal structure, cannot withstand these unleashed forces. Walls lean, the foundation cracks, and like a house of cards Farmingdale's Department Store comes down.

Debris rains down. In a panic, you try to cast a desperate enchantment to keep the building intact. In that moment fireballs strike through your weakened shield. The pain momentarily breaks your concentration, and the building falls upon you and your foes alike.

Your adventure is over. You may start again, but you must deduct 2 from your initial Karma score for a foolhardy decision and the destruction of the store.



"They're terrific!" says the fungus merchant, a short but enthusiastic native. "Just pop a clump up your nose, and it grows up into your nasal passages. In moments, you can smell things ten times better! Really helps you make your way around in the dark!"

Almost gasping as you listen, you reflect that if you could smell these wretched growths ten times more strongly, Oshtur himself could not save you. But buying a sample might enlist the merchant's sympathies, and you might talk with him. Right now, he's too busy with his sales pitch to answer questions.

If you have Landarkian currency, you can buy a piece of fungus for 100 algiks (204). If you don't have money, or don't want to pay that much, the merchant can be persuaded to accept a cute little huggy-monkey, if you have one (also 204). You can also trade the Eye of Agamotto for fungus (123). Or you can try talking with the merchant without buying anything (171), go talk to the knife and sword merchant instead (135), or leave (69).

Whatever your goals, you have pledged not to take life. You launch yourself downward to rescue as many sailors as you can.

To your surprise, you find that the crew members of the ship are quite old. They struggle feebly, gasping through toothless mouths, as you descend to help them.

Unconcerned with their plight, the aircraft, twisting sharply from its path across the water, now circles back toward you! Coming in low over the water, it positions itself for a strafing run on you and the sailors. What pilot can it be who despises his foes to such a degree that he will not even allow them to be rescued?

Will you fight the plane (103), or continue trying to rescue the surviving sailors (76)?

163 Hope flares within you. If you can destroy these portals, the invasion may be set back weeks! Concealed with a spell of invisibility, you swoop over the base's fence and toward the portals, pause a moment to summon your strength, and then whisper the words of power. Light! A burst of energy shoots from your fingertips and strikes the edge of the portal.

Like the picture on a broken television set, the view of Earth through the portal—it looks like the New York Stock Exchange—distorts and fades. But your attack creates a sensation. Hundreds of red-suited soldiers outfitted with wands, explosives, and other equipment race toward the portal. It will be only moments before they penetrate your spell of concealment.

What's more disconcerting, the portal is only lightly damaged! The view of the Stock Exchange returns. These creations are more durable than you thought. If Kallesh Ghann created them, his ability must indeed rival your own. Perhaps this attack wasn't such a good idea. Add 2 Karma points to your total for showing courage, but now you must escape.

You cannot come back here again. If you wish to pass through the portal to the Stock Exchange, go to **247**, ignoring the first paragraph. If you want to go elsewhere, go to **74**.

164 You dive upward into the nearest nexus, and find yourself in a dimension of air-filled emptiness, where entire oceans float free of land, like stupendous raindrops. This is the Twelve Dominions. No. The aura here is different. This is Landark, the Dimension of Blindness, before its sun was stolen.

But the light is dim and flickering. You look for the sun in the Landarkian "sky." It's there, but it is already weak. A thick plume of gas is being

drained from it, to vanish through a huge portal. This is how Kallesh Ghann's spell must have stolen the sun, froze the oceans, and turned Landark into the icy Dimension of Blindness.

You travel the void with the cloak of levitation, and soon arrive at the sun. Smaller than Earth's, but warm and yellow, it is hot enough to require a spell of protection. You cast a spell of concealment as well, for an awesome ritual is occurring nearby.

First, you recognize the dimensional portal. It leads to oblivion, the chaos between dimensions. The star-stuff pouring through it is gone forever.

Next, you see the figures—humanoid, small, stick-thin. These greenish men and women are natives of the Twelve Dominions. From their garb you guess them to be wizardly apprentices. There are more than a hundred of them, arranged evenly around the edge of the portal. They chant complex phrases in unison, while staring fixedly at their leader.

At that moment, you spot the grotesquely large, distorted green form of Kallesh Ghann himself. He is the focus of his disciples' energy. He maintains the portal and funnels the sun's substance into it. It is a dangerous, fiendishly complex ritual. A disruption would cause it to go awry, and probably kill the participants. Any disruption.

A momentous decision is before you. You can disturb the ritual immediately, destroying the participants. You are unfamiliar with the technique Kallesh Ghann is using, except in its broad nature. You cannot be sure that disrupting the ritual now would rescue Landark's sun, for the flaming gas could continue to be drained away uncontrollably. Furthermore, Kallesh's disciples are essentially no more than innocent bystanders, mere sources of power. Perhaps you should wait and watch, hoping to observe an obviously critical point at which to disrupt the ritual.

Will you interrupt the ritual immediately (**114**), or will you wait and hope for a better point (**256**)? If you'd prefer not to tamper with the ritual at all, you may return to your own time (**75**).

165 The Rings of Raggador dissolve into green vapor at your command. As they dissipate into nothingness, the shadow troops run like frightened schoolchildren. The black tank rumbles over the ground where they stood moments before. The rumble seems to rise in pitch, as though the tank is growling in frustration.

Splitting up, the shadow troops spread around the tank. Its dome twists back and forth, deciding among targets. You note the courage these young troopers display against their indomitable opponent. Yet their attacks are ineffectual.

If you wish to fight the tank now, go to **44**. If you would prefer to withdraw from battle and let the tank destroy its opponents, go to **198**.

166 Through wisdom and careful persuasion, you convince the rebels not to kill the captain and guards. Instead the former slaves lock them in irons in their own brig and seem to take even greater pleasure in this justice. In their manner you perceive a new humanity, and you feel there is hope yet for this budding revolution.

The ship is seized in the name of the revolution, and Rake orders it taken to the next goal: the palace of Kallesh Ghann himself! Go to **193**.

167 You have come to a desolate landscape, suspended between the realities of Earth and Landark, the Dimension of Blindness. Trofane, once a beautiful dimension, now makes you fully appreciate the horrors of war that await Earth.

Like twisting ribbons burned in a firestorm, the lands of this pocket universe have broken up into wandering chunks. This chunk is a floating desert island many miles on a side, with a range of curious anvil-shaped mesas on the horizon.

Fierce-looking predators, something like mako sharks with legs, prowl nearby; you magically conceal yourself to avoid alarming them.

Make a Reason FEAT roll. If the total is 9 or more, go immediately to **65**. If the total is 8 or less, keep reading.

If you are going on to Landark, the Dimension of Blindness, turn to **243**. If you are headed for Earth, go to **188**. If you wish, you can instead shift to the other boundary dimension, Caravanda (**54**). Or you can explore the anvil-shaped hills (**249**).

An indirect approach to this soldier would **168** be best. Still invisible, you send a message into his mind. "I come in peace."

Startled, the soldier lets loose a small fireball from the wand he carries. But it splatters harmlessly against a wall.

"I am Doctor Strange, protector of the Earth dimension. I mean no harm to anyone—" and here you play a hunch, "—who opposes the tyranny of Kallesh Ghann."

Your words obviously surprise him. He starts to lower the weapon. But he hesitates. This soldier of Landark is wounded, pursued, desperate. At any instant he might let fly with another barrage of fire, and the clerks would suffer for it. You must try reasoning further.

Make a Reason FEAT roll. Roll the die and add the number you roll to your Reason score. If the total is 10 or more, go immediately to **110**. If the total is 9 or less, keep reading.

You speak soothing words, mention again your

opposition to Kallesh Ghann, and stress that you mean no harm. Just as it seems the soldier will put down the wand and speak peacefully, the large brown-suited man behind the table jumps up and clumsily tries to throw a lamp at him. Your curse and the soldier's turn come at the same instant. It's too late to do anything about the clerk. You must act at once to prevent the soldier from firing on the imbecile. Will you attack the wounded soldier (**233**) or immobilize him (**183**)?

169 Though his psychic strength is fearsome, you muster all your training to fend off Kallesh's assault. You fill your mind with mantras, phrases repeated incessantly, shielding your true thoughts and memories. Ancient charms, made by holy men and women before the written word was made, sound through your mind.

Meanwhile, the trapper is trapped. For Kallesh has opened his mind to make the attack, and in that opening you glimpsed his thoughts. The source of his power is a broad silver band circling his arm. It links him to Sighald's Battery. Screening your intent from his scrutiny, you leap upon him.

The aura burns hot around you, but your hand speeds true. With a fluid movement you pull the band from Kallesh's arm! At once the aura vanishes, the chorus of screams dies away, and Kallesh staggers back in shock.

With his link to the Battery broken, Kallesh is no more than the sorcerer you surpassed long ago. His defenses are as nothing now. You chant a spell that he has never have heard of, and he is lost. Go to **225**.

170 The Vapors of Valtorr have dissipated, the waterfront is unaffected, it's a beautiful morning, and New Yorkers are going about their business as

though nothing ever happened. You have no reason to stay here. Turn to **124**, but ignore the first paragraph.

"If you don't want to buy, friend, stand **171** aside and let me deal with paying customers." The merchant is not interested in talking to you. Go back to **161** and pick again.

Your muttered incantation alerts the **172** black-suited soldier, but before he can fire, the Crimson Bands swirl up and around him, binding him like a straitjacket. His pale features distend. The wound he has suffered causes him to cry in agony.

You land and turn visible, hoping to reason with the soldier and tend his wound. But down on the store's first level you hear shouted orders. Within seconds, the entire squad of red infantry is sprinting up the escalator toward you.

The small, trapped figure senses this at the same time you see it. He turns his head to you, large eyes blank except for an expression of panic. "Kill me," he says urgently. "Death is better than what they have in store."

"No one shall die here." You break off to chant a spell. They are a dozen well-armed, elite fighters, but you are a Sorcerer Supreme, with ample time to cast an enchantment. They have no chance. Go to **101**.

Through the gash in space you fly, to **173** emerge in a twilight realm of uneven terrain—Caravanda, the boundary realm between Earth and the Twelve Dominions. You have been here in the past, but the devastation of the recent war comes as a shock.



Its persistent scream dropping in pitch, the aircraft descends to a near-perfect landing in a military supply depot. You follow and land in a gully nearby. Go to **24**, but ignore the first paragraph of that section.

You hover above an igloo-like structure of **174** ice, and above an entire barren plain of ice as well. This is Landark, the Dimension of Blindness. The entire realm is ice-cold and dark as night. It is only by means of the light of the Eye that you are able to see the frigid expanse below.

Huge globes of water, like floating oceans in an air-filled void, once drifted in this universe. But when Kallesh Ghann drained the sun into the infinite gap between dimensions, the oceans froze. Now, like snowballs the size of states, the ice-balls drift in darkness. A handful of inhabitants manage to survive here, and that in itself is almost miraculous.

Curious, you float down to the structure below and through its curved roof. Inside you discover an arena of some kind—a wide, deep pit, carved from the ice, and spattered dark with blood stains. There are crude carvings on the walls above the pit, showing alien animals fighting. One is a bull-like thing, barrel-chested, with many horns. The other is a monstrous creature something like a bear, with a horned snout and many-clawed feet.

Apparently the patrons here bet on fights between such animals. A barbarous amusement—you can picture their leering faces, shouting, intent on blood. And yet even this activity would be more welcome than the deathly silence that now pervades the arena. With a heavy heart, you prepare to leave.

In this land of darkness, you can detect two centers of life: a marketplace, far away across the ice

(243), and a “waterfront” of frozen piers and small shanties (23). If you would rather not visit either of these places, you can cross the dimensional boundary and return to Earth or another dimension (100).

175 The familiar force of the Bolts of Bedevilment curls and crackles at your fingertips. You launch their primal energies with the flick of a thought, and all Bolts fly true to their targets. By threes and fours, the dozen or so shadow troops fall in their tracks and lie motionless.

For a moment you feel disquieted . . . not just at how easily the fleeing soldiers fell, but at their small size and panicky attitude. Could these be the experienced soldiers of a battling realm? It seems unlikely.

Certainly they’re helpless now. The tank continues toward them, unstoppable—perhaps. You can stop it, but you will have to fight it (44). Or you can let the tank run over the troops (198).

176 “Kallesh!” you cry in the midst of battle. “This combat is senseless! Perhaps we may yet work out a peaceful agreement that prevents further—”

You cannot even finish the sentence before his next bolt strikes. He has heard you, and his laughter is your answer. Though negotiation is the way of honor, you will not compromise against a clearly evil opponent. Add 1 to your Karma total for showing the spirit of reason. The battle continues at 211.

177 The trail is faint, but with diligence you follow it to its end, a small cave at the base of an anvil mesa, an animal lair of some kind. Bones lie

strewn about the entrance. If you have been to the cave before, go immediately to 216. If you haven’t been here before, keep reading.

Even as you arrive, one of the lair’s residents—one of the shark-like predators you saw earlier—lopes from a pathway toward the cave mouth. It enters, and suddenly you hear a scream!

Heedless of your own safety, you lunge into the cave. The smell is disgusting, the darkness dangerous. The Eye of Agamotto brings light, but reveals a scene no less dangerous.

A humanoid victim lies unarmed and helpless before the approaching predator. The man’s slender build, greenish complexion, and uniform mark him as a Dominions soldier. His expression of terror marks him as doomed. But with a blinding flash from the Eye and a few simple Bolts of Bedevilment, you frighten the predator away. You gain 2 Karma for following the trail and rescuing this soldier.

You examine his wounds, using a simple spell to communicate despite the language barrier. “Leave me,” he cries unexpectedly, in anguish. “My leader is dead! I have nothing to live for!” He is not seriously injured, except for a broken shinbone. As you splint it, he recounts his story.

“We were on patrol. Our leader was the prince Sixtus, son of our fearsome ruler Kallesh Ghann. In a canyon we were set upon by beasts, and all died save myself. I ran for the rendezvous point that had been arranged for our return to base, but I got lost and then fell. I hurt myself in the fall, and crawled into this cave for protection.”

Make an Intuition check. If the total is 15 or more, go to 72. If it’s 14 or less, go to 187.

The red soldiers bring their wands to bear **178** on the fleeing figure, and at a shouted command produce a volley of fireballs. The tiny, burning

spheres arc through the air to strike the small figure at its knees, waist, shoulders, neck, and head.

As it falls, you can see that the figure was a humanoid much like the red soldiers, and equipped as a soldier for the enemy side. But how small, how fragile-looking this outnumbered trooper is! You wonder what made him so important, but now you will never know. The red leader is reporting into his crystal that their subject has been apprehended and terminated.

A life has been lost, and you did nothing to prevent it. You lose all your Karma points! Go to **144**.

179 The Vishanti have smiled upon you. Retrieving the silver armlet from its case, you know at a touch that this is the source of the aura you detected. You take the armlet and pass through the wall of the room. Behind you, guards rush into the room. You must leave and not return here.

You float outside the stone face of the citadel, on a bare rocky island on one of the weird floating oceans of the Dominions. Pick your next destination at **92**.

180 Even at supersonic speeds, the aircraft cannot outrace the Winds of Watoomb! Gesturing and murmuring the incantation, you summon howling winds that strike the plane from every direction. At this speed, the cross-gusts prove disastrous. The aircraft wobbles, then spins down toward the water. You let the winds die in time for the pilot to regain control of the craft, smoothing out its path before it descends onto the river. The splash is tremendous. Gain 1 Karma for defeating the plane.

Unfortunately, you have no chance to capitalize on the defeat. As you plunge downward after the plane, it vanishes in a flash of white light, with a

noise like an explosion in a tuning-fork factory. A dimensional rift hangs in space just above the water. You have a moment to follow the plane through the rift, if you wish (**173**), or you can let the plane get away and go somewhere else (**124**).

The pain is nothing. The pain is not you. **181**
Pain is the messenger of defeat, and you need not receive it.

Your training saves you, as it always has. You shut out the agony, firm up your Shield, and speak the incantation. Bright flames spring up in your mind, and then in a circle around the troops. And now they are the ones surrounded. Screams of fear rise up to you, as painful as the fireballs.

You were desperate indeed, to conjure the deadliest form of Flames of the Faltine. You extinguish them before the troops are killed, but you have injured many. Subtract 3 from your current Karma point total for harming these soldiers. The whole depot has been alerted to your presence, and you are in no condition to fight the magical infantrymen. You float away into the land of Caravanda. You cannot return to the military base. Go to **74**.

You cannot be part of an act that will create **182**
an opportunity for bloodshed. Yet the rebels have resolved to make the raid. You, Rake, and the others watch them leave, a dozen youths cracking jokes to keep up their courage. They plan to board an airboat and travel to another of the floating oceans of this dimension, and, everyone hopes, return triumphant from the raid.

You wait long hours in meditation. If you have lost any Health points in this adventure, the rest allows you to regain 1 point, though you cannot raise your Health score above the number you started with.

At last a lone rebel returns, wounded, with bad news. "We were discovered at the entrance," he gasps through bloody lips. "Magic. Must have been. They were all taken. I was left to guard the airboat, and barely escaped." You ask Rake of the fate in store for the captured slaves. He only shakes his head.

After a long silence you speak again. "I can go and rescue them, if they're still alive . . . perhaps secure the weapons—"

"Quiet!" says Rake painfully. "They do not live. The weapons are no longer important. The rulers have learned of our rebellion. They are warned, alert. We can make no move now. Our cause has been set back years. We have no need of your services after all, magician. Go!" You are escorted out, for the last time. Subtract 3 Karma from your total for allowing the rebels to go on this dangerous mission alone, and go to **120**.

183 At your invocation, the shiny thick bands of solid force spring from the floor at the soldier's feet. The unbreakable bands curve crazily like sprung mainsprings, binding him beyond hope of escape. Dropping the wand, the figure stands small and helpless as you descend. Remarkably, he turns and gazes at you even before you drop your spell of invisibility. You suspect he uses senses other than sight, which is no surprise in a soldier of the Dimension of Blindness.

This soldier is clearly the key to the entire incident at Farmingdale's. Will you interrogate him with the Eye of Agamotto (**148**), or ask him questions without the Eye's assistance (**110**)?

184 Nimble you leap aside from the collapsing wall, at the same time blocking a spell of paralysis cast by Kallesh. He pauses, and his aura flickers

violet—is he intimidated by your ability?

So far you have had no chance to talk with Kallesh. You can try to negotiate now (**176**) or continue the battle (**211**).

Examining the runes on the bowl, you de- **185**
duce that it is a magical communication device. Your guess is confirmed immediately, as the bowl turns flat-black and an image forms in it! You see a heavy-set, jowly alien face, something like that of the pilot of the aircraft. The image speaks in an alien tongue, but with a simple spell you comprehend it. Or perhaps you don't, for it's laced with military jargon. "Alert, ace, alert. Crash top-job. Do you positive?"

Thinking quickly, you say "Yes." But the image only repeats, "Ace, do you positive? Positive at once!" Something on the knob-like projections must do it . . . You touch one, hesitate, and venture, "Positive."

The Vishanti have smiled upon you. The image continues speaking. "Switch Interval-mode soonest, refuel at Base Gamma. Then switch Boundary-mode, goal Anvil Hills area, coordinate one-one-niner. Say again, 119." The head is replaced by a map in military style. Looking at it closely, you recognize it as the Anvil Hills area of the dimension of Trofane, between Earth and Landark, the Dimension of Blindness. "You're on Treasure Hunt, ace. Maybe this time Kallesh will find the kid. Positive soonest."

You touch the knob again. "Positive." The image fades. Letting out a breath, you try to digest this. Though you didn't understand much of the slang, it seems clear that the Twelve Dominions are urgently seeking someone in the Anvil Hills. Is it important to your mission? You don't know, but you make a note of that map coordinate—119—just in case. Add 1 point to your Karma for finding

this potential clue.

Suddenly a light appears in mid-air above the pilot's "console." It blinks urgently. Will you leave the plane and go back to the sailors (251), or stay aboard and keep investigating (129)?

186 "You will do as I say," you whisper to the supervisor, lightly touching his sensor-laden skull. He starts, then freezes. "Yes," he says simply.

"Leave me in peace, and pay no further attention—" you begin, when suddenly a merchant shouts. "Supervisor! What is being done to you?" Customers scream as well. What has happened?

Then you remember the sensory apparatus these people wear. They must sense disturbances in thoughts, such as you inflicted on this supervisor. You have been discovered, and now black-suited guards are running toward you through the market. Remaining here is not practical. You must leave, and you cannot return here. Move quickly to 69.

187 This soldier is carefully disguising his own cowardice in fleeing the battle that killed his fellows. But that's understandable, simply "human" nature. "Where do you wish to be taken?" you ask.

"I've missed the rendezvous to return to base. It's in the other battle realm. The one with the weird terrain." That could describe an infinity of dimensions, but with further questions you identify the realm as Caravanda, the boundary dimension between Earth and the Twelve Dominions. A long trip to ferry one wounded soldier! But you can't leave him here in the wilderness.

Taking him up, you incant a crossing-spell

and appear in the twilight realm of Caravanda. The soldier points out his base, a Dominions supply depot. You fly down to a huge gully nearby and set him down. There you use the Eye of Agamotto to erase his memory of you, then turn invisible. The soldier stands looking very bewildered for some time. At last he stumbles off to rejoin his unit. Go to 24.

Situated on elite Fifth Avenue park-front **188** property, Farmingdale's Department Store draws fashionable shoppers from around the world. Its majestic storefront gleams in the morning sunlight, as though the sun was carefully positioned to highlight this new piece of merchandise. If you have been to Farmingdale's before in this adventure, go immediately to 32. If you haven't been here before, keep reading.

In times past, when you thought of nothing beyond comfort and possessions, Farmingdale's was among your favorite haunts. Here you bought tailored suits, seventeen-jewel Swiss watches, and cologne at \$75 an ounce. Now you have gone beyond such needs—though you do wear the cloak of levitation, more valuable than Farmingdale's and the rest of Manhattan together.

The cloak sets you before the automatic doors at street level. Police have cordoned off the street and are turning away passersby. It's fortunate that they can't see through your spell of invisibility. Inside, you hear crashes and sudden, popping explosions.

You enter watchfully, but see nothing threatening. The jewelry cases have been smashed, but nothing has been taken. Racks of designer dresses are overturned, and the store reeks from hundreds of broken bottles of French perfume. This part of the store appears empty of people.



You walk farther in.

Around a display of chinchilla coats you see the cause of the havoc. A band of marauders, dressed entirely in red, stalks the aisles. Thin as reeds, they appear humanoid, but their broad foreheads and greenish complexions mark them as alien. They wear belts with holsters holding slender white wands. In their bulging pockets of their uniforms the intruders carry black spheres. With all their equipment, and the jagged-stripe symbols across their chests and backs, they apparently are the sorcerous equivalents of modern combat infantry troops!

No humans are left on this floor. You don't see any bodies, so everyone must have fled when the invasion began. Thank Oshtur there has been no loss of life!—Yet, you add to yourself.

You watch the "soldiers" carefully. Make an Intuition FEAT roll. Roll the die and add the number you roll to your Intuition score. If the total is 13 or more, go immediately to **226**. If it's 12 or less, keep reading.

With no innocents in danger, you are free to deal with these soldiers as you wish. They have not detected you. Will you attack (**64**), magically disguise yourself and join them (**12**), immobilize them with the Eye of Agamotto (**98**), or examine the rest of the store (**38**)?

Unable to dodge in time, you take the **189** beam's full fury. No one but the Sorcerer Supreme could have conjured the Shield of the Seraphim under such trying circumstances. Its translucent disk appears before you, warding off most of the bolt's deadly energy. Only a fraction gets through. Roll the die again. Deduct the number you roll from your current Health point total.

You grit your teeth at the sharp pain. But now you are prepared again, and the tank must deal

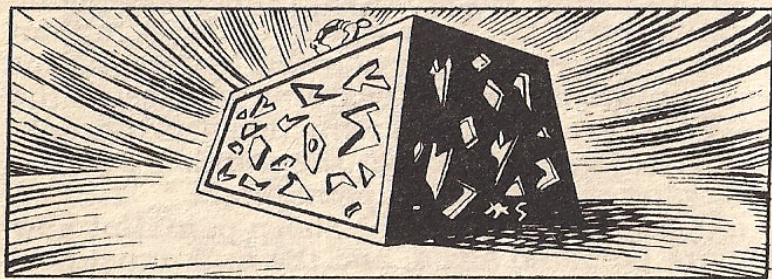
with an angry sorcerer. Will you cast the Crimson Bands of Cytorrak (141), the Winds of Watoomb (7), or the Flames of the Faltine (62)?

190 "I protect the dimension that your forces are now invading," you tell Kallesh. "If you truly feel gratitude, abandon that invasion. Carry your war with Landark to another of the infinite universes."

The monstrous ruler is silent for long moments. "Very well," he says at last. "It is a large favor, but one dimension is like another. I have no interest in this realm you show such concern for. I vow that the Twelve Dominions forces shall not invade it for twenty great cycles of time, a very long interval in both our dimensions. And so the forces of Landark will leave it as well. Now we are done. Leave at once, and never enter this realm again."

You fly away from the vast palace complex. Crossing the dimensional boundary to Caravanda, and then to Earth, you are nagged by doubts. Kallesh's tyranny grows with his power, and the war with Landark continues.

Reappearing above the familiar skyline of Manhattan, you are relieved at having once more defended Earth. But upon returning to your Sanctum Sanctorum, you resolve to work against the injustices you have seen. For now, though, you must rest.



Calling upon Hoggoth and the Vishanti to **191** grant you skill in this trial, you attempt to cast twin spells—a Shield of the Seraphim about yourself, and the Crimson Bands of Cytorrak around the black-suited soldier. The enemy fire dissipates harmlessly against the unbreakable Bands, while the soldier himself is prevented from attacking. But the concentration required . . . your Shield wavers, and a fireball pierces it, racing past your ear.

No! You are a Sorcerer Supreme! The whole Earth dimension depends upon your skill, and you will triumph! Feeling a surge of power, granted by those praiseworthy entities, you fortify your Shield. Beyond its pale, red disk the soldiers appear a deeper red. Centering your attention on them, you will them into immobility with the appearance of the Rings of Raggador.

Gain 5 Karma for this spectacular feat of magical mastery, and move on to **101**.

Both of these invaders are enemies of **192** Earth, that's clear enough, but how can you defeat them? You'd prefer not to take life, and yet . . .

Suddenly, you realize that these craft must have arrived here through some kind of portal, a gateway that would leave a residual aura. Closing your eyes and clearing your mind, you send forth your awareness.

There! And there again! Burning like embers on your inner eyelids are the spots where the plane and the gunboat entered this dimension—two portals, one on the water, the other above—easy to match them to their users.

Your task is obvious. You throw your arms wide, speak the ancient verses, let the energy of the geocosm flow through you like a spring breeze. "Let the Winds of Watoomb drive these invaders from this shore! Let gales of force lift the plane to

its entry point, and let windswept waves drive the saucer over the river to its origin! Now let the portals open once more to receive their alien owners, and close them forevermore!"

And it is so. Add 2 Karma points to your total for defeating the invaders in this encounter.

You are pleased with this solution, but you realize that you must do more than defeat preliminary forces like these to keep Earth safe. Eventually you must take the fight to their home dimensions. Go to **124**.

193 You stand at the bow of the captured gondola, beside Rake and the other rebel leaders. The floating oceans of this dimension drift by above and below, like green worlds full of life and opportunity. "Your counsel is wise, magician," says Rake, his eyes thoughtful. "We must take care to avoid becoming our own worst enemies." Others nod their heads.

After a time the airboat descends toward another green sphere of water, this one bearing an island shaped like a dagger. On the approach you see beautiful gardens, shrubby mazes, rich garden houses, and fountains. The luxury is that of Czarist Russia, or Eastern potentates . . . the luxury of slaveholders, rejoicing in their wealth.

Landing with the other rebels in the midst of a sinister palace, you disable a group of guards harmlessly. The raiders sweep into the palace, which is ornamented with bizarre faces and shrubs grown to resemble dragons. Paintings, sculptures, display cases of pottery, and rare artifacts—the luxury seems to anger them. "This is the fruit of our labors?" one shouts. "Destroy these symbols of oppression!" The cry is taken up to burn and destroy.

Disappointing, to see these treasures destroyed. You might wish to stop the sacking of the

palace (**145**). But it doesn't appear to increase the danger of this coup, so you might also just allow them to go ahead and wreck the place (**125**).

It is foolish to face obviously superior **194** power when other options remain. You have known since you began your mission that the invading dimensions have sheer force enough to defeat even a Sorcerer Supreme. No, it is not time to show your main might.

You fly away from the portal and its steady stream of infantry troops. A sea of red uniforms! Your world may soon be drowned in such a sea of red, unless you can protect it.

Turning invisible, you fly out through the automatic doors and over the police cordon outside Farmingdale's. Behind you a giant volley of fireballs, explosions, and even deadlier magic wreaks enormous property damage. You lose 1 Karma point for indirectly causing this rampant destruction.

In parting, you think, *May the Vishanti grant me wisdom to find a solution to this problem. Already my efforts produce catastrophe. Might even greater pitfalls lie ahead?*

You may not return to Farmingdale's. Will you go now to Wall Street's New York Stock Exchange (**247**), or the Hell's Kitchen waterfront (**89**)? Or do you feel the recent encounter has educated you sufficiently to face the unknown perils of the Twelve Dominions (**54**), or the Dimension of Blindness (**2**)?

The defenses are subtle, powerful. But you **195** are fully a match for their subtlety—and nothing matches the Eye for power. Like locks before Houdini, your childhood idol, the protective enchantments fall away. Turn to **158**.

196 You regain consciousness in a palatial throne room with high vaulted ceilings and luxurious furnishings. Armed guards surround you. From a throne at the top of a marble staircase, a deep guttural voice is heard. "I know you are awake, Doctor Strange. You are in my palace in the Twelve Dominions, helpless."

As your head clears, you cast a spell and the guards nearby are flung aside like playing cards. A mystic bolt streaks down at you. But you block it with a counterspell. "Helpless, Kallesh Ghann? You know that a Sorcerer Supreme is never helpless. And he need not hide himself like a coward!"

"Your skill is impressive, magician. I shall honor you by confronting you directly." He descends the staircase. Turn to **99**.

197 Under your spell of concealment, you approach the wounded predator. The wound on its leg is surrounded by what look like powder burns. Could it be a shrapnel wound, from the explosive spheres of the infantry? What could this signify?

Curious, you probe with the Eye of Agamotto. But the creatures do not understand how they were wounded.

Your only idea is that perhaps the creature might lead you to the source of its injury. But following the shark-creatures could waste hours. If you want to follow them, go to **240**. If you want to explore this dimension further, turn to **100**. Otherwise, proceed to **33**.

198 You watch with ruthless detachment as the black tank exterminates its opposition. Even though the battle is now finished, you can't feel good for having participated in these pointless deaths. Subtract all your Karma points for allowing the shadow troops to die!

And now their deaths appear pointless indeed, for it seems the battle is not yet over. The tank only pauses, as though looking for further prey, and then it moves toward you. You must fight it. Go to **44**.

Instantly you ready a Shield of the Sera- **199** phim, but the troops are ready for you. At your first movement, they attack with a hail of fireballs from their wands.

Several strike you before the Shield is fully formed, and agony races through you. Subtract 10 from your current Health point total. If you have no Health left, your adventure ends here. If you have exactly 1 point left, you fall unconscious and must go to **196**.

If you have more than 1 point of Health left, you keep hold of consciousness. Levitating out of the plane cabin, you try to solidify your Shield against the storm of fireballs. But the damage has made you groggy. Will your struggle succeed?

Make an Endurance FEAT roll. If the total is 11 or more, go immediately to **181**. If the total is 10 or less, keep reading.

The pain distracts you, a fatal error. More fireballs plunge through the weakened Shield. You cannot command the cloak any longer. You fall, and the troops are on you like beetles. Your last thought is an apology to the memory of the Ancient One.

Skillfully flying against the pressure of **200** time, you reach the distant point and plunge up into the glowing nexus. You arrive on the scene of a great battle.

In an empty, air-filled void, two rival armadas of airboats struggle for position. The ships, huge gondolas like Spanish galleons, are carried by

enormous gasbags painted with garish colors. One fleet is predominantly blue in its color scheme, while its rival is red. But you don't have any way to tell which force represents the Dominions and which Landark.

It's a war of secession in the most literal sense—the sorcerers of this universe are actually splitting it into two separate dimensions, and this battle will govern which resources end up in what realm. As you watch, mirror-like patches shimmer like mirages between the armadas—space itself is warping under their magic, an effect you've seen in many pocket universes. Once all the patches link up into a barrier, the split will be complete, like a soap-bubble that is pulled apart into two.

Hidden behind your spell of concealment, you observe that the situation seems evenly matched. You could definitely determine the outcome by aiding one side or the other. The winning side would have greater resources, and the loser would have less. This would certainly affect the outcome of a future war. Will you aid the red armada (244), the blue armada (94), or will you do nothing and return to your own time (75)?

201 You drop your disguise to allow total concentration. Surrounded by red soldiers, you have no room to summon the Rings of Raggador. Simple Bolts of Bedevilment must suffice. The weird energy gathers around your hands, then flashes out to drop two nearby soldiers.

Four more fall in less time than it takes to think the words, and the red squad is in disarray! You are gratified to see the fleeing figure escape and alert enough to mark his direction of flight. Add 1 Karma point to your total.

But now a trooper, more alert than the rest, is striking at you with his wand. Slender though it seems, at such close range it could be deadly.

Make a Fighting FEAT roll. Roll one die and add the number you roll to your Fighting score. If the total is 9 or more, go to **152**. If the total is 8 or less, go to **136**.

The citadel is much as you left it—but no! **202** You detect the presence of many more guards now. Whether it was the theft of a weapon, or injury to a guard, or simply the disruption of the building's defenses, something happened during your previous visit to alert the guards. It would be foolish to stay here. You must move on to **92**.

"I will lead your raid," you reply to Rake. **203**

And hardly hours later, your words come back to haunt you. With a ragtag squad of rebels, you have journeyed by airboat from one watery globe to another. Now you levitate the whole group across a turbulent reach of water, to creep up on a well-defended island fortress: the Dominions Armory.

Beneath its looming stone walls, you consider the iron entrance gates. No guards—surely they must have protective enchantments. You send the Eye of Agamotto floating from your hiding place on shore, across the rocky island to the fortress walls. There it gently probes the defenses.

Yes—yes—their nature is revealed to you. With time and intense concentration, you gradually open a hole in the defenses. It is intricate work, and the rebels grow impatient. Finally you signal them to approach. All of you cross to the building and, with your quiet incantation, pass through the solid door.

Inside are rooms and rooms of weaponry. You race silently through many hallways, looking for a particular room number relayed to Rake by a sympathizer in the bureaucracy. You encounter guards three times, but each time you transfix

them and wipe their memory before they can sound an alarm. The raid would have been suicide, had you not come along.

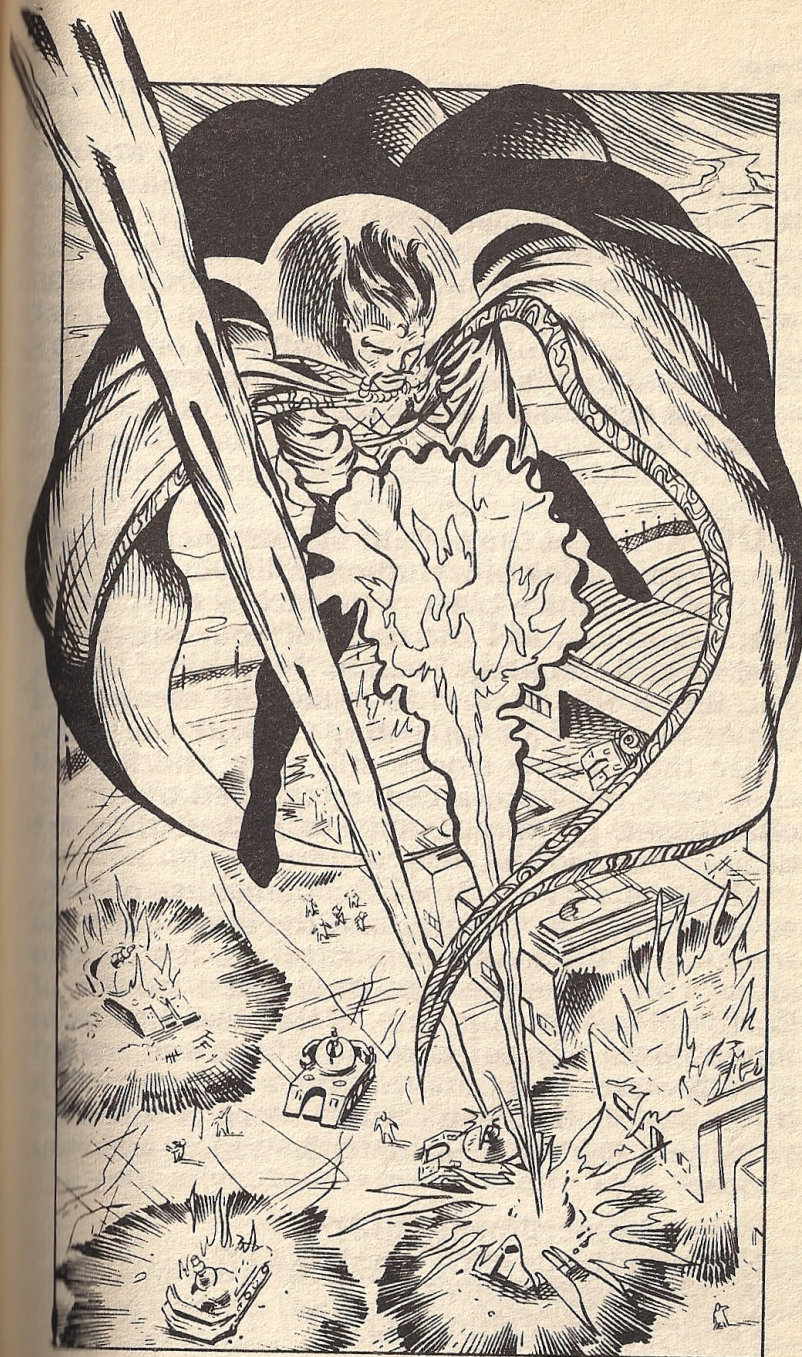
There! The room you are searching for! The door springs open before you. Beyond it, racks and racks of highly specialized weaponry. The rebels rush in as a group while you lock the door behind you. This is a large room, and you feel the aura of many magical devices. Will you stay with the rebels to find the weapons they seek (241), or look around the room on your own, hoping to find something only you can use (40)?

204 You have walked in the Dream Dimension of Nightmare and struggled in the slimy tentacles of Shuma-Gorath, but this fungus is as foul a mess as any you've encountered. Happily receiving your huggy-monkey or 100 algiks (mark that amount off your total), the merchant lobs a handful of the stuff into your glove.

"Ah, I shall soon be driven out of business, selling fine fungus at this unspeakably low price!" he wails, mainly for the benefit of the crowd. You ask, "What do you know of Bel Auric?" But the merchant ignores the question, saying "Go on, try it! You'll be amazed!" With a sinking heart you realize that this is a merchant who takes pride in his goods. He won't talk with you until you've used the fungus. Will you put the fungus in your nose (142), or make an excuse (248)?

205 You resolve to cripple the base, without causing loss of life. The post is barricaded and guarded by hundreds of troops. You are a Sorcerer Supreme. It is a grossly uneven contest.

Sweeping toward the buildings under a spell of concealment, you create a benign form of the Flames of the Faltine, bright as a sun. They flare



up at the foundations of buildings, beneath the tanks, amid stacks of supplies.

The soldiers trapped within the tanks are not harmed by the mystic fire, but all inanimate matter is magically consumed.

You have destroyed a Dominions supply cache. From now on, the soldiers from the Dominions will be under-supplied as they face you. Subtract 2 from the amount of damage inflicted on you by Dominions troops in subsequent combat.

Do not come back here again.

Go to 74.

206 Acting at the instant of your mental command, your cloak of levitation pulls you from the path of the tank's blast, with inches to spare. It seems you can feel the hairs of your mustache curling and smoking. Even in the thick of battle, you find a split-second to praise the memory of the Ancient One for entrusting you with the cloak.

Are the shadow troops still alive and free? If they have not been killed, or trapped by an enchantment, go immediately to **122**. If they are dead or imprisoned, keep reading.

All activity in the Stock Exchange has ceased, save for your rapid flight and the slow, ominous tracking of the tank's domed turret. It's time to show this machine the unleashed power of Earth's Sorcerer Supreme. If the tank has been immobilized, you can take astral form and, in that ghostly state, penetrate the tank's interior (**223**). If it is still mobile, you cannot afford to risk this; you must cast a spell instead. Which will you choose?

Bolts of Bedevilment (**238**)?

Crimson Bands of Cytorrak (**141**)?

Winds of Watoomb (**7**)?

Flames of the Faltine (**62**)?

Colors shift in the Trofane sky, as what **207** passes for the "day" wears on. The predators you follow eventually pass into the Anvil Hills, a weird area of mesas with wide tops and narrow bases. In this maze of paths they find their way with sure feet. They make their way into a box canyon, and now, your patience produces results. Go to **119**.

Even now the Dominions soldiers renew **208** the assault. Knowing what it means to turn away from the smoldering figure, you create new defenses against the troops. From behind you come awful smells, and now, before you, the soldiers seem to be struggling in agony!

Of course! They are tied to Bel Auric's own power. As it perishes, so they vanish from this dimension, never to return. The enemy is driven from Landark, but you feel no victory. Now the people of the Dimension of Blindness may live only so long as the current supply of glowspheres holds out.

No. You will find some new solution. Even if you must transport the entire population to a more hospitable universe, you will not let Bel Auric's sacrifice go for naught. You will rescue these people. It is a way to atone for allowing this magician to die. Your debt is severe. You lose all your Karma!

The invasion here has ended, but the war continues. Earth is still a neutral battleground. You must leave this bleak and tragic landscape for now, in order to find an end to your mission. You cross the dimensional boundary, knowing you cannot come back to this desolate place again until your adventure is over. Turn to **167**.

Some of the rebel slaves can't believe you **209** would raid the Dominions Armory single-handed. But you needn't even leave the room you're in—

physically, that is.

Once you obtain directions to the armory, and to the weapons room containing the items they need, you simply leave your body, cast a protective ward over it, and flash in astral form across the void to another of the Dominions' floating oceans.

There, on the rocky island, you use the Eye's spiritual form to penetrate the armory's defenses, then locate the auras of the weapons you require. In a large room filled with racks of weaponry you levitate them from their places. Leaving the armory with the floating weaponry is harder—there is a guard here, a large ogreish type. You put him to sleep and wipe his memory of the weapons, then escape unobserved.

After the lengthy journey back to the slave market, you resume your body. "Finally awake, I see. Are you ready to go yet?" asks Rake. He is perhaps the most astonished of all the rebels to find the weapons floating outside his own sanctuary. Add 1 to your Karma total for this feat, then go to **18**.



210 You decide you still have much to learn from these troops. As the red soldiers rush toward the hazy gateway, you fall behind a little and mutter ancient words. Casting spells on the run is

careful work; you must drop your disguise to complete the incantation. But you have nothing to fear from the soldiers ahead of you, for they are quickly bound and immobilized by the green-glowing Rings of Raggador.

Danger lurks elsewhere, though. Beyond the misty opening stand more soldiers. They have seen your spell and have seen you too! Storming through the two-way portal come more red-suited soldiers, and more. Too many to immobilize at once, too many to hypnotize . . . You're in serious trouble. Will you fight them (**160**), escape (**194**), or defend yourself and try to talk, hoping for a chance (**132**)?

Kallesh is almost your equal in skill and, **211** with the Battery, surpasses you in power. Lunging away from yet another potent bolt, you try to think. If he derives his power from the Battery, it must be somewhere nearby, but where?

Kallesh's aura grows slightly dimmer. Perhaps his power weakens. Whatever the reason, he gestures, and from a doorway floats a man-sized block, made seemingly of stone, and carved with many runes. Ornate handholds are fixed on its top face. This is Sighald's Battery.

You try to destroy the artifact, even as Kallesh grabs the handholds in his misshapen hands. Your attack is useless, though. This is magic of old, completely invulnerable without careful rituals. Now, grasping the handholds, Kallesh surges with new strength, and you need every bit of concentration to fight him.

Perhaps, even yet, you can master him. His sheer power is unquestionably beyond yours, but your skill might eventually triumph. The point is left moot as the contest is interrupted. The palace has continued to creak and rumble since the wall fell. The wreckage caused by the rebels and as a result

of resistance has endangered the massive structure.

Though you could escape before it collapses, many innocents would be trapped inside. You can't leave. But trying to rescue them, or supporting the building with your magic, will leave you open to Kallesh's attack.

The danger increases as more walls lean precipitously. In the end there is no decision to make. You are Doctor Strange and have only one choice: to protect the many lives here, you must break off your fight and support the building with your spells. You call upon Hoggoth for strength, and upon the Vishanti and Oshtur to protect you from the evil wizard at your back.

But no attack comes. Astonished, you realize Kallesh Ghann is helping you! His spells join with yours to support the palace with pillars far stronger than steel. The ruler's motives may not be as lofty as yours, but he doesn't want his glorious palace to collapse any more than you do!

Perspiration moistens your brow as your awareness expands into every room, hall, and pillar of the complex. Where stone gives way, your will holds. You take a moment to will the Eye of Agamotto free of its amulet. It flies with the speed of thought through every hallway, showing you the escaping residents. At last you see that the palace is completely evacuated.

And you come to a true decision, for Kallesh does not yet know his palace is empty. He has helped you, for his own reasons, to keep the palace standing. Now he is vulnerable, and you have a clear shot at him. With his guard down as it is, if you can knock him out, and the palace will fall. Your magic will protect you both from death. But is it honorable to strike from behind, without fair warning?

If you don't act quickly, Kallesh will repair the palace and recover. Will you strike Kallesh now (237), or allow him to recover (66)?

You check the buildings and streets of **212** Hell's Kitchen to ensure that no mystical activity has escaped your notice. It is tiresome work but part of the eternal vigilance that is the duty of the Sorcerer Supreme.

You're satisfied that nothing untoward is happening, when you see a mysterious figure bounding along the rooftops. Approaching the red-suited figure, you find it is the adventurer known as Daredevil! You have fought at his side in times past, as part of the sometime superhero group known as the Defenders. You drift downward.

Before you call out, Daredevil turns and looks upward. "Good morning, Doc," he calls. Astonishing! The cloak is utterly silent, and you had masked your presence with invisibility. "Greetings to you, Daredevil," you reply, alighting and dropping the invisibility as a courtesy.

"I got here too late to help you handle things, but they were probably out of my depth anyway," he says.

"I'd better at least go help clean up after that battle. Been good to see you again."

"Of course. May the Vishanti bless your endeavors," you say, puzzling for a moment at the fact that he could see the battle site even through the Vapors of Valtorr.

Return to **124**.

Sickened by the violence you've seen, you **213** end the slave rebellion single-handedly. With words and gestures, you paralyze the fighters. The men and women stand like statues, only their eyes showing their surprise and fear. Floating above the scene, you wonder what to do with the rebels.

You can't return them to their owners. That would mean death, or worse. Then, an idea. You search the waterfront and its many goods and

soon find the equipment you need. You then levitate the large boxes onto the gondola, and send the rebels into peaceful slumber.

They awaken on the white beach of another ocean. "I have brought you to a place far beyond the boundaries of the Twelve Dominions, undiscovered by any explorer. Here you are free—and alone. You must begin a new life here. The boxes beside you contain food, farm implements, tools, and medicines. With these, you can create a true revolution—among yourselves."

They stand in shock as you fly away to return the gondola to the waterfront. You feel you've made a fiasco of the entire revolt and done nothing to harm the traffic in slaves. But the new regime would have been no less terrible under these people. You must now decide where to go next. Move on to **120**.

214 Everything is as you left it at the Stock Exchange. You find nothing of interest here. A lingering aura of magic is the only trace of the battle that took place here. Soon the only battles will be routine jousts among the high nobles of finance.

Go to **95**.

215 You race to pull the glowspheres away from Bel Auric. They burn your gloves, but you ignore the heat.

Bel Auric maintains a serene calm, magically pulling the spheres back to her as quickly as you pull them away. You try a spell, she chants a counterspell. . . .

Both of you have diverted your attention from the doorway. The next wave of Dominions attackers takes you utterly off guard. You have failed in your mission, and the forces of Kallesh Ghann have conquered Landark.

There is no sign of life around the cave. **216**
The smell, the filth, the desolation are as strong as ever, but the predator and its victims are gone for the moment. You may look around the dimension of Trofane further (**100**) or leave (**33**).

LAMPS. You detect a mystic aura in this **217**
section, and with barely a thought pull close the concealing folds of invisibility. Amid expensive floor lamps, ceiling lamps, table lamps, wall fixtures, and racks of light bulbs you see the lone black-clad figure.

He is a stick-figure humanoid, much like the red soldiers, and equipped as a soldier himself. In this brightly lit area of the store, his bearing is uncertain, as if he were feeling his way in the dark. He looks wounded, and his eyes are tightly shut. But for all that, he is far from helpless—he carries a wand and spheres that you recognize as powerful magical weaponry.

And now danger of a new kind appears. Beyond the soldier, and directly in his path, you spot a group of people. Two nicely dressed women and a big, bullet-headed man in a brown suit are hidden behind a display table. From the name badges they wear, you guess them to be store clerks. Helpless, panic-stricken innocents . . . and the soldier is heading right for them.

The large man has grasped a heavy wooden lampstand. The others are shaking their heads urgently, silently signaling him not to do what he plans. The motion itself has alerted the soldier. He staggers purposefully toward the hidden group.

How will you keep the soldier from harming these people? Will you attack him (**233**), immobilize him with the Crimson Bands of Cytorrak (**183**), distract him by approaching as a friend and ally (**168**), or cast a spell of concealment on the innocents (**126**)?

218 You and the other soldiers trot through the gateway, to emerge in a large room stocked with magical weaponry of all kinds. Racks of wands stand next to shelves sagging with the weight of explosive spheres. Individually, the items here are routine, but their combined force could topple a dozen dimensions.

The red leader calls to a large and stupid-looking ogre guard. "Sixtus!" he says, and the ogre waves the whole squad by, looking bored. The troops run through the room double-time and leave through a far doorway, but you fall back and hide behind a rack of orbs, to look around. Turn to **115**.

219 Letting your physical body fall carelessly aside, you plunge in ectoplasmic form through the walls of the sorcerer's dwelling. The assault is awesome, a tidal wave of sound that threatens to dissipate your spirit.

But—lives depend on you—all of Earth, and whoever has cried within this dwelling. Call upon Hoggoth—the Vishanti—push through!

And indeed, you push through, shattering the psychic barriers. Shattering more than that, perhaps—subtract 9 Health points from your total, and reduce your Endurance score by 1 for the remainder of this adventure! If you have any Health left, you may thank the spirits who aided you and add 2 Karma points to your total.

You fly through a series of elaborately decorated chambers to the source of the call. It is a study not unlike your own in Greenwich Village.

Here you find the Sorcerer Supreme of this dimension, Kevit, a noble mage you knew well in the past, during your training. You float down to him, knowing he can sense your astral form. Go to **158**, ignoring the first paragraph. Assume that you rejoin your physical body as you go.

You go to the bar, where a stout and sedate **220** bartender wipes the counter free of frost. "Not many new faces in here nowadays," he says. You ask what the regulars do. "This bunch just transports food and glowspheres to the outer areas. Take it you're from there?"

"Pretty far away, yes."

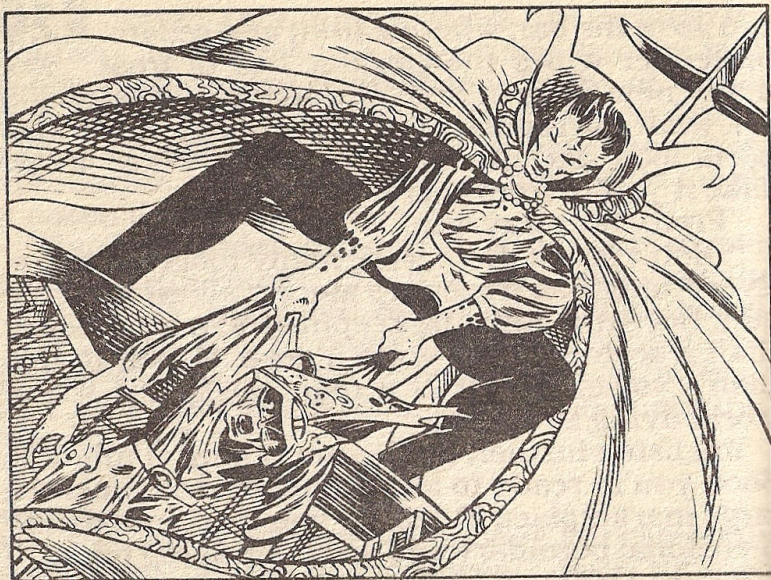
"Didn't know there were many folks left there. Everything has frozen up since Kallesh took the sun. Bel Auric must be keeping them alive better than it seemed." You sense a deep despair in this man's voice, the air of a man seeing his whole world dying by inches.

You listen further, but learn nothing of interest. Soon you're ready to leave. Sailors recommend a large marketplace (**243**). Or you can cross the dimensional boundary and leave the dying realm of Landark (**167**).

Rake pays no heed to your counsel of **221** peaceful resistance. "The tyranny of violence has to be fought with violence," he replies flatly. "Either lead the raid, or stay out of it and we'll take care of it ourselves. If you're as powerful as you seem, you could probably even do it yourself."

Will you lead the raid after all (**203**), let them raid without your help (**182**), or volunteer to secure the weapons by yourself (**209**)? Or will you withdraw from this potential bloodbath with a clear conscience, and go elsewhere (**86**)?

When you enter the downed plane, you **222** find an alien pilot in a small cabin in the nose. Seeing his still form, you feel a moment of panic, but you quickly discover that the pilot is merely unconscious. He is another stick-figure, like the boat's sailors, but his complexion is unpleasantly greenish, and his tall, crested helmet is decorated



with skulls and other macabre designs.

One hand is extended toward a shallow bowl, made of a clay-like material, inscribed with runes, and lined with mother-of-pearl. Sculpted protrusions dot the rim in random places. Or are they random? Make an Intuition FEAT roll. Roll the die and add the number you roll to your Intuition score. If the total is 14 or more, go immediately to **185**. If the total is 13 or less, keep reading.

Suddenly a hazy sphere of light forms above the “console” in front of the pilot. It blinks on and off urgently.

Will you leave the plane and go back to the sailors (**251**), or continue searching in hopes of finding something more (**129**)?

223 After a moment of concentration, you slide free of your body. Commanding the cloak to keep your physical form aloft, you soar with the free-

dom of ectoplasm directly into the black mass of the tank itself.

In a cramped, red-lit cabin inside the tank you find two humanoid pilots. They vaguely resemble the stick-figure soldiers that are its prey—but how different in manner! These are seasoned veterans, with eyes as dead and merciless as sharks. They examine magical windows, which float in the air displaying the tank’s surroundings. The portals’ light plays on their mottled faces.

The pilots grin horribly as they track on your immobile physical form. One begins to mutter an incantation that obviously will activate the tank’s energy beam. Before he completes another syllable, you will the magic Eye of Agamotto open. Its pure yellow-white light transfixes the pilots.

Concentrating, you sense all their thoughts and background. In the light of the all-seeing Eye nothing can be hidden. These pilots are elite soldiers of the Twelve Dominions, serving its ruler, Kallesh Ghann. This was to be a preliminary skirmish before the full-scale invasion of Earth, where the long-running war with the Dimension of Blindness is to continue. The soldiers’ animal delight in past killings and their eagerness for future slaughter on an even grander scale sicken you.

The soldiers know that there are two other preliminary attack points, where Dominions forces are attacking on foot and from the air. The senior officer is aware that an elite squad of infantry has been sent to hunt down a spy from the Dimension of Blindness who apparently discovered something important. He also knows the commander, who was bragging to him about a special form of magical protection that Kallesh Ghann bestowed upon his squad.

You probe further, but the driver knows little about this “special” protection. You gather, however, that it may hinder in some way immobiliz-

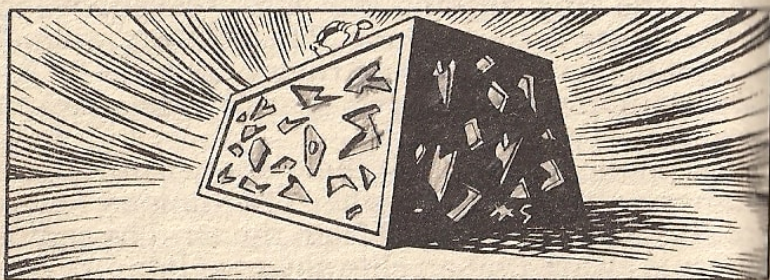
ing devices such as your Eye of Agamotto.

It's hard to imagine what magic could allow mortals to withstand the invincible Eye. You let the harmless sleep of the Mists of Morpheus settle over the troopers. When they awaken they'll be in another dimension, an infinity away from Earth. You exit the tank and rejoin your physical form. Add 2 Karma to your total for defeating the tank.

If the shadow troops are still alive and awake, you can talk to them, if you wish (149). Otherwise, turn to 30.

224 These are powerful and skillful enchantments indeed. You would ordinarily be able to wend your way through their subtleties. But now, perhaps made careless by haste, you trigger them. The psychic feedback is unexpectedly strong. Subtract 6 from your current Health point total. But the defenses drop away.

Proceed to 158.



225 When your vision clears, Kalleth lies unconscious at your feet. The palace guards see which way things are going and offer their allegiance to you.

Did you come to this palace with a band of rebels? If so, turn to 255. Otherwise, go to 147.

These soldiers move quietly, peek carefully behind counters, and don't behave as if threatened. They appear to be searching for something, or someone. Go back to 188 and choose your next course of action. **226**

You reason persuasively, yet these desperate slaves are beyond reason. Before your eyes they brutally slaughter the captain and the others. You are aghast, especially when you realize you might have saved him. You lose all your Karma, for you have much to atone for. The ship is seized in the name of the revolution, and Rake orders it taken to the next goal: the palace of Kalleth Ghann himself! Will you go with them (234), stop this bloodshed right now by capturing the rebels (213), or abandon the rebellion to its own destiny and go elsewhere on your own (120)? **227**

Observing the battle from above the mists, **228** you see that the sailors on the gunboat are getting the worst of it. They are struggling just to hold off the attacking aircraft . . . struggling in vain.

You can't stand by and see the sailors on that boat drown in the cold Hudson. Flying silently, you reach the aircraft undetected, and your voice rises above the shriek of its flight.

A few words, a pass in the air with your hands held in a certain manner, and—wind! The Winds of Watoomb buffet the aircraft: The sudden hurricane, bounded by the angles of your arms, drives the plane down toward the river. On the boat, crewmen—very old crewmen, you suddenly notice—are shouting in an alien language. They wait until the plane descends to a safe distance away from you, then strike the craft with blue bolts of electricity, until the plane goes down!

Large sheets of brown water leap up from the

collision and rain on the cheering sailors. For all its bulk, the plane seems to float well enough. Will you investigate it immediately (222), talk to the sailors on the boat first (251), or return all the invaders to their own dimension and go somewhere else (124)?

229 Heironymus accepts your algiks graciously. "A fine purchase, sir." The seller insists that it was actually used in ancient times, during the secession of the Dominions. This sword, if his story is true, was actually carried on the Red Sails fleet, and actually fought the slave owners of the Blue Armada. "I myself couldn't say one way or t'other, but it looks old enough."

You now own an ancient Landarkian sword. Buckled at your waist, it doesn't obstruct your movement at all. You can talk to the fungus merchant now (161), or leave the market (69).

230 You gravely misjudged the severity of the soldier's wound. You fire a single Bolt of Bedevilment, a mere stun spell, and the soldier cries out loudly, as though struck a fatal blow. As you land, you can see that he has literally fallen dead. Shock, grief, a dozen emotions rise within you. You have a terrible debt to make amends for. You lose all your Karma!

And now tragedy gives way to danger, for the soldier's dying cry has alerted the enemy troops below. They storm up the escalator. Your resolve is blighted with remorse, but you are still a Sorcerer Supreme, and you have ample time to conjure the immobilizing Rings of Raggador. The shining rings of emerald light fall gently over their targets. Helpless, the soldiers stand before you with their arms pinned at their sides.

For an instant you felt an odd bit of feedback,

just as the Rings entrapped the soldiers . . . but no matter. With one life already lost here, you intend to see these soldiers answer for much! Proceed to section 56, but do not select the option to search the store that is offered there.

An unfortunate situation. At your first gesture, the red soldiers open fire, pelting you and the plane with a hail of tiny fireballs from the wands. The aircraft is burned, pitted, and soon destroyed. It is well, indeed, that you can cast the Shield of the Seraphim effortlessly. The fiery spheres splatter against it like snowballs.

Annoyed at having attracted such attention, you drift out through the new hole in the cabin. Soldiers run in panic. But they are stopped by the Mists of Morpheus. Hundreds fall deeply asleep. Add 4 Karma to your total for defeating this force peacefully.

But now the whole supply depot has been alerted to your presence. You dare not take the time to fight, even supposing you could defeat the infantry. Your cloak speeds you away, beyond fences and guard towers and ominous magical "tanks."

You cannot return to this military base. Go to 74.

The rigors of time-travel have proven too much for you. Before you realize what has happened, you are forced back to the present. Your spell is useless now. You cannot try it again. What's worse, you find that you've been carried back to Earth, to your Sanctum Sanctorum, as though nothing has happened. With the appearance of the Six Sorcerers to warn you of imminent invasion, you realize that indeed, everything you've done has gone for naught. You have to start ALL OVER AGAIN.

Keep your current Karma and Health point totals, but treat each encounter as though you've never experienced it before. If you come upon this spell again, it might work the second time around!

Turn back to 1.

233 You loose a simple Bolt of Bedevilment at the soldier, hoping to stun him before he can reach the cowering store clerks. The bolt strikes in a shower of sparks, diverting him. And yet—by Oshtur! The stick-figure man crumples up like a paper doll and howls an unearthly cry of anguish. He falls senseless. He lies still as death.

You land by him, unconsciously letting your spell of invisibility lapse. Driving emotion from your mind, you check him with professional efficiency. Different physiology—CPR would probably do more harm than good. At last you rise, disgusted. No, not disgusted, crushed.

The alien was wounded more severely than you thought. A mere Bolt of Bedevilment proved the killing blow. The soldier is dead, by your negligence, your hand. Subtract all your Karma points! You have a heavy burden for which to atone. May the blessed spirits of knowledge afford you the opportunity to make amends!

Go to **252**.

234 You stand at the bow of the captured gondola, beside Rake and the other rebel leaders. The floating oceans of this dimension drift above and below, like giant droplets of blood from a murdered deity. "It's going well," says Rake, his chest covered with dried blood. The rest brandish their white wands eagerly.

After a quiet journey you descend toward a large spike-shaped island on one ocean. "The pal-

ace of Kallesh Ghann," says Rake. Soon you see a vast complex of ornate buildings, separated by manicured lawns and gardens. Huge, grotesque faces leer from every cornice and facade, and the alien shrubs are clipped into topiary monsters.

The raiders sweep down as guards rush back and forth below. The gondola hits hard, its passengers spill out, and the coup is underway. Seeing the rebels' ferocity, you disable as many palace guards as you can harmlessly—trying to set an example.

In through large gilded doors the rebellion surges, flowing into every elaborate room and down each vaulted hallway. Art treasures, plush couches, and hothouse flowers are everywhere. The very luxury of it all infuriates the rebelling slaves. "Sack the place!" someone shouts, and the cry is taken up: "Destroy it all! Burn it!"

Disappointing, to see these treasures destroyed. You might wish to stop the sacking of the palace (**91**). But it doesn't appear to increase the danger of this coup, so you might also just allow the rebels to go ahead and wreck the place (**125**).

You dodge the falling wall by a finger's **235** breadth, but you must leave yourself open to Kallesh's low blow. His mystic bolt strikes home, and fire surges in your veins. Are you wearing a plain silver armlet? If so, you are undamaged. If not, subtract 6 from your current Health total. If you have any Health left, keep reading.

Only heroic effort and skill keep you alert to Kallesh's follow-up attack. Even as you struggle to recover, you resurrect your defenses. The battle continues. Move quickly to **211**.

With the ease of long years of practice, you **236** slip your spirit free from the bonds of flesh. This is

risky, for if anything should happen to your astral form, the cloak will fail and your body will fall to certain death. But your astral form is undetectable and virtually invulnerable, so you're not worried.

At the speed of thought, you reach the fleeing aircraft. In the cramped cabin you see a stoop-browed, flat-nosed humanoid with greenish skin and many scars. Thin as a skeleton, he resembles the sailors on board the gunboat. The pilot gazes intently at a shiny clay bowl on the "console" before him. In it hovers the image of another humanoid, almost identical in appearance and dressed in the same uniform-like attire.

The pilot and the image are conversing in a strange language. A spell of communication lets you understand the dialogue. Or perhaps not—their jargon is unfamiliar! "Mission ached," says the pilot. "Blinders non-functional. All deuce. Ready to switch, Father-mode." His fingers flick knob-like protrusions around the dish's edge.

"We negate Father-mode, ace," says the image, and the pilot looks startled. "Say again, neg Father. Switch is Interval-mode. New top-job. Refuel, Base Gamma. Positive soonest."

Touching the knobs again, the pilot says, "I positive that, Control. Refuel in Interval, Base Gamma. What's going on?"

"After refuel, switch to Boundary. You're in on Treasure Hunt, ace. Luck."

The pilot frowns and groans. "Treasure Hunt again! Haven't they given up finding him?"

"Neg that, ace. Top-job." The image is replaced by a map, in much the same style as Earth's military maps. "Goal search area Anvil Hills. Boundary coordinate one-one-niner. Positive?"

"I positive, Control, coordinate 119."

"Good. Switch at will. Brighten up, ace—maybe you'll find him. Kallesh will kiss your boot. Up and out." The image fades.

You didn't follow all of that, but it seems the Do-

minions seek something in the "Boundary." From the reference to Anvil Hills, you guess this is the realm of Trofane, between Earth's universe and Landark, the Dimension of Blindness. You may not be sure what they're looking for in Trofane, but it must be important! You saw the map image clearly, and you think you know that area. Make a note of the map coordinate. 119. Add 1 point to your Karma score for recognizing this potential clue.

Now a light is blinking in mid-air above the plane's console. The pilot is touching several controls and tensing up. Will you stay on the plane in astral form and continue investigating (50), or would you like to leave the plane and return to your physical form to continue pursuit (134)?

As the last resident escapes the crumbling **237** palace, you whip around and fire your most powerful attack at Kallesh. He is utterly unprepared. He simply sags, collapses, and around you both, his palace falls like a dying dinosaur.

You work your way out of the rubble after a while. There is no sign of Kallesh or his guards. But you can't know their fate for certain. You feel you've hardly helped the Dominions slaves, or the dying realm of Landark. Maybe their war will be delayed by Kallesh's fall, if indeed he is gone. But a collapsing palace solves no problems. Slaves are still bought and sold, and the Dominions still need the minerals Landark possesses. The war will undoubtedly continue, eventually.

For now, though, your work is finished, and you must return to rest in your Sanctum Sanctorum. You head home to Greenwich Village.

The forces of magic course through you. **238** With hardly a gesture or word, the familiar Bolts

of Bedevilment form at your glove-tips. With a thought you release them. Your will guides the rays of mystic energy straight to the vehicle. Bolts of all colors sink into the black tank.

Yet there is no effect. The energy dissipates harmlessly in a shower of colored sparks. Powerful enchantments are at work here! But soon it's clear that your bolts do have one effect—the tank notices you. Its hemispherical turret rotates, and sparks of energy crackle around it.

Only that warning lets you dodge its bolts of energy in time. They arc past your ear, hitting the far wall and leaving a scorch. But you are thrown off-balance by dodging, and another bolt is lancing toward you! Make an Agility FEAT check. Roll one die and add the number rolled to your Agility score. If the total is 10 or more, go immediately to **206**. If it's 9 or less, turn to **189**.



239 Whatever your responsibility to protect Earth, you cannot stand by while a life is taken! You cast the Crimson Bands of Cytorrak to encase the black-suited figure, protecting him from his foes and from himself. In doing so, you leave yourself wide open to the red soldiers' fire and explosions. Their aim is true, and you lose 7 Health points from your current total.

If your Health points have been reduced to 0 or less, your adventure ends here. If you have exactly 1 point of Health left, you have fallen unconscious. Go to **196** immediately.

If you have more than 1 Health point left, you manage to overcome the excruciating agony. Dis-

cipline, concentration—these have always served you. You grapple with the pain and at the same time utter a new spell. And with that, the danger is over. You gain 3 Karma for your courageous protection. Go to **101**.

You watch the predators, hidden by your **240** spell of concealment. After a while they rouse themselves and wander among the desert hills. You follow at a distance. Time passes. The predators chase a herd of grazers that resemble lithe, giant jackrabbits with extended legs. The grazers all escape.

More time passes. The predators alternately sleep and wander around. Though probably fascinating to an alien biologist, their behavior bores you. Time pressure is nagging at you, and you begin to think your instincts have been misguided this time.

You can keep following the predators (**207**), explore elsewhere in the dimension of Trofane (**100**), or leave the dimension (**33**).

You follow the raiders as they search for **241** the weapons they want. Perhaps you can protect them from whatever guards or spells might be placed here. However, you turn a corner to find that the slave raiders need no protection. They have found a guard, surprised him, and are moving to attack!

The guard is an ugly humanoid, quite different from the Dominion inhabitants. Large, thick of limb, with an almost conical head topped by a dirty fur cap, he looks like an ogre out of a child's fairy tale. He is armed with a white wand, but the slaves have pinned his arms and he cannot reach it. The slaves have thrown the ogre to the ground, and now they're pummeling and kicking him.

The ferocity of their attack reveals anger nurtured in years of oppression.

Their fury is easy to understand, and the guard is a servant of Kallesh Ghann, your enemy. But this violence is disturbing. Yet, can you protect the enemy of the revolt you are supporting? You are sure they won't actually kill the ogre.

If you will stand by and allow the rebels to beat up the ogre, go to **151**. If you want to protect the ogre, go to **102**.

242 Leaving Farmingdale's, you cross the dimensional boundary. Briefly, you stop in the interval dimension between Earth and the Twelve Dominions—Caravanda, now a ruined land. There is nothing of interest there, and you continue to the Dominions.

You arrive in a large room filled with magical weaponry. Wands are arranged in long rows on metal racks, while cases hold shelves of explosive spheres and orbs. Nothing looks especially powerful by itself, but the total force here is awesome. Quite a display, more impressive by far than Farmingdale's wristwatches and mink coats. If you have been to the armory before, go immediately to **202**. If this is your first time here, keep reading.

"You!" says a deep voice behind you. The speaker is a large ogreish humanoid with a lantern jaw, wearing a brown tunic over a paunchy body and a raccoon-like furpiece on his conical head. He barrels toward you like a juggernaut. "How you pass here and no tell? Give password!"

This guard doesn't look too smart. You can defeat him easily—but not, perhaps, before he can sound an alarm and bring guards from the whole building.

The ogre has asked for a password. If you know a password, drop the last three letters of the word and go to the indicated section. If you don't have a

password, you can try talking to the ogre anyway (**51**), attack him (**25**), mesmerize him (**34**), or flee (**79**).

Landark, the Dimension of Blindness, is a **243** realm of ice. Frozen seas, once green and blooming with life, now drift in empty darkness like gigantic snowballs. One such ball holds the few remaining natives of this dimension, who are maintained in its frigid night only by the magic of Bel Auric.

You float through blackness toward noises of alien music. The subtle high-pitched sounds remind you of the sitars and *tabla* drums of India, which you heard when you studied with the fakirs in Bombay. The music is almost drowned out by the bustle of shoppers in a marketplace.

Here, milling crowds feel their way through the darkness, buying scraps of food and clothing. The shouts of merchants are their guides, along with the dim glow of reddish spheres that hang from posts. Natives of the dark realm cluster around them for warmth. The atmosphere is frigid and depressing.

You land amid the crowd, taking on the disguise of a shopper. The Eye of Agamotto could provide light here, but it might create a panic. Better to feel your way in the dark.

There are a couple of merchants nearby. Perhaps you can gain information from them to help your mission. One is selling knives and swords in front of a hot forge. A host of customers is gathered around him. Go to **135** to talk to him. Another vendor displays an assortment of bizarre fungus and other ill-smelling growths, all sitting in little puddles on a long slab of ice. Go to **161**, if you want to speak with him—and can stand to. Or you can leave the marketplace and go elsewhere (**69**).

244 In helping the red fleet, concealment is your greatest weapon. Cloaked by invisibility, you fly amid the Blue Armada. The fighters and sorcerers are astonished to find their gondolas destroyed, the supporting gasbags pierced. Soldiers drift into emptiness, and are stunned to find a mysterious invisible ghost carrying them to safety aboard surviving ships. In minutes the entire fleet is routed, with little loss of life.

Suddenly the streams of time bear you back toward the present. Beneath the immense landscape of time and space, you see the result of your action stretching ahead to your own time. When you return to this era, you realize what has changed.

You have aided the forces of Landark, the Dimension of Blindness. With their increased resources, they were eventually able to set up an impenetrable barrier around the Twelve Dominions. It became a prison universe, and the war never happened in your time.

You're heartened—until you recall the evil of the Twelve Dominions. They seceded because of their slave economy, and that slavery no doubt continues. You have not destroyed evil, but merely confined it. You return to your Sanctum with a resolve to work for a better solution in the future. But for now, you have done well in defending Earth from invasion. You're entitled to an interval of rest and contemplation amid the Mists of Morpheus before you return once more to your studies.

245 "Nonsense!" says Kallesh, amused contempt in his voice. "That is the whole reason for the Dominions' existence, the reason the Blue Armada divided this realm from Landark in the dim past. The slaves are the source of my power, via the Battery. You are more foolish than I expected,

Strange. But your sympathies with the slaves are dangerous. I shall have you arrested, so you may cause no trouble."

He moves threateningly toward you. You must defend yourself in combat. Go to **112**.

You fly away from Kallesh's opulent palace **246** complex, into the void of the Twelve Dominions. You cannot come back to this dimension again. Now you must cross the dimensional boundary, and hope that elsewhere you may find an end to your mission. Turn to **54**.

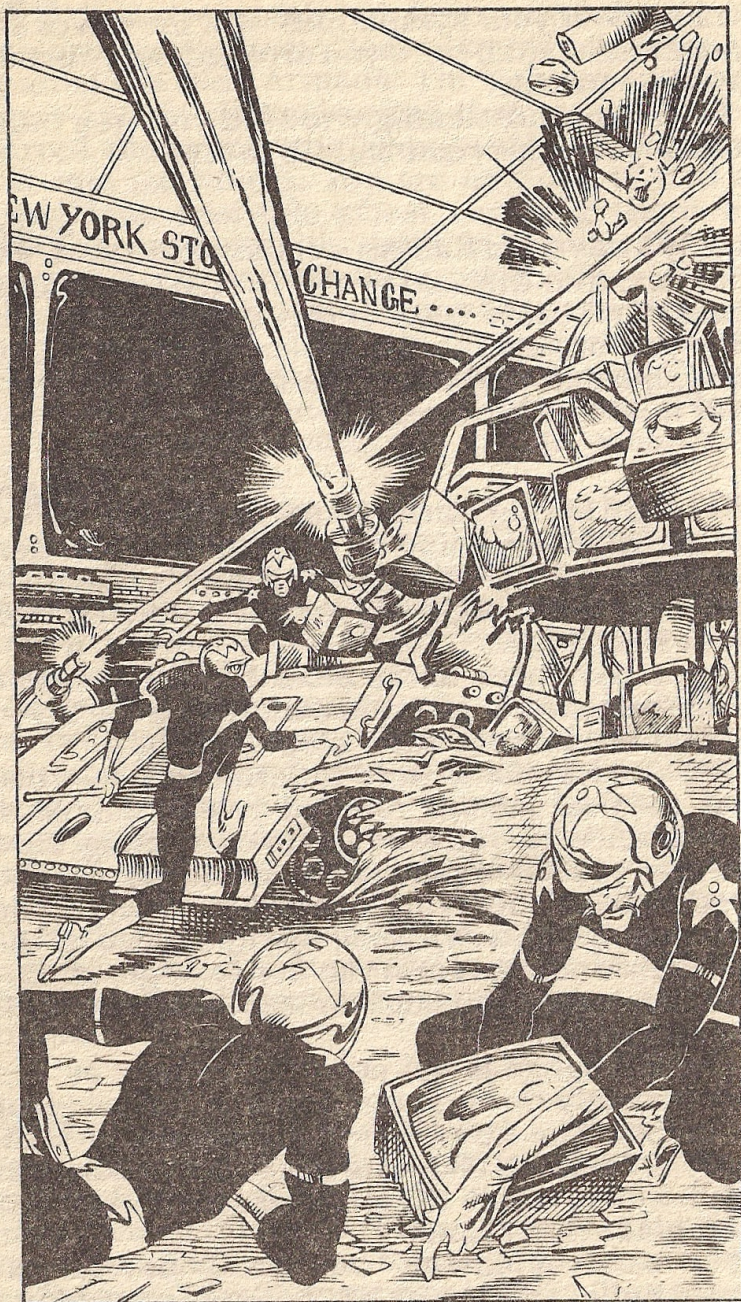
The bright spring sun is almost blocked by **247** the tall buildings lining Wall Street. Along its narrow width you fly, invisible to all eyes below. Soon you come within sight of your goal—the New York Stock Exchange.

If you have been to the Stock Exchange before in this adventure, go immediately to **214**. If you haven't been here before, keep reading.

You used to come here in former days, when your medical income allowed you to dabble in high finance, as you dabbled in everything. How odd that you never noticed the shadowy, polluted air; the people, hurrying everywhere, bundled up with their heads down, their spirits stained by the pride of worldliness and the frenzy of greed. But then, how could you have noticed? You were such a spirit yourself.

The Exchange is not crowded. In fact, as you pass invisibly through the doorway, you see that it's empty. The hundreds of investors who ordinarily mill about, shouting deals, are nowhere in sight. Emerging in the main chamber, you see what made them run.

The battle is already well along. Several exploded hulls of what look like tanks sit smoldering



on circles of burned carpet. Bodies—odd, black-clad, stick-figure bodies—lie scattered or in heaps everywhere. The presence of combat magic strikes you like the stench of death.

At the far end of the room the remaining forces are still fighting furiously. A single flat-black tank—if it is such—trundles over a row of chairs, crushing them to splinters. It's a low, wide, box-like juggernaut, with a hemispherical "turret" on top. From the turret flash beams of eldritch energy.

The bolts land amid a dozen black-clad humanoids, each of whom carries a plain white rod and wears a bandolier holding several red spheres. With star-and-dot emblems worn like insignia at the shoulders, they look like so many modern infantrymen.

A soldier shouts something in an unearthly language, and the troops all turn and point their white rods at the tank. Small fireballs burst repeatedly from each rod, hitting the tank—to no avail. A red sphere bursts in a magical explosion under the oncoming tank, but it accomplishes as little. Bearing down on its quarry, the vehicle smashes through another row of chairs and fires more magical bolts.

Inside the protective boundary of concealment, you can easily sense the magic at work in the Exchange: two portals, invisible to untrained eyes, stand at opposite ends of the room. You cannot see beyond the portals, but their auras are like signatures. You know which portal produced the tanks and which the infantry, but you don't know for whom they fight.

No members of your own dimension are in danger, so your only decision is which side, if either, to aid. It's clear that if you do nothing, the last tank will quickly destroy the fleeing infantry.

Will you help the tank defeat the infantry (22), help the infantry fight the tank (44), attack both

of them to get them out of the Stock Exchange (73), or do nothing (83)?

248 "I fear I must delay inhaling your wares," you tell the merchant courteously. "An ailment of the sinuses—you understand. But tell me of your business here."

No luck. The merchant is clearly miffed and turns away to a new customer. You may talk to the sword merchant (135), leave the market (69), or, if you can muster the will, try the fungus after all (142).

249 The unique formations known as the Anvil Hills have been noted in many sources. Flat as tables on their wide tops, the mesas narrow to astonishingly slender bases at ground level.

The Hills create a maze of pathways and obstacles. Though the scenery is beautiful, one route looks much like every other.

Are you looking for something in particular, perhaps? If so, you need a map coordinate to find its location. If you have such a coordinate, go to the section number indicated. Otherwise, you can look around Trofane some more (100), cross the dimensions to Landark (243) or Earth (150), or shift to the other boundary dimension, Caravanda, between Earth and the Twelve Dominions (74).

250 The slave market continues its bustling business, as it has during a long history of oppression. Seeing it, you make a fresh resolve that your actions shall lead to the fall of this system and its evil instigator, Kallesh Ghann. For now, though, there is nothing to be done here.

Move on to 120.

You move in to talk to the victorious sailors. **251**

They stamp their feet on the deck of the boat as you approach—apparently an alien form of applause. They are so thin, so small—it's amazing their thigh bones don't snap at the impact.

You alight gently on the deck. The surface feels slick as glass. Behind you, with a burst of white light and a noise like a shower of needles, the downed aircraft vanishes. Retrieval spell, you think. You should have anticipated that.

The men and women of the crew are surprisingly old. In fact, they are so aged it's incredible they can still stand. Their faces are deeply lined, their eyes filmed, and you can't help thinking of the Ancient One himself. Clearly the war has gone on so long that at least this side has been reduced to drafting the very old into service.

"Welcome to you, Doctor Strange," says one of the elderly men in a cracked voice. He is the spokesperson, apparently the captain. "Our ruler, the esteemed Bel Auric of Landark, has described your appearance and exploits. We are thrilled to find so, so esteemed a sorcerer fighting the tyranny of Kallesh Ghann and the Twelve Dominions. Your visit here is, well, a high honor, which fills us with—uh—"

"—esteem," a crewwoman finishes.

"The honor is mine, venerable ones," you reply. Charmed by your respect, they talk freely of their mission, of the foul air here, of many matters. They come from the Dimension of Blindness, a pocket universe of darkness. All use magical sensory devices in place of sight.

In past times, these people were sailors across water and air, for their dimension was filled with oceans that floated like colossal water-drops in a vast space of air. But then many years ago Kallesh Ghann stole the sun. The floating water-spheres are now frozen, and only ice-boats make their

slow way across the wastes. But for the powerful magic of Bel Auric the people of Landark would not remain alive.

The captain smiles. "One good thing, though. We got this old water-skimmer out of retirement. Got us out of retirement, too! And we're doing the job, both alike! Gaining high esteem!"

They tell you much more, but it duplicates what you learned from the Six Sorcerers. Just as you begin to feel the pressure of time, the captain goes quite hoarse and can speak no more. While another sailor tends to his coughing fits, you warn the crew to prepare for your next spell. Rising overhead and chanting, you return the entire gunboat to its port of origin in the Dimension of Blindness.

Kindly people . . . They regretted that Earth had become the neutral ground for their war. They wanted nothing so much as to see that war end. You strengthen your resolve to help achieve that goal. Move on to **124**.



252 With the immediate menace to Farmingdale's Department Store ended, you brush off your cloak and prepare to leave, but an angry store manager has other ideas. "You! In the funny Halloween suit!" shouts a large man with a lan-

tern jaw, who is wearing a poorly maintained toupee on his bullet-shaped head and a brown suit that stretches over his overweight body.

He barrels toward you like a linebacker. "Yeah, you, Mister Magic. Maybe you can tell me what's going on, huh? Like I haven't got enough problems just trying to keep stock levels up and handle angry customers. Now I get invasions from Mars! I don't know who you are, and maybe I don't care, but you seem to be at the bottom of this whole fiasco and I want an explanation!"

Will you talk with this man (**105**), ignore him and search the store (**60**), or would you rather leave? If so, choose your destination:

Wall Street's New York Stock Exchange (**247**)

The Hell's Kitchen Waterfront (**89**)

The Twelve Dominions (**242**)

Landark, the Dimension of Blindness (**2**)

The bolt hits hard, but your desperately **253** conjured Shield of the Seraphim dissipates most of its energy. To find out how much got through, roll the die again. Subtract the number rolled from your current Health point total.

But now (if you have any Health left), the operators of the tank will find that a wounded sorcerer is a more fearsome opponent than one in the peak of health. Will you cast the Bolts of Bedevilment (**238**), the Winds of Watomb (**7**), the Flames of the Faltine (**62**), or—now that the tank is immobilized—will you take astral form and penetrate the tank's armor (**223**)?

You decide to give this ogre what he wants. **254**
Browsing through his simple thoughts, you pick out his heart's desire: "Cute little huggymonkey, all my own," the thought runs, "and I

will pet it and hug it and feed it nice torgon."

If you have acquired a cute little huggy-monkey during this adventure, this is the time to give it to the ogre guard. It will have a good home.

If you have no huggy-monkey, you create an illusion of one from the guard's memories, and present it to the guard. It will last until you leave. But you are soiled by such trickery. Subtract 1 Karma point from your total, if you must resort to this falsehood. Either way, move on to **115**.

255 With Kallesh's defeat, the rebellion has succeeded—so far. But the struggle has only begun, for now the rebels must construct a new, better government. On your journey with them to the palace, they had opportunities to commit violent, bloody acts. Perhaps you prevented them, perhaps not. The outcome of those early stages determines the fate of the new government.

If the rebels killed the slave traders on the waterfront, a similar fate falls to the entire trade. The former slaves begin a bloody reign of terror that will finally end in a counterrevolution and further bloodshed. The war ends, but only because the government is too exhausted to continue it.

But if the rebels heeded your warnings at any stage and refrained from killing, your teachings guide them onto a better path. They create a fair government, ending the war and opening trade with Landark. In the months that follow, you return here frequently, helping the new officials address the original causes of slavery. By devising better alternatives, you eradicate its barbarism permanently. You have achieved an amazing victory for more than one dimension!

256 You watch the ritual proceed. Nothing changes as the star continues to flow into that

void, until—

What's that? A block of stone, tumbling out from the sun! Kallesh is as surprised as you are but recovers as quickly. Since he is closer, he reaches it first. It is a large block with many runic symbols carved into it and two strange handholds on its top. You recognize it at once as Sighald's Battery, the evil and powerful artifact of ancient legend.

Kallesh brings it near him magically, examines it, then gingerly touches it. He grabs the handholds. The block has been inside a star, yet it is cool enough to touch! This indicates great power—and the source of Kallesh Ghann's recently found power. Already he seems to grow with its aura. A haze envelops and transfigures him, and he laughs aloud.

Wondering if you're too late to prevent this evil, you launch powerful bolts of energy at the block, but in vain. The block absorbs your magic. Kallesh now looks even more imposing. He gestures, and your spell of concealment is destroyed!

"Doctor Strange!" Kallesh cries. "How pleasant to have you here so that I may experiment with this wonderful discovery. Hold still, if you please. I am receiving guidance from this artifact—"

A wave of weakness comes over you as Kallesh concentrates. The Battery is draining your energy! You must escape at once. Fortunately, all you need do is give way to the flow of time, and let yourself be washed free of history.

With a thought, it is done, and the streams of time bear you back toward the present. Beneath the immense landscape of time and space, you see the result of your action stretching ahead to your own time. When you return to this era, you are immediately aware of what has happened.

Spurred by the additional energy he drained from you, Kallesh grew even greater in power. He conquered Landark more quickly. Earth was not needed as a neutral battleground, so your dimen-

sion is saved—for the moment. Kallesh is triumphant, and how long before he casts greedy eyes in your direction?

You are left to face a future threat. Only discipline and vigilance will protect you, but that is nothing new. They are your only allies, in the lonely life of a Sorcerer Supreme.

257 Your blast catches Bel Auric completely by surprise. Guided by the Eye of Agamotto, it strikes deeply. The energy link is destroyed. Bel Auric screams, and every red-suited Dominions soldier in the palace screams with the same voice! She falls. They fall, and vanish from the realm forever.

Bel Auric dies slowly. You force yourself to go to her, turn her over, look in her amazed eyes. "Why—" Her question trails off into agony. You feel her spasms of pain as though they were your own. "Honored mother," you say. "I had no choice. I vow to find a new source of heat and light for your people. May the great spirits honor you as I wished to!"

Her features soften for a moment. She sees clearly. "I understand." Then—"Oh. My life is going. The energy—it is—returning!" At the word her expression changes. She smiles—a radiant smile!

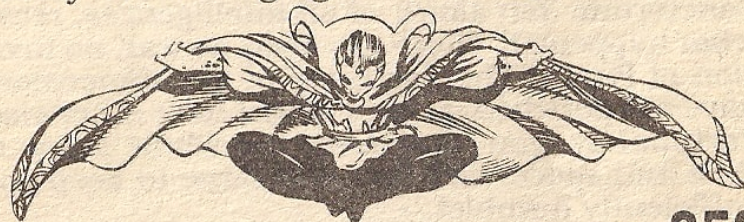
Around her a corona of energy forms. It brightens, heats up, and you leap back. Bel Auric speaks within it, loud, vigorous. "The body is shed, but the pattern continues. The pattern—me! I did not—could not know this would happen!"

Now the light is too bright to watch. It grows larger, and rises from the still body. "You have freed me, Doctor Strange! You broke the bonds that tied this energy, this intelligence, to a physical form. It was weak, but I am strong!"

Melting through the icy ceiling, the light rises ever faster and grows ever larger. You hear Bel Auric within your mind now: "I shall gather the energies of this entire cosmos to me now and serve my people as I have always wanted to. I have the power to seal utterly the barriers between the Dominions and this realm. The war will cease!"

In the warm light of Landark's new sun, you listen to the cries of astonishment through the palace, through the realm—cries of joy from a people emerging from a long darkness. "My realm is returning to its glory," says Bel Auric. "The seas shall melt and flow again! Doctor Strange, please remain awhile yet, and see to the safety of my people during this thaw. And then you may go, but you will always carry with you my deepest gratitude. Farewell!"

"Farewell, honored mother," you reply. And you fly out into a gorgeous new day.



Performing surgery with a drill press. Call- **258**
ing for Hoggoth's aid with a toy megaphone. Such metaphors run through your mind as you attempt to exert your feeble skill to join two entire universes into one.

If not for the great concentration of magic in this time, you could not conceive of such a thing. But through sheer brute power, your simple spell opens a gate of sorts between the spheres. Material streams between them, as through a tube. The tube enlarges, the spheres merge, and a larger sphere is formed. Incredibly, your clumsy enchantment works.

But now the streams of time bear you back to-

ward the present. Beneath the immense landscape of time and space, you see the result of your action stretching ahead to your own time. When you return to this era, you instantly realize what has happened.

The substance of the Dominions and of Landark, unified in that early era, was combined with that of your own Earth dimension. As you hoped, the increased resources made life better for all. The materials of the Dominions and Landark, supplemented with the abundance of Earth energy, spawned a great galactic civilization, megaparsecs away from the Milky Way.

You, Doctor Strange, have created happiness and prosperity on an unprecedented scale. No one will ever know of your feat, but the success of your dedication is reward enough. More than enough.

You blink, and find yourself in your Sanctum Sanctorum. You alone, of all intelligences, recall what happened. There has been no war, no invasion of Earth. The Sorcerers of five dimensions have not perished, as they might have otherwise. Fortunately, you have seen the whole scope of time and space, and that will serve to keep you sufficiently humble!

A knock on the door. "Yes?" you respond.

Wong enters. "Your breakfast, master."

He is surprised by your strong laughter.

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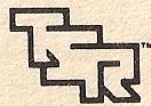


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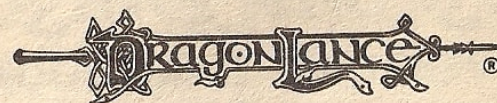
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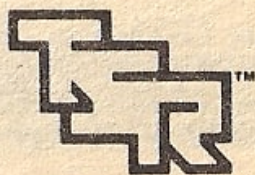
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of resistance has endangered the massive structure.

Though you could escape before it collapses, many innocents would be trapped inside. You can't leave. But trying to rescue them, or supporting the building with your magic, will leave you open to Kallesh's attack.

The danger increases as more walls lean precipitously. In the end there is no decision to make. You are Doctor Strange and have only one choice: to protect the many lives here, you must break off your fight and support the building with your spells. You call upon Hoggoth for strength, and upon the Vishanti and Oshtur to protect you from the evil wizard at your back.

But no attack comes. Astonished, you realize Kallesh Ghann is helping you! His spells join with yours to support the palace with pillars far stronger than steel. The ruler's motives may not be as lofty as yours, but he doesn't want his glorious palace to collapse any more than you do!

Perspiration moistens your brow as your awareness expands into every room, hall, and pillar of the complex. Where stone gives way, your will holds. You take a moment to will the Eye of Agamotto free of its amulet. It flies with the speed of thought through every hallway, showing you the escaping residents. At last you see that the palace is completely evacuated.

And you come to a true decision, for Kallesh does not yet know his palace is empty. He has helped you, for his own reasons, to keep the palace standing. Now he is vulnerable, and you have a clear shot at him. With his guard down as it is, if you can knock him out, and the palace will fall. Your magic will protect you both from death. But is it honorable to strike from behind, without fair warning?

If you don't act quickly, Kallesh will repair the palace and recover. Will you strike Kallesh now (237), or allow him to recover (66)?

You check the buildings and streets of **212** Hell's Kitchen to ensure that no mystical activity has escaped your notice. It is tiresome work but part of the eternal vigilance that is the duty of the Sorcerer Supreme.

You're satisfied that nothing untoward is happening, when you see a mysterious figure bounding along the rooftops. Approaching the red-suited figure, you find it is the adventurer known as Daredevil! You have fought at his side in times past, as part of the sometime superhero group known as the Defenders. You drift downward.

Before you call out, Daredevil turns and looks upward. "Good morning, Doc," he calls. Astonishing! The cloak is utterly silent, and you had masked your presence with invisibility. "Greetings to you, Daredevil," you reply, alighting and dropping the invisibility as a courtesy.

"I got here too late to help you handle things, but they were probably out of my depth anyway," he says.

"I'd better at least go help clean up after that battle. Been good to see you again."

"Of course. May the Vishanti bless your endeavors," you say, puzzling for a moment at the fact that he could see the battle site even through the Vapors of Valtorr.

Return to **124**.

Sickened by the violence you've seen, you **213** end the slave rebellion single-handedly. With words and gestures, you paralyze the fighters. The men and women stand like statues, only their eyes showing their surprise and fear. Floating above the scene, you wonder what to do with the rebels.

You can't return them to their owners. That would mean death, or worse. Then, an idea. You search the waterfront and its many goods and

soon find the equipment you need. You then levitate the large boxes onto the gondola, and send the rebels into peaceful slumber.

They awaken on the white beach of another ocean. "I have brought you to a place far beyond the boundaries of the Twelve Dominions, undiscovered by any explorer. Here you are free—and alone. You must begin a new life here. The boxes beside you contain food, farm implements, tools, and medicines. With these, you can create a true revolution—among yourselves."

They stand in shock as you fly away to return the gondola to the waterfront. You feel you've made a fiasco of the entire revolt and done nothing to harm the traffic in slaves. But the new regime would have been no less terrible under these people. You must now decide where to go next. Move on to **120**.

214 Everything is as you left it at the Stock Exchange. You find nothing of interest here. A lingering aura of magic is the only trace of the battle that took place here. Soon the only battles will be routine jousts among the high nobles of finance.

Go to **95**.

215 You race to pull the glowspheres away from Bel Auric. They burn your gloves, but you ignore the heat.

Bel Auric maintains a serene calm, magically pulling the spheres back to her as quickly as you pull them away. You try a spell, she chants a counterspell. . . .

Both of you have diverted your attention from the doorway. The next wave of Dominions attackers takes you utterly off guard. You have failed in your mission, and the forces of Kallesh Ghann have conquered Landark.

There is no sign of life around the cave. **216**
The smell, the filth, the desolation are as strong as ever, but the predator and its victims are gone for the moment. You may look around the dimension of Trofane further (**100**) or leave (**33**).

LAMPS. You detect a mystic aura in this **217** section, and with barely a thought pull close the concealing folds of invisibility. Amid expensive floor lamps, ceiling lamps, table lamps, wall fixtures, and racks of light bulbs you see the lone black-clad figure.

He is a stick-figure humanoid, much like the red soldiers, and equipped as a soldier himself. In this brightly lit area of the store, his bearing is uncertain, as if he were feeling his way in the dark. He looks wounded, and his eyes are tightly shut. But for all that, he is far from helpless—he carries a wand and spheres that you recognize as powerful magical weaponry.

And now danger of a new kind appears. Beyond the soldier, and directly in his path, you spot a group of people. Two nicely dressed women and a big, bullet-headed man in a brown suit are hidden behind a display table. From the name badges they wear, you guess them to be store clerks. Helpless, panic-stricken innocents . . . and the soldier is heading right for them.

The large man has grasped a heavy wooden lampstand. The others are shaking their heads urgently, silently signaling him not to do what he plans. The motion itself has alerted the soldier. He staggers purposefully toward the hidden group.

How will you keep the soldier from harming these people? Will you attack him (**233**), immobilize him with the Crimson Bands of Cytorrak (**183**), distract him by approaching as a friend and ally (**168**), or cast a spell of concealment on the innocents (**126**)?

218 You and the other soldiers trot through the gateway, to emerge in a large room stocked with magical weaponry of all kinds. Racks of wands stand next to shelves sagging with the weight of explosive spheres. Individually, the items here are routine, but their combined force could topple a dozen dimensions.

The red leader calls to a large and stupid-looking ogre guard. "Sixtus!" he says, and the ogre waves the whole squad by, looking bored. The troops run through the room double-time and leave through a far doorway, but you fall back and hide behind a rack of orbs, to look around. Turn to **115**.

219 Letting your physical body fall carelessly aside, you plunge in ectoplasmic form through the walls of the sorcerer's dwelling. The assault is awesome, a tidal wave of sound that threatens to dissipate your spirit.

But—lives depend on you—all of Earth, and whoever has cried within this dwelling. Call upon Hoggoth—the Vishanti—push through!

And indeed, you push through, shattering the psychic barriers. Shattering more than that, perhaps—subtract 9 Health points from your total, and reduce your Endurance score by 1 for the remainder of this adventure! If you have any Health left, you may thank the spirits who aided you and add 2 Karma points to your total.

You fly through a series of elaborately decorated chambers to the source of the call. It is a study not unlike your own in Greenwich Village.

Here you find the Sorcerer Supreme of this dimension, Kevit, a noble mage you knew well in the past, during your training. You float down to him, knowing he can sense your astral form. Go to **158**, ignoring the first paragraph. Assume that you rejoin your physical body as you go.

You go to the bar, where a stout and sedate **220** bartender wipes the counter free of frost. "Not many new faces in here nowadays," he says. You ask what the regulars do. "This bunch just transports food and glowspheres to the outer areas. Take it you're from there?"

"Pretty far away, yes."

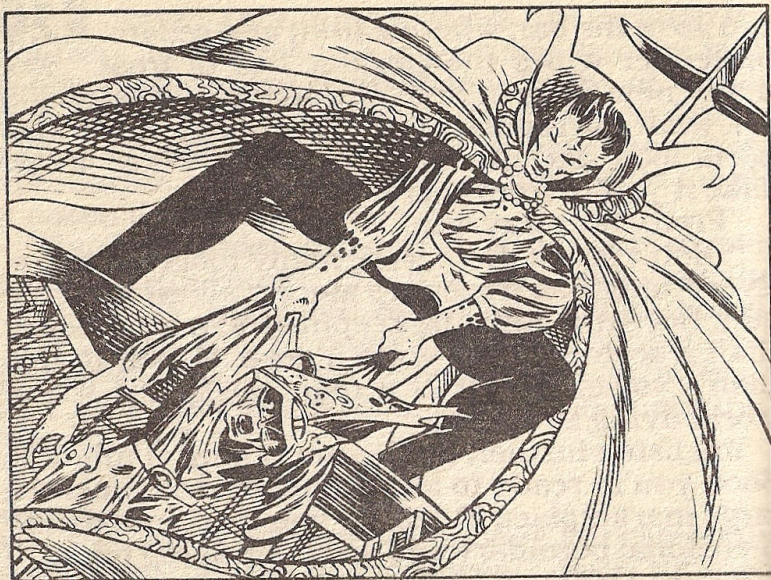
"Didn't know there were many folks left there. Everything has frozen up since Kallesh took the sun. Bel Auric must be keeping them alive better than it seemed." You sense a deep despair in this man's voice, the air of a man seeing his whole world dying by inches.

You listen further, but learn nothing of interest. Soon you're ready to leave. Sailors recommend a large marketplace (**243**). Or you can cross the dimensional boundary and leave the dying realm of Landark (**167**).

Rake pays no heed to your counsel of **221** peaceful resistance. "The tyranny of violence has to be fought with violence," he replies flatly. "Either lead the raid, or stay out of it and we'll take care of it ourselves. If you're as powerful as you seem, you could probably even do it yourself."

Will you lead the raid after all (**203**), let them raid without your help (**182**), or volunteer to secure the weapons by yourself (**209**)? Or will you withdraw from this potential bloodbath with a clear conscience, and go elsewhere (**86**)?

When you enter the downed plane, you **222** find an alien pilot in a small cabin in the nose. Seeing his still form, you feel a moment of panic, but you quickly discover that the pilot is merely unconscious. He is another stick-figure, like the boat's sailors, but his complexion is unpleasantly greenish, and his tall, crested helmet is decorated



with skulls and other macabre designs.

One hand is extended toward a shallow bowl, made of a clay-like material, inscribed with runes, and lined with mother-of-pearl. Sculpted protrusions dot the rim in random places. Or are they random? Make an Intuition FEAT roll. Roll the die and add the number you roll to your Intuition score. If the total is 14 or more, go immediately to **185**. If the total is 13 or less, keep reading.

Suddenly a hazy sphere of light forms above the "console" in front of the pilot. It blinks on and off urgently.

Will you leave the plane and go back to the sailors (**251**), or continue searching in hopes of finding something more (**129**)?

223 After a moment of concentration, you slide free of your body. Commanding the cloak to keep your physical form aloft, you soar with the free-

dom of ectoplasm directly into the black mass of the tank itself.

In a cramped, red-lit cabin inside the tank you find two humanoid pilots. They vaguely resemble the stick-figure soldiers that are its prey—but how different in manner! These are seasoned veterans, with eyes as dead and merciless as sharks. They examine magical windows, which float in the air displaying the tank's surroundings. The portals' light plays on their mottled faces.

The pilots grin horribly as they track on your immobile physical form. One begins to mutter an incantation that obviously will activate the tank's energy beam. Before he completes another syllable, you will the magic Eye of Agamotto open. Its pure yellow-white light transfixes the pilots.

Concentrating, you sense all their thoughts and background. In the light of the all-seeing Eye nothing can be hidden. These pilots are elite soldiers of the Twelve Dominions, serving its ruler, Kallesh Ghann. This was to be a preliminary skirmish before the full-scale invasion of Earth, where the long-running war with the Dimension of Blindness is to continue. The soldiers' animal delight in past killings and their eagerness for future slaughter on an even grander scale sicken you.

The soldiers know that there are two other preliminary attack points, where Dominions forces are attacking on foot and from the air. The senior officer is aware that an elite squad of infantry has been sent to hunt down a spy from the Dimension of Blindness who apparently discovered something important. He also knows the commander, who was bragging to him about a special form of magical protection that Kallesh Ghann bestowed upon his squad.

You probe further, but the driver knows little about this "special" protection. You gather, however, that it may hinder in some way immobiliz-

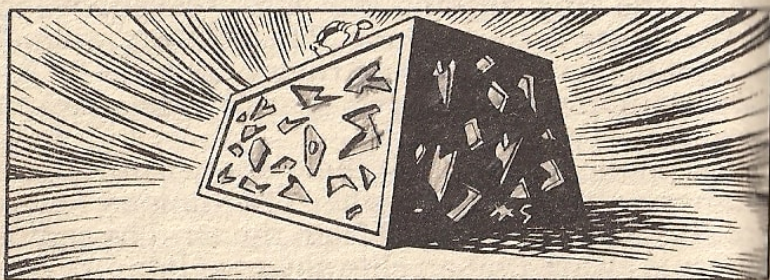
ing devices such as your Eye of Agamotto.

It's hard to imagine what magic could allow mortals to withstand the invincible Eye. You let the harmless sleep of the Mists of Morpheus settle over the troopers. When they awaken they'll be in another dimension, an infinity away from Earth. You exit the tank and rejoin your physical form. Add 2 Karma to your total for defeating the tank.

If the shadow troops are still alive and awake, you can talk to them, if you wish (149). Otherwise, turn to 30.

224 These are powerful and skillful enchantments indeed. You would ordinarily be able to wend your way through their subtleties. But now, perhaps made careless by haste, you trigger them. The psychic feedback is unexpectedly strong. Subtract 6 from your current Health point total. But the defenses drop away.

Proceed to 158.



225 When your vision clears, Kalleth lies unconscious at your feet. The palace guards see which way things are going and offer their allegiance to you.

Did you come to this palace with a band of rebels? If so, turn to 255. Otherwise, go to 147.

These soldiers move quietly, peek carefully behind counters, and don't behave as if threatened. They appear to be searching for something, or someone. Go back to 188 and choose your next course of action. **226**

You reason persuasively, yet these desperate slaves are beyond reason. Before your eyes they brutally slaughter the captain and the others. You are aghast, especially when you realize you might have saved him. You lose all your Karma, for you have much to atone for. The ship is seized in the name of the revolution, and Rake orders it taken to the next goal: the palace of Kalleth Ghann himself! Will you go with them (234), stop this bloodshed right now by capturing the rebels (213), or abandon the rebellion to its own destiny and go elsewhere on your own (120)? **227**

Observing the battle from above the mists, **228** you see that the sailors on the gunboat are getting the worst of it. They are struggling just to hold off the attacking aircraft . . . struggling in vain.

You can't stand by and see the sailors on that boat drown in the cold Hudson. Flying silently, you reach the aircraft undetected, and your voice rises above the shriek of its flight.

A few words, a pass in the air with your hands held in a certain manner, and—wind! The Winds of Watoomb buffet the aircraft: The sudden hurricane, bounded by the angles of your arms, drives the plane down toward the river. On the boat, crewmen—very old crewmen, you suddenly notice—are shouting in an alien language. They wait until the plane descends to a safe distance away from you, then strike the craft with blue bolts of electricity, until the plane goes down!

Large sheets of brown water leap up from the

collision and rain on the cheering sailors. For all its bulk, the plane seems to float well enough. Will you investigate it immediately (222), talk to the sailors on the boat first (251), or return all the invaders to their own dimension and go somewhere else (124)?

229 Heironymus accepts your algiks graciously. "A fine purchase, sir." The seller insists that it was actually used in ancient times, during the secession of the Dominions. This sword, if his story is true, was actually carried on the Red Sails fleet, and actually fought the slave owners of the Blue Armada. "I myself couldn't say one way or t'other, but it looks old enough."

You now own an ancient Landarkian sword. Buckled at your waist, it doesn't obstruct your movement at all. You can talk to the fungus merchant now (161), or leave the market (69).

230 You gravely misjudged the severity of the soldier's wound. You fire a single Bolt of Bedevilment, a mere stun spell, and the soldier cries out loudly, as though struck a fatal blow. As you land, you can see that he has literally fallen dead. Shock, grief, a dozen emotions rise within you. You have a terrible debt to make amends for. You lose all your Karma!

And now tragedy gives way to danger, for the soldier's dying cry has alerted the enemy troops below. They storm up the escalator. Your resolve is blighted with remorse, but you are still a Sorcerer Supreme, and you have ample time to conjure the immobilizing Rings of Raggador. The shining rings of emerald light fall gently over their targets. Helpless, the soldiers stand before you with their arms pinned at their sides.

For an instant you felt an odd bit of feedback,

just as the Rings entrapped the soldiers . . . but no matter. With one life already lost here, you intend to see these soldiers answer for much! Proceed to section 56, but do not select the option to search the store that is offered there.

An unfortunate situation. At your first gesture, the red soldiers open fire, pelting you and the plane with a hail of tiny fireballs from the wands. The aircraft is burned, pitted, and soon destroyed. It is well, indeed, that you can cast the Shield of the Seraphim effortlessly. The fiery spheres splatter against it like snowballs.

Annoyed at having attracted such attention, you drift out through the new hole in the cabin. Soldiers run in panic. But they are stopped by the Mists of Morpheus. Hundreds fall deeply asleep. Add 4 Karma to your total for defeating this force peacefully.

But now the whole supply depot has been alerted to your presence. You dare not take the time to fight, even supposing you could defeat the infantry. Your cloak speeds you away, beyond fences and guard towers and ominous magical "tanks."

You cannot return to this military base. Go to 74.

The rigors of time-travel have proven too **232** much for you. Before you realize what has happened, you are forced back to the present. Your spell is useless now. You cannot try it again. What's worse, you find that you've been carried back to Earth, to your Sanctum Sanctorum, as though nothing has happened. With the appearance of the Six Sorcerers to warn you of imminent invasion, you realize that indeed, everything you've done has gone for naught. You have to start ALL OVER AGAIN.

Keep your current Karma and Health point totals, but treat each encounter as though you've never experienced it before. If you come upon this spell again, it might work the second time around!

Turn back to 1.

233 You loose a simple Bolt of Bedevilment at the soldier, hoping to stun him before he can reach the cowering store clerks. The bolt strikes in a shower of sparks, diverting him. And yet—by Oshtur! The stick-figure man crumples up like a paper doll and howls an unearthly cry of anguish. He falls senseless. He lies still as death.

You land by him, unconsciously letting your spell of invisibility lapse. Driving emotion from your mind, you check him with professional efficiency. Different physiology—CPR would probably do more harm than good. At last you rise, disgusted. No, not disgusted, crushed.

The alien was wounded more severely than you thought. A mere Bolt of Bedevilment proved the killing blow. The soldier is dead, by your negligence, your hand. Subtract all your Karma points! You have a heavy burden for which to atone. May the blessed spirits of knowledge afford you the opportunity to make amends!

Go to **252**.

234 You stand at the bow of the captured gondola, beside Rake and the other rebel leaders. The floating oceans of this dimension drift above and below, like giant droplets of blood from a murdered deity. "It's going well," says Rake, his chest covered with dried blood. The rest brandish their white wands eagerly.

After a quiet journey you descend toward a large spike-shaped island on one ocean. "The pal-

ace of Kallesh Ghann," says Rake. Soon you see a vast complex of ornate buildings, separated by manicured lawns and gardens. Huge, grotesque faces leer from every cornice and facade, and the alien shrubs are clipped into topiary monsters.

The raiders sweep down as guards rush back and forth below. The gondola hits hard, its passengers spill out, and the coup is underway. Seeing the rebels' ferocity, you disable as many palace guards as you can harmlessly—trying to set an example.

In through large gilded doors the rebellion surges, flowing into every elaborate room and down each vaulted hallway. Art treasures, plush couches, and hothouse flowers are everywhere. The very luxury of it all infuriates the rebelling slaves. "Sack the place!" someone shouts, and the cry is taken up: "Destroy it all! Burn it!"

Disappointing, to see these treasures destroyed. You might wish to stop the sacking of the palace (**91**). But it doesn't appear to increase the danger of this coup, so you might also just allow the rebels to go ahead and wreck the place (**125**).

You dodge the falling wall by a finger's **235** breadth, but you must leave yourself open to Kallesh's low blow. His mystic bolt strikes home, and fire surges in your veins. Are you wearing a plain silver armlet? If so, you are undamaged. If not, subtract 6 from your current Health total. If you have any Health left, keep reading.

Only heroic effort and skill keep you alert to Kallesh's follow-up attack. Even as you struggle to recover, you resurrect your defenses. The battle continues. Move quickly to **211**.

With the ease of long years of practice, you **236** slip your spirit free from the bonds of flesh. This is

risky, for if anything should happen to your astral form, the cloak will fail and your body will fall to certain death. But your astral form is undetectable and virtually invulnerable, so you're not worried.

At the speed of thought, you reach the fleeing aircraft. In the cramped cabin you see a stoop-browed, flat-nosed humanoid with greenish skin and many scars. Thin as a skeleton, he resembles the sailors on board the gunboat. The pilot gazes intently at a shiny clay bowl on the "console" before him. In it hovers the image of another humanoid, almost identical in appearance and dressed in the same uniform-like attire.

The pilot and the image are conversing in a strange language. A spell of communication lets you understand the dialogue. Or perhaps not—their jargon is unfamiliar! "Mission ached," says the pilot. "Blinders non-functional. All deuce. Ready to switch, Father-mode." His fingers flick knob-like protrusions around the dish's edge.

"We negate Father-mode, ace," says the image, and the pilot looks startled. "Say again, neg Father. Switch is Interval-mode. New top-job. Refuel, Base Gamma. Positive soonest."

Touching the knobs again, the pilot says, "I positive that, Control. Refuel in Interval, Base Gamma. What's going on?"

"After refuel, switch to Boundary. You're in on Treasure Hunt, ace. Luck."

The pilot frowns and groans. "Treasure Hunt again! Haven't they given up finding him?"

"Neg that, ace. Top-job." The image is replaced by a map, in much the same style as Earth's military maps. "Goal search area Anvil Hills. Boundary coordinate one-one-niner. Positive?"

"I positive, Control, coordinate 119."

"Good. Switch at will. Brighten up, ace—maybe you'll find him. Kallesh will kiss your boot. Up and out." The image fades.

You didn't follow all of that, but it seems the Do-

minions seek something in the "Boundary." From the reference to Anvil Hills, you guess this is the realm of Trofane, between Earth's universe and Landark, the Dimension of Blindness. You may not be sure what they're looking for in Trofane, but it must be important! You saw the map image clearly, and you think you know that area. Make a note of the map coordinate. 119. Add 1 point to your Karma score for recognizing this potential clue.

Now a light is blinking in mid-air above the plane's console. The pilot is touching several controls and tensing up. Will you stay on the plane in astral form and continue investigating (50), or would you like to leave the plane and return to your physical form to continue pursuit (134)?

As the last resident escapes the crumbling **237** palace, you whip around and fire your most powerful attack at Kallesh. He is utterly unprepared. He simply sags, collapses, and around you both, his palace falls like a dying dinosaur.

You work your way out of the rubble after a while. There is no sign of Kallesh or his guards. But you can't know their fate for certain. You feel you've hardly helped the Dominions slaves, or the dying realm of Landark. Maybe their war will be delayed by Kallesh's fall, if indeed he is gone. But a collapsing palace solves no problems. Slaves are still bought and sold, and the Dominions still need the minerals Landark possesses. The war will undoubtedly continue, eventually.

For now, though, your work is finished, and you must return to rest in your Sanctum Sanctorum. You head home to Greenwich Village.

The forces of magic course through you. **238** With hardly a gesture or word, the familiar Bolts

of Bedevilment form at your glove-tips. With a thought you release them. Your will guides the rays of mystic energy straight to the vehicle. Bolts of all colors sink into the black tank.

Yet there is no effect. The energy dissipates harmlessly in a shower of colored sparks. Powerful enchantments are at work here! But soon it's clear that your bolts do have one effect—the tank notices you. Its hemispherical turret rotates, and sparks of energy crackle around it.

Only that warning lets you dodge its bolts of energy in time. They arc past your ear, hitting the far wall and leaving a scorch. But you are thrown off-balance by dodging, and another bolt is lancing toward you! Make an Agility FEAT check. Roll one die and add the number rolled to your Agility score. If the total is 10 or more, go immediately to **206**. If it's 9 or less, turn to **189**.



239 Whatever your responsibility to protect Earth, you cannot stand by while a life is taken! You cast the Crimson Bands of Cytorrak to encase the black-suited figure, protecting him from his foes and from himself. In doing so, you leave yourself wide open to the red soldiers' fire and explosions. Their aim is true, and you lose 7 Health points from your current total.

If your Health points have been reduced to 0 or less, your adventure ends here. If you have exactly 1 point of Health left, you have fallen unconscious. Go to **196** immediately.

If you have more than 1 Health point left, you manage to overcome the excruciating agony. Dis-

cipline, concentration—these have always served you. You grapple with the pain and at the same time utter a new spell. And with that, the danger is over. You gain 3 Karma for your courageous protection. Go to **101**.

You watch the predators, hidden by your **240** spell of concealment. After a while they rouse themselves and wander among the desert hills. You follow at a distance. Time passes. The predators chase a herd of grazers that resemble lithe, giant jackrabbits with extended legs. The grazers all escape.

More time passes. The predators alternately sleep and wander around. Though probably fascinating to an alien biologist, their behavior bores you. Time pressure is nagging at you, and you begin to think your instincts have been misguided this time.

You can keep following the predators (**207**), explore elsewhere in the dimension of Trofane (**100**), or leave the dimension (**33**).

You follow the raiders as they search for **241** the weapons they want. Perhaps you can protect them from whatever guards or spells might be placed here. However, you turn a corner to find that the slave raiders need no protection. They have found a guard, surprised him, and are moving to attack!

The guard is an ugly humanoid, quite different from the Dominion inhabitants. Large, thick of limb, with an almost conical head topped by a dirty fur cap, he looks like an ogre out of a child's fairy tale. He is armed with a white wand, but the slaves have pinned his arms and he cannot reach it. The slaves have thrown the ogre to the ground, and now they're pummeling and kicking him.

The ferocity of their attack reveals anger nurtured in years of oppression.

Their fury is easy to understand, and the guard is a servant of Kallesh Ghann, your enemy. But this violence is disturbing. Yet, can you protect the enemy of the revolt you are supporting? You are sure they won't actually kill the ogre.

If you will stand by and allow the rebels to beat up the ogre, go to **151**. If you want to protect the ogre, go to **102**.

242 Leaving Farmingdale's, you cross the dimensional boundary. Briefly, you stop in the interval dimension between Earth and the Twelve Dominions—Caravanda, now a ruined land. There is nothing of interest there, and you continue to the Dominions.

You arrive in a large room filled with magical weaponry. Wands are arranged in long rows on metal racks, while cases hold shelves of explosive spheres and orbs. Nothing looks especially powerful by itself, but the total force here is awesome. Quite a display, more impressive by far than Farmingdale's wristwatches and mink coats. If you have been to the armory before, go immediately to **202**. If this is your first time here, keep reading.

"You!" says a deep voice behind you. The speaker is a large ogreish humanoid with a lantern jaw, wearing a brown tunic over a paunchy body and a raccoon-like furpiece on his conical head. He barrels toward you like a juggernaut. "How you pass here and no tell? Give password!"

This guard doesn't look too smart. You can defeat him easily—but not, perhaps, before he can sound an alarm and bring guards from the whole building.

The ogre has asked for a password. If you know a password, drop the last three letters of the word and go to the indicated section. If you don't have a

password, you can try talking to the ogre anyway (**51**), attack him (**25**), mesmerize him (**34**), or flee (**79**).

Landark, the Dimension of Blindness, is a **243** realm of ice. Frozen seas, once green and blooming with life, now drift in empty darkness like gigantic snowballs. One such ball holds the few remaining natives of this dimension, who are maintained in its frigid night only by the magic of Bel Auric.

You float through blackness toward noises of alien music. The subtle high-pitched sounds remind you of the sitars and *tabla* drums of India, which you heard when you studied with the fakirs in Bombay. The music is almost drowned out by the bustle of shoppers in a marketplace.

Here, milling crowds feel their way through the darkness, buying scraps of food and clothing. The shouts of merchants are their guides, along with the dim glow of reddish spheres that hang from posts. Natives of the dark realm cluster around them for warmth. The atmosphere is frigid and depressing.

You land amid the crowd, taking on the disguise of a shopper. The Eye of Agamotto could provide light here, but it might create a panic. Better to feel your way in the dark.

There are a couple of merchants nearby. Perhaps you can gain information from them to help your mission. One is selling knives and swords in front of a hot forge. A host of customers is gathered around him. Go to **135** to talk to him. Another vendor displays an assortment of bizarre fungus and other ill-smelling growths, all sitting in little puddles on a long slab of ice. Go to **161**, if you want to speak with him—and can stand to. Or you can leave the marketplace and go elsewhere (**69**).

244 In helping the red fleet, concealment is your greatest weapon. Cloaked by invisibility, you fly amid the Blue Armada. The fighters and sorcerers are astonished to find their gondolas destroyed, the supporting gasbags pierced. Soldiers drift into emptiness, and are stunned to find a mysterious invisible ghost carrying them to safety aboard surviving ships. In minutes the entire fleet is routed, with little loss of life.

Suddenly the streams of time bear you back toward the present. Beneath the immense landscape of time and space, you see the result of your action stretching ahead to your own time. When you return to this era, you realize what has changed.

You have aided the forces of Landark, the Dimension of Blindness. With their increased resources, they were eventually able to set up an impenetrable barrier around the Twelve Dominions. It became a prison universe, and the war never happened in your time.

You're heartened—until you recall the evil of the Twelve Dominions. They seceded because of their slave economy, and that slavery no doubt continues. You have not destroyed evil, but merely confined it. You return to your Sanctum with a resolve to work for a better solution in the future. But for now, you have done well in defending Earth from invasion. You're entitled to an interval of rest and contemplation amid the Mists of Morpheus before you return once more to your studies.

245 "Nonsense!" says Kallesh, amused contempt in his voice. "That is the whole reason for the Dominions' existence, the reason the Blue Armada divided this realm from Landark in the dim past. The slaves are the source of my power, via the Battery. You are more foolish than I expected,

Strange. But your sympathies with the slaves are dangerous. I shall have you arrested, so you may cause no trouble."

He moves threateningly toward you. You must defend yourself in combat. Go to **112**.

You fly away from Kallesh's opulent palace **246** complex, into the void of the Twelve Dominions. You cannot come back to this dimension again. Now you must cross the dimensional boundary, and hope that elsewhere you may find an end to your mission. Turn to **54**.

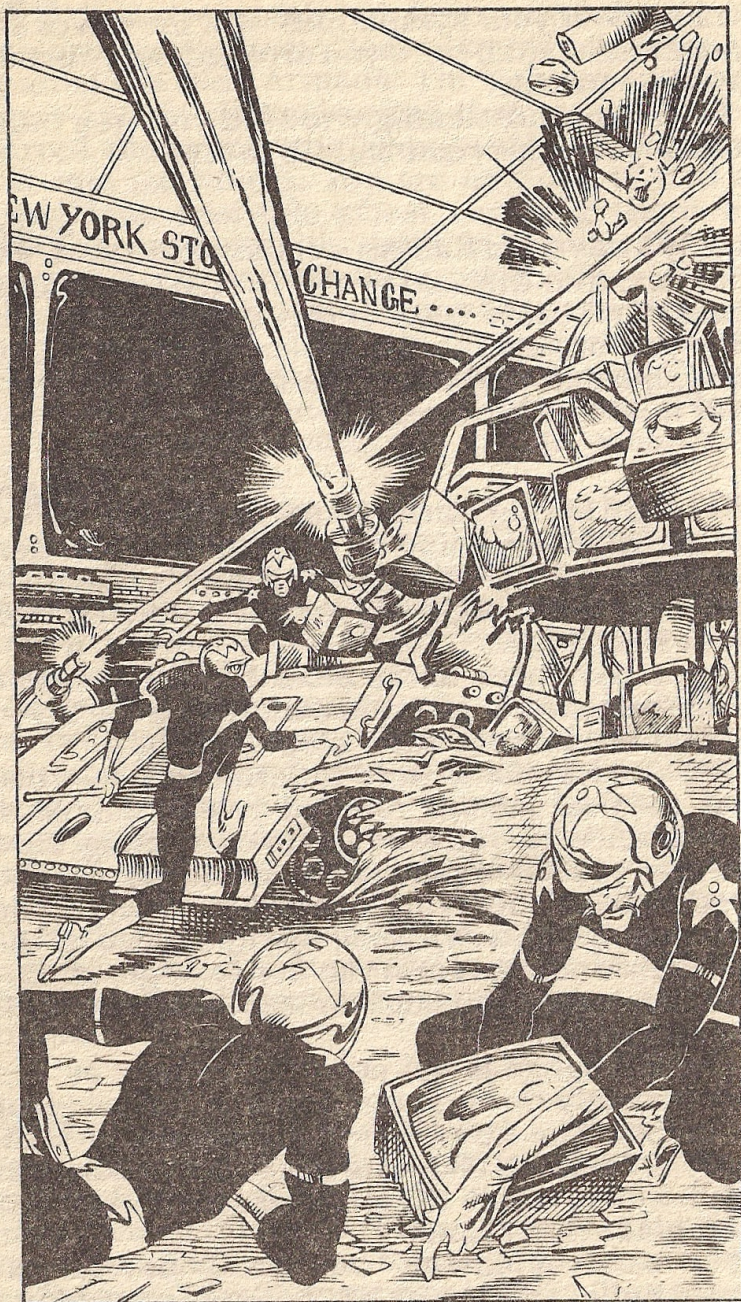
The bright spring sun is almost blocked by **247** the tall buildings lining Wall Street. Along its narrow width you fly, invisible to all eyes below. Soon you come within sight of your goal—the New York Stock Exchange.

If you have been to the Stock Exchange before in this adventure, go immediately to **214**. If you haven't been here before, keep reading.

You used to come here in former days, when your medical income allowed you to dabble in high finance, as you dabbled in everything. How odd that you never noticed the shadowy, polluted air; the people, hurrying everywhere, bundled up with their heads down, their spirits stained by the pride of worldliness and the frenzy of greed. But then, how could you have noticed? You were such a spirit yourself.

The Exchange is not crowded. In fact, as you pass invisibly through the doorway, you see that it's empty. The hundreds of investors who ordinarily mill about, shouting deals, are nowhere in sight. Emerging in the main chamber, you see what made them run.

The battle is already well along. Several exploded hulls of what look like tanks sit smoldering



on circles of burned carpet. Bodies—odd, black-clad, stick-figure bodies—lie scattered or in heaps everywhere. The presence of combat magic strikes you like the stench of death.

At the far end of the room the remaining forces are still fighting furiously. A single flat-black tank—if it is such—trundles over a row of chairs, crushing them to splinters. It's a low, wide, box-like juggernaut, with a hemispherical "turret" on top. From the turret flash beams of eldritch energy.

The bolts land amid a dozen black-clad humanoids, each of whom carries a plain white rod and wears a bandolier holding several red spheres. With star-and-dot emblems worn like insignia at the shoulders, they look like so many modern infantrymen.

A soldier shouts something in an unearthly language, and the troops all turn and point their white rods at the tank. Small fireballs burst repeatedly from each rod, hitting the tank—to no avail. A red sphere bursts in a magical explosion under the oncoming tank, but it accomplishes as little. Bearing down on its quarry, the vehicle smashes through another row of chairs and fires more magical bolts.

Inside the protective boundary of concealment, you can easily sense the magic at work in the Exchange: two portals, invisible to untrained eyes, stand at opposite ends of the room. You cannot see beyond the portals, but their auras are like signatures. You know which portal produced the tanks and which the infantry, but you don't know for whom they fight.

No members of your own dimension are in danger, so your only decision is which side, if either, to aid. It's clear that if you do nothing, the last tank will quickly destroy the fleeing infantry.

Will you help the tank defeat the infantry (22), help the infantry fight the tank (44), attack both

of them to get them out of the Stock Exchange (73), or do nothing (83)?

248 "I fear I must delay inhaling your wares," you tell the merchant courteously. "An ailment of the sinuses—you understand. But tell me of your business here."

No luck. The merchant is clearly miffed and turns away to a new customer. You may talk to the sword merchant (135), leave the market (69), or, if you can muster the will, try the fungus after all (142).

249 The unique formations known as the Anvil Hills have been noted in many sources. Flat as tables on their wide tops, the mesas narrow to astonishingly slender bases at ground level.

The Hills create a maze of pathways and obstacles. Though the scenery is beautiful, one route looks much like every other.

Are you looking for something in particular, perhaps? If so, you need a map coordinate to find its location. If you have such a coordinate, go to the section number indicated. Otherwise, you can look around Trofane some more (100), cross the dimensions to Landark (243) or Earth (150), or shift to the other boundary dimension, Caravanda, between Earth and the Twelve Dominions (74).

250 The slave market continues its bustling business, as it has during a long history of oppression. Seeing it, you make a fresh resolve that your actions shall lead to the fall of this system and its evil instigator, Kallesh Ghann. For now, though, there is nothing to be done here.

Move on to 120.

You move in to talk to the victorious sailors. **251**

They stamp their feet on the deck of the boat as you approach—apparently an alien form of applause. They are so thin, so small—it's amazing their thigh bones don't snap at the impact.

You alight gently on the deck. The surface feels slick as glass. Behind you, with a burst of white light and a noise like a shower of needles, the downed aircraft vanishes. Retrieval spell, you think. You should have anticipated that.

The men and women of the crew are surprisingly old. In fact, they are so aged it's incredible they can still stand. Their faces are deeply lined, their eyes filmed, and you can't help thinking of the Ancient One himself. Clearly the war has gone on so long that at least this side has been reduced to drafting the very old into service.

"Welcome to you, Doctor Strange," says one of the elderly men in a cracked voice. He is the spokesperson, apparently the captain. "Our ruler, the esteemed Bel Auric of Landark, has described your appearance and exploits. We are thrilled to find so, so esteemed a sorcerer fighting the tyranny of Kallesh Ghann and the Twelve Dominions. Your visit here is, well, a high honor, which fills us with—uh—"

"—esteem," a crewwoman finishes.

"The honor is mine, venerable ones," you reply. Charmed by your respect, they talk freely of their mission, of the foul air here, of many matters. They come from the Dimension of Blindness, a pocket universe of darkness. All use magical sensory devices in place of sight.

In past times, these people were sailors across water and air, for their dimension was filled with oceans that floated like colossal water-drops in a vast space of air. But then many years ago Kallesh Ghann stole the sun. The floating water-spheres are now frozen, and only ice-boats make their

slow way across the wastes. But for the powerful magic of Bel Auric the people of Landark would not remain alive.

The captain smiles. "One good thing, though. We got this old water-skimmer out of retirement. Got us out of retirement, too! And we're doing the job, both alike! Gaining high esteem!"

They tell you much more, but it duplicates what you learned from the Six Sorcerers. Just as you begin to feel the pressure of time, the captain goes quite hoarse and can speak no more. While another sailor tends to his coughing fits, you warn the crew to prepare for your next spell. Rising overhead and chanting, you return the entire gunboat to its port of origin in the Dimension of Blindness.

Kindly people . . . They regretted that Earth had become the neutral ground for their war. They wanted nothing so much as to see that war end. You strengthen your resolve to help achieve that goal. Move on to **124**.



252 With the immediate menace to Farmingdale's Department Store ended, you brush off your cloak and prepare to leave, but an angry store manager has other ideas. "You! In the funny Halloween suit!" shouts a large man with a lan-

tern jaw, who is wearing a poorly maintained toupee on his bullet-shaped head and a brown suit that stretches over his overweight body.

He barrels toward you like a linebacker. "Yeah, you, Mister Magic. Maybe you can tell me what's going on, huh? Like I haven't got enough problems just trying to keep stock levels up and handle angry customers. Now I get invasions from Mars! I don't know who you are, and maybe I don't care, but you seem to be at the bottom of this whole fiasco and I want an explanation!"

Will you talk with this man (**105**), ignore him and search the store (**60**), or would you rather leave? If so, choose your destination:

Wall Street's New York Stock Exchange (**247**)

The Hell's Kitchen Waterfront (**89**)

The Twelve Dominions (**242**)

Landark, the Dimension of Blindness (**2**)

The bolt hits hard, but your desperately **253** conjured Shield of the Seraphim dissipates most of its energy. To find out how much got through, roll the die again. Subtract the number rolled from your current Health point total.

But now (if you have any Health left), the operators of the tank will find that a wounded sorcerer is a more fearsome opponent than one in the peak of health. Will you cast the Bolts of Bedevilment (**238**), the Winds of Watoomb (**7**), the Flames of the Faltine (**62**), or—now that the tank is immobilized—will you take astral form and penetrate the tank's armor (**223**)?

You decide to give this ogre what he wants. **254**
Browsing through his simple thoughts, you pick out his heart's desire: "Cute little huggymonkey, all my own," the thought runs, "and I

will pet it and hug it and feed it nice torgon."

If you have acquired a cute little huggy-monkey during this adventure, this is the time to give it to the ogre guard. It will have a good home.

If you have no huggy-monkey, you create an illusion of one from the guard's memories, and present it to the guard. It will last until you leave. But you are soiled by such trickery. Subtract 1 Karma point from your total, if you must resort to this falsehood. Either way, move on to **115**.

255 With Kallesh's defeat, the rebellion has succeeded—so far. But the struggle has only begun, for now the rebels must construct a new, better government. On your journey with them to the palace, they had opportunities to commit violent, bloody acts. Perhaps you prevented them, perhaps not. The outcome of those early stages determines the fate of the new government.

If the rebels killed the slave traders on the waterfront, a similar fate falls to the entire trade. The former slaves begin a bloody reign of terror that will finally end in a counterrevolution and further bloodshed. The war ends, but only because the government is too exhausted to continue it.

But if the rebels heeded your warnings at any stage and refrained from killing, your teachings guide them onto a better path. They create a fair government, ending the war and opening trade with Landark. In the months that follow, you return here frequently, helping the new officials address the original causes of slavery. By devising better alternatives, you eradicate its barbarism permanently. You have achieved an amazing victory for more than one dimension!

256 You watch the ritual proceed. Nothing changes as the star continues to flow into that

void, until—

What's that? A block of stone, tumbling out from the sun! Kallesh is as surprised as you are but recovers as quickly. Since he is closer, he reaches it first. It is a large block with many runic symbols carved into it and two strange handholds on its top. You recognize it at once as Sighald's Battery, the evil and powerful artifact of ancient legend.

Kallesh brings it near him magically, examines it, then gingerly touches it. He grabs the handholds. The block has been inside a star, yet it is cool enough to touch! This indicates great power—and the source of Kallesh Ghann's recently found power. Already he seems to grow with its aura. A haze envelops and transfigures him, and he laughs aloud.

Wondering if you're too late to prevent this evil, you launch powerful bolts of energy at the block, but in vain. The block absorbs your magic. Kallesh now looks even more imposing. He gestures, and your spell of concealment is destroyed!

"Doctor Strange!" Kallesh cries. "How pleasant to have you here so that I may experiment with this wonderful discovery. Hold still, if you please. I am receiving guidance from this artifact—"

A wave of weakness comes over you as Kallesh concentrates. The Battery is draining your energy! You must escape at once. Fortunately, all you need do is give way to the flow of time, and let yourself be washed free of history.

With a thought, it is done, and the streams of time bear you back toward the present. Beneath the immense landscape of time and space, you see the result of your action stretching ahead to your own time. When you return to this era, you are immediately aware of what has happened.

Spurred by the additional energy he drained from you, Kallesh grew even greater in power. He conquered Landark more quickly. Earth was not needed as a neutral battleground, so your dimen-

sion is saved—for the moment. Kallesh is triumphant, and how long before he casts greedy eyes in your direction?

You are left to face a future threat. Only discipline and vigilance will protect you, but that is nothing new. They are your only allies, in the lonely life of a Sorcerer Supreme.

257 Your blast catches Bel Auric completely by surprise. Guided by the Eye of Agamotto, it strikes deeply. The energy link is destroyed. Bel Auric screams, and every red-suited Dominions soldier in the palace screams with the same voice! She falls. They fall, and vanish from the realm forever.

Bel Auric dies slowly. You force yourself to go to her, turn her over, look in her amazed eyes. "Why—" Her question trails off into agony. You feel her spasms of pain as though they were your own. "Honored mother," you say. "I had no choice. I vow to find a new source of heat and light for your people. May the great spirits honor you as I wished to!"

Her features soften for a moment. She sees clearly. "I understand." Then—"Oh. My life is going. The energy—it is—returning!" At the word her expression changes. She smiles—a radiant smile!

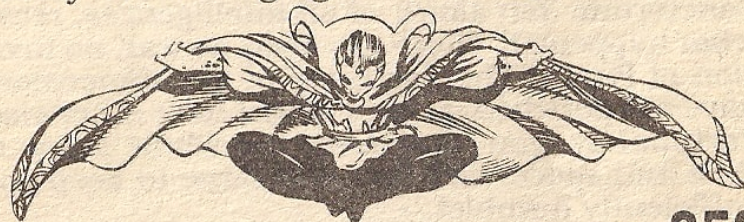
Around her a corona of energy forms. It brightens, heats up, and you leap back. Bel Auric speaks within it, loud, vigorous. "The body is shed, but the pattern continues. The pattern—me! I did not—could not know this would happen!"

Now the light is too bright to watch. It grows larger, and rises from the still body. "You have freed me, Doctor Strange! You broke the bonds that tied this energy, this intelligence, to a physical form. It was weak, but I am strong!"

Melting through the icy ceiling, the light rises ever faster and grows ever larger. You hear Bel Auric within your mind now: "I shall gather the energies of this entire cosmos to me now and serve my people as I have always wanted to. I have the power to seal utterly the barriers between the Dominions and this realm. The war will cease!"

In the warm light of Landark's new sun, you listen to the cries of astonishment through the palace, through the realm—cries of joy from a people emerging from a long darkness. "My realm is returning to its glory," says Bel Auric. "The seas shall melt and flow again! Doctor Strange, please remain awhile yet, and see to the safety of my people during this thaw. And then you may go, but you will always carry with you my deepest gratitude. Farewell!"

"Farewell, honored mother," you reply. And you fly out into a gorgeous new day.



Performing surgery with a drill press. Call- **258**
ing for Hoggoth's aid with a toy megaphone. Such metaphors run through your mind as you attempt to exert your feeble skill to join two entire universes into one.

If not for the great concentration of magic in this time, you could not conceive of such a thing. But through sheer brute power, your simple spell opens a gate of sorts between the spheres. Material streams between them, as through a tube. The tube enlarges, the spheres merge, and a larger sphere is formed. Incredibly, your clumsy enchantment works.

But now the streams of time bear you back to-

ward the present. Beneath the immense landscape of time and space, you see the result of your action stretching ahead to your own time. When you return to this era, you instantly realize what has happened.

The substance of the Dominions and of Landark, unified in that early era, was combined with that of your own Earth dimension. As you hoped, the increased resources made life better for all. The materials of the Dominions and Landark, supplemented with the abundance of Earth energy, spawned a great galactic civilization, megaparsecs away from the Milky Way.

You, Doctor Strange, have created happiness and prosperity on an unprecedented scale. No one will ever know of your feat, but the success of your dedication is reward enough. More than enough.

You blink, and find yourself in your Sanctum Sanctorum. You alone, of all intelligences, recall what happened. There has been no war, no invasion of Earth. The Sorcerers of five dimensions have not perished, as they might have otherwise. Fortunately, you have seen the whole scope of time and space, and that will serve to keep you sufficiently humble!

A knock on the door. "Yes?" you respond.

Wong enters. "Your breakfast, master."

He is surprised by your strong laughter.

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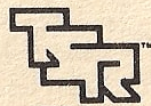
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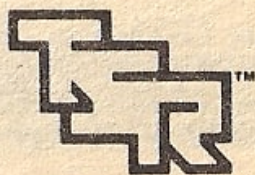
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